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# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE:

Nº LXVIII—VOL. XII.]

For JULY, 1869.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never enjoy the honour which wit and learning obtain in any other cases, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth —DR JOHNSON

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*THE ADVENTURES and TRAVELS, in various Parts of the Globe, of HENRY VOGEL. Translated from the German*

SIR,

I HAVE lately picked up a work, in German, containing an account of the travels and adventures of a person of the name of Henry Vogel, into almost every quarter of the globe. I read it with much pleasure, and, as no translation of it has been given, in England, I have thought that it would not be an uninteresting subject for the pages of the Universal Magazine. Not only amusement but instruction will be derived. I send you, herewith, a portion of the translation, and, if it is inserted, I will supply a similar quantity each month till the whole is completed.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Kensington, July 1, 1869

PART THE FIRST

CHAPTER I.

*Parentage and Education*

BEFORE I make the reader acquainted with the history of my life, with the events of my thirty years absence from my native country, and with the cause of that absence, I think it will be necessary to communicate to him some information of my parents, my youth, and my education; that so he may be better enabled to understand many parts of the following history.

POCKLSLOH was the place where, in 1740, I first saw the light. My parents rented there some excellent land, and by strict economy they had gradually established themselves in

comfortable circumstances. As they were, at the same time, upright and honest, so they had the happiness of being beloved and prized by the inhabitants of the place. Their marriage was regarded, by all, as a pattern of conjugal happiness, and if ever there was a blissful union, in which each party finds the highest comfort in mutually administering to each other's joy, that union was enjoyed by my parents.

My mother indeed (as well as I can recollect) was not handsome in person or countenance, but she was the more agreeable in her discourse. She possessed penetration and taste, but without appearing learned or witty; her mind was gentle, her deportment refined, and her heart full of goodness. With all these advantages, she sought only to keep the affections of my father, to increase them, and more especially to fulfil every duty of her life according to her capacity. If my father was compelled to ride out upon business, or if he was invited to the company of a friend, she took the opportunity of visiting some of her friends or relations with us children; but this she never did when he was at home, that she might not lose any of his conversation.

In the minds of her children she inculcated the most implicit obedience and the most profound reverence towards their father, and in no case did she ever seek to be preferred to him. Her household she regulated upon the simple principles of order, substantial economy, and the discharge of becoming duties. Gossip and newsmongers she could never endure: bad servants she either admonished or discharged: and one she prized and rewarded.

noticed any improper conduct in any one about the house, she took notice of it very pointedly; and if she had convincing proofs of it, she made it known to my father. In this manner her household was managed with comfort, and her conduct was instructive and useful.

My father, on the contrary, possessed a fine understanding, which had been improved by a rational education.—His principles were correct, and his resolutions fixed; at the same time, however, he had an irritability of feeling which arose from a warmth of character that was indissolubly united to him. He was sincere and unfeignedly noble-minded: he might be easily provoked by offence, and forgave easily when his passion had subsided.

His partiality for my mother was very strong; his love was sincere; his house establishment good; and his generosity and gratitude were without bounds. The various duties of life occasioned him much trouble and many cares; but the impressions which they left were obliterated by the tenderness and assiduity of my mother: and thus, as the soft and the strong, with each other mingled, produce the finest harmony of tone, so also the energy of my father's mind and the goodness of his heart, united with the tender gentleness of my mother, caused that mutual excellence whence arose that mutual happiness which was the admiration of all who knew them.

Of such parents, I, as well as two sisters and a brother, had the happiness to be born, and by such parents to be educated. Our education, indeed, was not conducted upon those new principles which have arisen since my absence from Germany. However, as both my parents were possessed of a good understanding and good morals, so they were also considered, in those times, as *rational*; and they united their endeavours so vigorously in this task, that they saw, with pleasure, the gradual success of their labours.

Accurately to comprehend our minds was one of their chief cares; and they strove, according to our different characters, to qualify us for corresponding pursuits in life, and

this too without any unnecessary delay. They also accustomed us, from our infancy upwards, to intrepidity, for they considered timidity and fear as magnifying dangers; and even where there were none, they so unfixed the faculties that often a very prudent man acted like a fool under their influence. From our tenderest infancy they strove to make us healthy both in body and mind; and, in order that we might not, like the generality of children, be perpetually plagued with colds, coughs, and catarrhs, we were always, as much as possible, in the open air, or else in what was pure and temperate. We were washed every day, whatever might be the state of the weather. In warm weather, this was done in a brook that flowed by our house; in cold weather, we were dipped into a large tub filled of water. Beer, wine, and brandy were never given to us. Our beverage was pure spring water, and we were not allowed to drink either between or after meals. In the heat of summer we were allowed butter-milk, or the yolk of an egg beat up in water, and, in order that our simple fare might be duly concocted, we never were allowed to be at our studies more than three hours a day till after our eighth year. To this early education I am doubtless indebted for the vigorous constitution that I possess, and without which I could never have undergone half what I have endured, and therefore it is that I have thought it necessary to advert to it.

As my parents were constantly sedulous to unfold the qualities of our minds and bodies, and as they always took care that this unfolding should not be injurious, but applied to such purposes as might be beneficial in future, so they resolved, as we advanced in years, to procure a domestic tutor, who might complete what they had begun, and by which means they might have us under their eye. Such a one, they thought, might become our second father, our instructor in virtue, and their own friend, who would seek to form our hearts to all that was good.

They imagined that the safest way to proceed, in order to obtain such a man, would be to apply to a professor

of any university; and as there was a very near relation of ours, who was a professor at *Griefswalde*, my father wrote to him, told him what he wanted, and what were his intended terms; and also explained his domestic arrangements, and his present mode of educating us. We soon received an answer, in which he felicitated himself that he was so lucky as to find a young man who would completely answer my father's views.

After a few weeks, Mr. REIMANN (for so he was called) arrived. As he promised a great deal at first, nothing of which he accomplished, so he was received, by my parents, as the best friend of their children, and treated as our greatest benefactor. He had a pleasing exterior, and a very prepossessing manner. Perhaps both these had deceived the professor, and induced him to recommend this man whom he probably knew nothing else of but his outside, for he was in no manner fit to pursue that rational and appropriate education which our parents had begun.

To him order, cleanliness, and morality were wholly unknown. He went through his seven hours of teaching mechanically, every day, without any concern whether his instructions were intelligible, whether they were what we needed, or whether they were useful. That curiosity which is so natural to every young contemplator of the world, of knowing the *why* and *wherefore* of things, never incited him to conduct our uninformed minds along a path where we might elicit truths by our own efforts, which would have thrown light upon our knowledge.

The greatest part of the day was spent in Latin; I may say laboriously spent, for the whole instruction consisted in learning words and such like. Had his mode of teaching been appropriate, I should not have mentioned this; for I am firmly convinced that the Greek and Latin languages are what no really learned man can do without, and of which the philosopher and the theologian have as much need as the physician and the lawyer. The Latin language is, and will long remain, the only door through which we must arrive at every species of knowledge. A boy must also learn

Latin if it is meant that he should devote himself to any of the learned professions. But a teacher should not, as our's did, occupy the greater part of the day in that single pursuit.

In natural history, which has so many attractions for children, in geography, letter writing, in history, and in a correct pronunciation of our native tongue, nothing was done; in short, his repulsive manner of instruction rather frightened us from study than incited us to it. The smallest mistake was punished with the stick or with a sound box on the ear, and in this manner a whole half year passed ere our good parents even began to suspect that their intentions respecting us were not likely to be fulfilled; and who knows how long they might have reposed confidence in this hireling, had they not been put on their guard, partly by his own irregular mode of living, and partly by the warning of our new parson.

Soon after the arrival of REIMANN, our parson, whose name was DIENRICH, a young man, agreeable and entertaining, and a true father of his flock, was put into fear, one Saturday evening, by three thieves, who had stolen into his house and concealed themselves there for some time. He was about thirty-four years old, and unmarried. As he was man of some property, and had a predilection for husbandry, he had purchased the farm on which he lived, and kept no servant but an old housekeeper who was rather deaf. As there was no person therefore on whom he could rely in this affair, and as he already heard the thieves in the adjoining room where the communion plate was kept, he resolved to fasten himself into his own chamber: but when at last they attacked him, and strove to break the door open, he began to cry for help out of the window. Had he cried out *thieves*, and not *fire*, there would have been plenty of those who ran to the alarm ready to seize the depredators; but they escaped, for every one was looking for the fire and nobody for thieves.

This unfortunate accident was followed by sad consequences to the worthy DIENRICH, and the common people lost in him a man whom they had cause to value in every respect.

The poor and the needy mourned for him especially, for he had taught the religion of love as much in his actions as in his words. The following instance will prove this.

He once visited, as he often used to do, a sick parishioner, and found him on a hard mattress: he asked him, kindly, where the bed was which he had found him lying upon the last time he saw him? Ah! sighed forth the unfortunate, I was compelled to sell it, to bury my wife with the money: he then asked, whence arose that unpleasant smell in his room? The distressed invalid shewed him, that the corpse of his wife, for want of money to bury her, had been kept in the house too long, and occasioned the smell. DIGN-  
RICH, touched with pity, not only bought him his bed again, but made arrangements for the interment of the deceased, and sent him food and cordials till he was restored to health.

[To be continued.]

#### On the IMPROPRIETY of not using the Letter "K" to certain Words.

"Non sunt contemnenda quasi parva, sine quibus contare magna non possunt."

SIR,

IN submitting the following observations to your attention, and to that of your numerous readers, I am aware that I endeavour to eradicate a custom now grown so inveterate as probably to defy the force of any arguments, however strong, which may be urged in favour of its discontinuance. Of established usage as it has, in general, reason for its foundation, I would not be understood as wishing to diminish the authority: but to custom, when it is found to be arbitrary, capricious, and unsupported by reason, I cannot hesitate to refuse my allegiance, especially in writing or speaking a language. The practice to which I allude is the rejection of the final *k* from the words "publick, musick," &c. Dr. Johnson, from whose decisions, whether in morals or in literature, there seldom lies an appeal, says that "c, according to English orthography, never ends a word," and he has accordingly retained it throughout his dic-

tionary and writings. To this great authority, I will add that of Dr. Barrow, who, in his book on education, strongly recommends the use of the *k* in terminations. Our excellent grammarian, Murray, says, "Many writers of latter years omit the *k* in words of two or more syllables;" and observes, very judiciously, that "this practice is productive of irregularities, such as writing 'mimic and mimickry,\* traffic and trafficking.'" Yet to this custom, "productive" as he acknowledges it to be, "of irregularities," which our best grammarians have concurred in their endeavours to diminish, he has, by his practice, added the weight of his authority. But these irregularities have an operation much more extensive than that which Mr. Murray has pointed out. To this, and at the same time to the inconsistency of these writers, I wish to direct your particular attention. They do not reject the *k* from all "words of two or more syllables," nor from any word of one syllable: thus the advocates for "music, physic, comic, poetic," who nevertheless do not hesitate to write "back, crack, trick, stick, clock, rock," &c. would think it absurd to write "arrack, attack, barrack, ransack, bullock, hillock, halminoc, mattoc, had-dock, paddock:" yet surely the absurdity is not greater or more obvious in one word than in another. I will here give you a very curious specimen of orthography, evidently arising from the innovation of which I now complain. Reading, in a respectable morning paper, a long article, in which the words "traffick and trafficking" frequently occurred, I observed that the *k* was not only struck off from the former, but from the latter. I at first naturally supposed it to be an error of the press; but seeing both

\* The irregularity here would be better illustrated by substituting the word "mimicking;" for, admitting "mimic" to be the correct orthography, analogy (unless indeed its authority be at once formally, as it has long been virtually, denied) requires that the *k* in "mimickry" be omitted, especially as, in this instance, it is not necessary to the proper sound of the word.

the words still recur in the same form, I concluded that the author, noticing the irregularity of the usual orthography, rather than restore the *k* to the verb, determined on rejecting it from the participle, an absurdity so palpable that it is surprising it could escape even the most careless writer. Even proper names are not secure from this innovation. We already see Frederic, Dominic, Roderic,—then why not Patric? It is, therefore, not improbable but we may soon see “Garric, Derric, Merric, Berwic, Warwic, Limeric, Woodstoc, Tavistoc.”

As analogy and etymology are our only guides in orthography, let us not, by forsaking them and following the dictates of caprice, render ineffectual the labours of our “great lexicographer,” and of our most eminent grammarians.

If, in your opinion, these remarks are not unworthy of the pages of the Universal Magazine, the insertion of them will greatly oblige

Your admirer and

Frequent reader,

June 23, 1809.

PHILO.

### LOVE and LIBERTY?

Sir,

IN every stage of life, man is the subject of influence. In many of his movements he is governed, like the brute creation, by mere corporeal or sensual impulse. In others, some ruling passion of the mind regulates his conduct and directs his actions.

Two of these grand moving causes are the love of liberty and the love of woman. The former of these I shall define, a perfect freedom from restraint both of body and mind; but such a freedom as is consistent with the laws of a mild and equitable government, which is absolutely necessary to the very being of true liberty. —The latter principle is too well known to need any explanation. —Every bosom has one time or other felt the pleasing pain; the most savage heart has been subdued by the soft emotion. Let us then consider the influence of each, and endeavour to discover which has the greatest

share in determining the actions of mankind.

The love of liberty is a most noble passion, and has frequently stimulated its possessor to the most heroic deeds. In defence of it the sword has been frequently unsheathed, and not a few have preferred a premature death to the highest offices of state under the controul of an arbitrary tyrant. But our business is not to seek for extremes, but to confine ourselves to the general tenor of human life. It is hence we are to draw our conclusions; for here only can we form any just idea of man, and of the principles by which he is actuated.

The love of liberty seems to be a very prevailing passion. In this our highly favoured isle it pervades all ranks: the rich and the poor, the peer and the peasant, seem equally sensible of its value, and combine to defend it from every encroachment. The liberty of his country, of his family, of his friends, is a sacred pledge which heaven has committed to the care of every true born Briton, for which he would cheerfully submit to every privation, would readily make the most costly sacrifices, yea, would willingly spend the last drop of his blood in its defence. This is the only country where liberty is fully enjoyed, and the only place where we can see its genuine effects. In other countries the love of civil liberty is, in a great measure, subdued; a long series of oppression and habits of servility have either annihilated the spirit or made it inactive. The inhabitants have never known its blessings, therefore do not seek the enjoyment of them; or, on the other hand, it has degenerated into a spirit of turbulent democracy, equally subversive of the rights of man.

But the love of personal liberty is common to every man, to whatever nation he may belong, under whatever climate he may be born. A condition of slavery or confinement is repugnant to every faculty of the soul; and that mind must be broken indeed, and lost to every sense of manly feeling, who would not sacrifice a hundred lives, if he possessed them, to obtain his freedom. After cannot bear restraint in any situation, and the very apprehension of it renders



irksome many an employment in which he might otherwise take delight. Look at the active youth just entered on the term of his apprenticeship: how eagerly does he long for the period to arrive when he shall have completed that term and become his own master. To this period he looks forward with anxious expectation, and blesses every revolving sun which brings him nearer the wished-for point.

To what cause can we assign the innumerable classes of mendicants that infest our streets, but to this innate principle of independence and love of liberty. The laws of this country make an ample provision for the wants of every individual; and those who make vagrancy a trade, do it in open violation of them, and are, consequently, liable to punishment. But this is the most trifling, or rather no obstacle in their way. Rather than submit to confinement and restraint within the walls of a workhouse, where they might be warmly clothed and comfortably fed, they prefer a wandering life, exposed to every inclemency of the season, with nothing but hunger and rags, to such a provision with such a restraint.—What an instance do we meet with of the love of liberty in the gypsy tribe. These elude the vigilance of every law, and trample on all the rights of man. Confined to no settled place of abode, they range the country through, and pitch their camps wherever convenience or inclination lead them. They lay every rank of society under a kind of contribution, and what they cannot gain by entreaty, they procure by artifice and fraud.

It is for liberty the labouring kind will toil from morning till night, and sustain the heats of summer and the colds of winter, the chill damps of morning and the scorching blaze of the midday sun, without repining. When he has finished the labour of the day, and the shades of evening approach, he can retire to his humble, peaceful dwelling, with a heart unfettered by any chain, and enjoy that freedom there which the nobleman possesses in his mansion or the king in his palace. Freedom, both of body and mind, is one of the rights of man, and every energy of the soul

ought to be called into action to support it.

But the love of liberty, however strong the passion, must yield her share in the government of the human heart to the love of woman. This passion knows no bounds, acknowledges no laws. With a mighty force it breaks through every obstacle that might intervene between the subject of it and the beloved object, and, like a rushing torrent, bears down every thing that would impede its progress. For the love of woman, man would forego his dearest rights, even liberty itself, and voluntarily submit to the most galling yoke. The love of liberty is sometimes subdued; instances of which may be frequently seen among that unfortunate class of mankind, the slaves. Long accustomed to habits of servitude, and to obey the nod of their imperious masters, they forget their natural rights as men, and fully acquiesce in their miserable condition. There may be a few noble spirits among them, whose lofty minds no oppression can tame, nor the severest tortures can subdue: yet instances have not been wanting of those, who, after having been emancipated from slavery, have voluntarily entered it again for a small quantity of spirituous liquors or tobacco. But even in these breasts the love of woman is not subdued. She still holds her empire there, and is frequently the sole directress of his actions.

If we take a view of the married state, we shall find another striking proof of the superior influence of female attractions. When a man enters this important stage of his life, he must renounce a great portion of his liberty, and become the slave of woman. In this condition he must renounce that freedom of mind, that freedom of will, that freedom of affection, that freedom of action, which he before possessed, and must, in a measure, submit them all to the direction of his fair tyrant. With her he must consult in all his undertakings; he must enter into no engagement without her approbation. Not but that, where love abounds, these sacrifices, these concessions will be mutual; but still they must be made in order to secure the happiness of the

married state. Far be it from me to insinuate here, that matrimony is an object to be dreaded on these accounts; neither would I by any means deter man from entering upon it; but, on the contrary, would recommend the union of two kindred souls, ever anxious to promote each other's happiness, as the highest pitch of human felicity. Love will make *such a slavery* delightful, will deem no sacrifice too great to augment the pleasures of the beloved object.

Hence, then, we consider the love of woman to be the more powerful passion, and consequently possesses greater influence over the actions of men. And that however deep the love of liberty may be rooted in the human heart, and whatever sacrifices a man may make for the enjoyment of it, he will make much greater, and even immolate liberty herself, at the shrine of the beloved object.

Lonaon, June 20, 1809.

C. S.

EDMUND DE WATTEVILLE. A NORMAN TALE. Translated from the GERMAN.

For the Universal Magazine.

THE evening began to close, and the lowering clouds threatened an approaching storm, while the keen north wind, which whistled through the leafless branches of the forest, presented an aspect of desolation to the weary traveller. To a mind less hardy than that of EDMUND's, this would have been sufficient to deter from braving its united horrors by entering, that night, the immense wood which now stretched before him. But he was impelled by a motive superior to any consideration of personal danger; all subordinate apprehensions were absorbed in the greater one of being too late to stop a dreadful sacrifice to resentment.

Thus incited, he spurred his willing steed, and entered at once the gloomy track which lay before him. Unconscious, or fearless of danger, he omitted the precaution of loading the fire-arms which he had about him; he was anxious only to reach the *Chateau de Roubigne*, yet twenty leagues distant, ere sunrise the next morning; for he knew the horrid

deed which would be perpetrated should he be later. Let us then leave him for a while pursuing his journey, and take a retrospect of the events which had occurred previously to the present juncture.

Edmund de Watteville was the only son of an opulent Norman lord, and he was, consequently, the peculiar object of paternal solicitude and affection. He was educated according to the received modes of his age; and, in conformity to the popular opinion, was taught to consider military prowess as the highest attainable excellence of man. The softer arts of life, and the polish which fits an individual for the more gentle intercourse of society, were entirely neglected; feats of arms, tournaments, battles, sieges, distressed damsels, and infuriate tyrants, glowed in his youthful bosom, and gave a romantic ardour to his thoughts, which held forth a promise of future excellence, beyond what even a fond parent could wish for. He was early distinguished by a spirit of resistance, and a sanguinary severity of resentment, which, in that age, bore the false appellations of *magnanimity* and *honour*. While yet a youth he had signalized himself at the head of a few chosen men, by repelling the attack of a desperate banditti on the estate of a neighbouring lord. But as he advanced in years, his courage became gradually hardened into desperate ferocity, and warlike force obtained for him what might be denied to justice or entreaty.

His father, though he beheld with admiration the martial qualities of his son, yet often reflected with anxiety upon the impetuosity of his temper, which, united with such qualities, might, he feared, lead to the most fatal consequences. Sometimes, indeed, he would endeavour to awaken in the mind of Edmund a sense of the necessity of curbing his passions; but his admonitions were ineffectual, and often drew from the youth some bitter taunt or sarcastic reflection. "You must be sensible," he would often observe, "how little can be gained by coercion. Force will be repelled by force, and insult by insult; and though superior numbers or courage may for a time enable

you to remain triumphant, yet the injury which is unprovoked can never be forgotten; and those whom you despoil to-day, may in their turn to-morrow despoil you. Remember, that warfare is not the *peculiar* right of one man; it is the privilege of all; and he, who, by petty depredations and wanton insults, makes every man his enemy, must expect one day to become the victim of every man's revenge. I would teach you, that forbearance alone can command respect, happiness, or safety; and that a promptitude to support justice, to redress grievances, and to protect virtue, should be united with a heart formed for social happiness, and an understanding willing to discriminate between rectitude and obliquity."

These cautions, however, had but little effect upon the conduct of Edmund. He still gloried in recounting how many had fallen by his arm, and what new attempts he purposed making upon the property of others. His anxious sire beheld with affliction how obnoxious he every day became to the surrounding nobles, and foresaw that a few months would inevitably involve him in that ruin which his profligate son was hourly accumulating over his head. Reduced to the last extremity, he resolved to use coercive measures, and however painful to his feelings, yet the general safety of himself and family demanded that he should restrain his licentious conduct. He therefore compelled him to keep within the bounds of his own domain, and by dismissing all his retainers, he reduced him to the necessity of abandoning, at least for a time, his predatory conduct. The fiery youth raged, in vain, at this decree; impetuous circumstances demanded it, and the father yielded to no entreaties.

During this restriction many fruitless attempts were made to soften the ferocity of his nature, and to lead him back to reason and humanity. He resisted them all by a sullen silence, which he never broke except when alone. Then, sometimes, he expiated upon the scenes of blood which he would one day triumph in; and often to the height of his savage exultation at imaginary sacrifices, he would dare to intermingle the ideal groans

of a murdered father. Giving the rein, one day, to his sanguinary passion, he exclaimed, "Oh Nature! why didst thou not give me power equal to my will? Why was I not rather the aspiring offspring of a regal sire, than of him whom the world now calls my father? I would have been familiar with slaughter, ere the dawn of manhood bloomed upon my cheek. Groans of death should have been the most pleasing music to my ears, and I would have glutted my sight with the writhings of condemned victims, when drops of agony stood upon their brow, and their whole frame shook with the tremblings of convulsed nature.—These *should* have been *my* delight: these *must* be it.—I cannot calm the phrenzy of mind which pants for pleasures congenial to its feelings!"

Such depravity could be restrained by no common means. But he had hypocrisy equal to his other passions, and he at length assumed an apparent tranquillity of mind and deportment, which easily deceived the willing father, who was anxious to believe what he had long wished. Several days elapsed in this manner, during which frequent conversations took place between them. Nothing now appeared which could excite the smallest suspicion as to the truth of the change, and he was finally restored to that perfect liberty which his licentiousness had forfeited.

It was now that he began to reflect how he should resume his former conduct, and yet not expose himself to similar consequences. His retainers were dismissed, his expenses were retrenched, and his actions watched with unceasing attention. Thus circumstanced, he felt it necessary to lull every fear asleep by a continuance of his peaceable deportment. He appeared, therefore, to enjoy with all possible zest the conversation and amusements of his family. He would often join in the chase of the wild boar with his father and the other neighbouring noblemen, and partake with them its various amusements. His evenings he spent in domestic enjoyments, and in the placid occupations of the female part of his family. His mother, ever anxious for the welfare of

her children, beheld with unfeigned rapture this apparent change in her son, while her daughter *Julia de Watteville*, an interesting girl, now in her eighteenth year, yet hoped she might find a future protection in him when her parents were no more.

Such was the close deception young Edmund was enabled to carry on by his consummate art. But the day was not far distant when all these bright prospects were to be destroyed, and all the fondest hopes of his parents for ever buried.

Among the various noblemen who possessed estates in the spacious forest of *Ardenne*, was the Baron de *Laucy*, a man of immense possessions and splendid fortune. His magnificence kept pace with his opulence, and he frequently held jousts and tournaments in his castle, to which he invited all those whom rank, fortune, or military glory had raised to distinction. On these occasions it was customary for all the most celebrated ladies to be present, and to bestow, after the combat, the meed of victory on the hero who remained triumphant. Such an assemblage of beauty usually inspired the combatants with more than common ardour; and many a knight would rather die upon the field, than suffer his opponent to receive the guerdon. Female ideas were not, in that rough period, of so delicate a cast as now; they could then behold with few emotions of terror, or even pity, the furious clash of arms and streaming gashes of the warlike combatants; anxious only for the safety of him whom they had honoured, from motives of affection, with marks of their esteem. The revolting sentiments which, in this enlightened age, would possess the mind of every British fair, at the sanguinary scenes of slaughter which were then prevalent, would be painful beyond sufferance; and it is, perhaps, not asserting too much to say, that they now feel more sympathy and generous anxiety at the fictitious representations of the theatre, than the ancient warlike dames did at the sanguinary conflicts of romantic ardour.

To return, however, to the subject of my narrative. It happened about this period, that the Baron had given

public intimation of an intended tournament to be held in the castle on the marriage of his youngest daughter, *Emily de Laucy*, to the young *Count Marino*. Every preparation was made to unite splendour with hospitality. Among the illustrious visitors on the occasion were the Baron de *Watteville* and his family. A greater display of military prowess was expected on this occasion than, perhaps, had ever before dignified the nuptials of any nobleman. Every knight was anxious to retrieve former losses, or to increase former glories. Those who had reaped the highest renown in the field of battle were yet willing to increase it on the present occasion; those who had scarcely ever wielded hostile arms, felt an ambition to become illustrious among the illustrious. Such general ardour was, perhaps, never before excited on a similar occurrence; but the Baron's known liberality, munificence, and hospitality, were such as inspired the coldest bosoms with a desire to distinguish themselves.

Amid this general anticipation of future glory, young Edmund was not inactive. Other motives than the mere impulse of renown actuated his bosom: he had, himself, formerly advanced his pretensions to the hand of *Emily*. The offer was rejected with some degree of contempt on her part, and with coolness on that of the Baron's. But Edmund, unused to brook contradiction, or to be repulsed in the pursuit of any object he had once assimilated to his mind as necessary to his happiness, persisted in his importunities till they became disgusting to the one and insolent to the other. Finding it impossible to advance his suit with any prospect of success, he, as usual, determined to employ force and art to effect his designs. He justly suspected a rival to be the cause of his rejection, and the very idea was sufficient to awaken in his bosom the most hateful passions. Resolved to ascertain the truth of his suspicions, he began to devise means by which to arrive at that certainty. Bribery, he knew, was one effectual method, and sometimes the shortest. This he tried, and played off his golden artillery upon the feeble resistance of a do-

meſtic in the Baron de Lancy's ſervice. This man, whoſe name was Gaſparo, he allured over to his intereſts, and made him inſtrumental in his deſigns, not only of aſcertaining the fact, but of revenging it when aſcertained.

Having, by the intervention of this faithleſs ſervant, gained admission ſecretly into the garden, he concealed himſelf behind ſome trees, ſo that he might be unobſerved, and yet watch all the motions of thoſe whom he ſuſpected. He had learned that it was their principal amuſement, in an evening, to walk, and diſcourſe on themes of love and future bliſs. Edmund, like another Satan, reſolved, though he could not himſelf enjoy, yet to blaſt the enjoyments of others, and he wiſhed to learn *who* this ſucceſſful rival was, that he might ſacrifice him, *not* to his jealousy, but to his ſanguinary paſſions. His actions did not proceed from the feelings of an injured man, wounded in that peace of heart which a beloved miſtreſs alone could give; they were the reſult of a more than fiend-like ferocity, which murdered the happineſs it could not reach.

He waited impatiently for their approach; and his impatience heightened his reſentment. At length he heard the diſtant murmur of voices; they drew nearer, and he perceived, indiſtinctly, forms approaching. The tumult of his ſoul aroſe; and as they approached, irreſolute and weak, he knew not how to act; whether to ruſh like a lion on his unguarded victim, or to dog him to a place of more convenient ſacrifice. While he was thus debating within himſelf, they approached nearly oppoſite the ſpot where he lay concealed: their converſation was now diſtinct, and, before he could juſtly diſcriminate who they were, the following words caught his eager attention:—"I tell you, Edmund never ſhall poſſeſs her; my dagger ſhould ſooner drink his heart's blood, than he diſgrace my family by an alliance." As theſe words were uttered, they turned into another path, and were out of ſight in a moment.

[*To be continued.*]

VOYAGE from PORT JACKSON to PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—  
*Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

WE ſailed from Port Jackson on Thursday evening, the 21ſt of April, 1803, with a diviſion of the New South Wales corps, their wives and children, a number of priſoners with their families, and a quantity of ſtores, for Norfolk iſland. The number of our officers was the ſame as when we left England, with the addition of a ſecond lieutenant. The greateſt regularity is obſerved, and every one appears comfortable, cheerful, and happy.

Our paſſage to Norfolk iſland was boiſterous and tedious. Anne was ſea-ſick as ever, and confined to her bed almoſt the whole way. We arrived off the iſland on Sunday morning, May the 8th. The cutter and jolly-boat were immediately hoisted out, and the paſſengers landed at Carcade with great expedition, notwithstanding there was no veſtige remaining of a wharf that had been conſtructed there, and the ſurf made landing on the rocks very unſafe.—Although I received, by the return of the boats, a terrific account of the dangers attending the paſſage over a long, narrow plank, placed over a chasm in the rocks, a fall from which would be inevitable deſtruction, my deſire to go on ſhore predominated over every fear, and a few hours afterwards I obtained a reluctant permiſſion to land. Equipping myſelf therefore in a habit, whiſt Nanny put up a few things in a trunk, I reconciled my darling boy to my abſence, by promiſes of the fine things I ſhould bring from the ſhore, and at four o'clock left the ſhip with my brother in a boat, of which the maſter took charge.

I have before informed you of there being no harbour or good anchorage for ſhipping at Norfolk iſland. We had to row for ſome diſtance in a very rough ſea. When we reached the landing place, a rope, made faſt to a ring at the ſtern of the boat, was held by the other end by the people on ſhore, who, at the favourable juncture for landing, pawled out, as the ſurf receded,

"now, now, now." Eagerly, in my turn, obeying this signal, I somehow drew the rope with such force after me, that, catching the master under the chin, it jerked his head over the side of the boat, and threw his feet up into the air: luckily the people in the boat caught hold of his legs, or he would have been overboard. The fright I had then accidentally given the old sailor, with the ludicrous circumstances attending it, made me laugh, and, together with the impetuosity with which it was necessary to land, drove all thoughts of the danger of crossing the plank out of my head till I was fairly over it, escorted by my companions. We set off for Sydney, and by the time we had got half way the moon rose, and made the remainder of the walk truly delightful. The scenery around was romantic, the road running between pine-trees, which rise to a majestic height. One of these was cut down whilst I was at Norfolk island, and measured three hundred and eighty feet in length. As we approached Sydney we were met by Colonel Poveaux, who has been governor here for some time; who very politely welcomed us on shore.

The next morning, Monday, several gentlemen accompanied me to see the new government-house, building under the direction of the lieutenant governor. It will be a large and substantial house, pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence, commanding a view of the town of Sydney, Turtle bay, and Nepean and Phillip islands. On these islands there are a variety of choice shells, but difficult to be got at, on account of their adhering to sharp rocks that prevent the use of dredge.

Returning from our walk, the signal was made for another ship being in sight. In the afternoon a boat from the strange sail brought intelligence of her being the *Alexander*, whaler, Capt. Rhodes, from New Zealand, returning to Port Jackson.

This morning I walked as far as Queenbury, a few huts scattered in a vale, which do not deserve the name of a village; but their situation is beautiful and romantic; the steep hills on each side of the valley affording rich pasture, or yielding luxuriant

crops of Indian corn. A charming shady walk between banana-trees winds for some distance round the bottom of the hills, and leads to a hut belonging to government, and a garden that produces as fine oranges as those at Rio de Janeiro.

The governor having been at the trouble of getting his single horse chaise (the only carriage in the island, and which had been for some time out of repair) put to rights to accommodate me, I set out immediately after breakfast the next morning on a ride to Carcade, accompanied by a lady in the chaise, and three gentlemen on horseback. I have already given a description of this road as it appeared when I walked it by moonlight, but one of its chief beauties I could not at that time discern. The vines of a lively green, bearing a delicate lilac flower, in shape resembling the convolvulus, creeping round the trunks of the lofty pines, joined together in many parts, and hanging down between them in festoons, have an elegant effect. There is likewise growing in great abundance a dark green shrub, with a large glossy leaf, containing a poisonous juice. From the summit of the hill, on the Carcade side, there is a pretty view of the village of Phillipburg in a valley with the hills bordering on the sea, of which there is an extensive prospect between seven sugar-loaf eminences.

The chief purport of my visiting Carcade was to call on Mrs. F. and to introduce the lady that accompanied me to her, with the hope that her society might be soothing to her wounded mind, and help to soften this seclusion from her native country and a number of respectable friends. Mr. F. I have been informed, was most unjustly sent from Ireland, during the disturbances four years ago, on a groundless suspicion of sedition, and was, without any trial, banished to New South Wales for life. Government have lately taken his case into consideration, and have appointed him to the clerical duty of Norfolk island, with a salary of 150*l.* per annum. Mrs. F. is sister to an eminent divine of Dublin: she resisted the united entreaties of her friends to remain, and with a

child of two years old followed her husband into banishment. A settled dejection appears on both their countenances, and his health is at times so much affected, that I think there is little probability of his continuing long in this world. Mrs. F. had been brought to bed only a week before of a lovely boy, which, with a little girl, constituted her family, having lost the son she had in Ireland and one she had at Port Jackson by the dysentery. I hope you will pardon my dwelling so long upon these circumstances, when you reflect how much my feelings were interested in their unfortunate destiny.

By the time we returned to Sydney our ship was lying off the town, at the distance of two miles, the landing being better on that side than at Carcade, but as there was a considerable surf I had not any idea of embarking; therefore, after dining with an agreeable party, we were just setting out to take an afternoon's walk, when the cutter came on shore, with the master, and brought a letter with information that they only waited my return on board to sail, and a request that, if the surf did not run high, I would come off in the cutter. The governor thought I might go off very safely in his whale-boat with his men, but objected to the cutter and the hands in her, who were unaccustomed to the place. After a few moments consideration I determined to go off, and accepted the governor's offer of his whale-boat, though it was with some difficulty that I resisted the solicitations of my friends on shore to stay all night. I walked down to the beach; but just as we reached it, a violent surf came rolling over the very rocks on which the *Sirius* was wrecked, which recurring at the moment to my recollection, intimidated me a little, though not so much as it did the female friends who were with me, and who entreated me to return and relinquish all thoughts of going for that night; but my mind being made up, I received and returned many kind adieus, and stepped into the boat with my brother, who had been instructed to place my back to the surf till we got beyond the reef of rocks. The coxswain, who was reckoned the most skilful mariner upon the island, gave

the word of command, the eight oars made a long stretch, and instantly the boat was almost up an end, then descended, and in this manner surmounted the foaming surge, without any further inconvenience than the unpleasant sensation it excited, and our getting a little wet from the surf. When the boat had quite cleared the reef, the crew lay on their oars and gave three cheers, which was answered from the shore by all the officers, &c. who remained standing on the beach till they saw us out of danger. We had now three miles to row in the open sea, but the evening being very favourable we reached the ship at sunset in perfect safety. I only detained the boat to reward the men for their trouble, and to write a few lines, and then arranged every thing for our departure the moment the cutter with the master and purser returned, for which we were very impatient, and wished to put an end to the anxiety which must always prevail from the perilous situation all ships are in at that place. A signal gun was fired to hasten their return; but there was no appearance of the boat till nine o'clock the next morning, when she came off, and informed us that the surf had risen so high in the evening, before the boat that brought me off returned, that the coxswain was washed overboard three times, my letter lost, and the boat very nearly wrecked; so that the cutter could not venture off till morning. No shore-boat being off, we were prevented from having any further intercourse at this time with the inhabitants of Norfolk island, and the wind being favourable for our departure, we lost sight of land in a few hours. W.

[To be continued.]

On the CONDUCT of Lady M. W. MONTAGUE towards H. FIELDING.

Sir,

THE sensibility of Lady Montague is generally supposed to have been equal to her wit. A higher encomium could scarcely be passed, for in wit she certainly was not inferior to any of her sex. It is with reluctance that I point to Lady

Mary's conduct, in regard to Henry Fielding, as a proof that she could be disdainful and unfeeling; but a just appreciation of characters, which are held forth for public applause, is so necessary to the welfare of the moral world, that my presumption in this particular must need little apology.

Henry Fielding was second cousin to Lady Montague, both being descended in the same degree from George Fielding, Earl of Desmond. In addition to his claim on the score of affinity, Fielding's pretensions, as a gentleman and a wit, were assuredly sufficient to entitle him to the same consideration bestowed on Pope; but these two writers appear to have been received by her ladyship in very different methods. Pope was admitted to an extreme of familiarity, and his letters are written in a correspondent strain of confidence. Fielding waited at her door, as the poet attends his patron, and concludes a letter, which appears expressive of his usual manner to Lady Mary, in these words:—"I shall do myself the honour of calling at your ladyship's door to-morrow, at eleven, which, if it be an improper hour, I beg to know from your servant what other time will be more convenient." The man thus liable to rejection, and thus distant in mode of address, was *her cousin*, and of high rank in letters; but he was necessitous. Pope, whose epistles denote the acknowledged consequence of the writer, and who could readily appoint the proper hours for the lady to call on him, was rich. There lay the most important difference; for ladies of wit and sensibility, like the common world, are fond, it seems, of a gilded toy.

Throughout every letter in which Lady Mary mentions Fielding, she is entirely silent on the relationship that existed between them; and her ladyship admired his talents; but then she knew his poverty. "Since I was born," she observes in a letter to her daughter, "no original has appeared, excepting Congreve and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellencies if not forced by necessity to publish without correction; and throw many productions into the world, he would

have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. The greatest virtue, justice, and the most distinguished prerogative of mankind, writing, when duly executed, do honour to human nature; but when degenerated into trades, are the most contemptible way of getting bread."

Her ladyship regrets the death of Fielding, but merely as a writer, and as a being that relished existence.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague appears at one period to have been afraid, and at another ashamed, to own for a cousin the author of *Tom Jones*! "I am sorry," writes Lady Mary, "for H. Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did, though few had less reason to do so; the highest of his preferment being raking in the lowest sinks of vice and misery. His happy constitution (even when he had with great pains half demolished it) made him forget every thing when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne: and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret."

It may be averred that the dissipated habits of Fielding rendered him an improper intimate for a lady, but still he was entitled to the consideration due to a relation and a man of genius. The frequent low pleasures in which Fielding was accustomed to indulge may, perhaps, in some part be attributed to the scantiness of his finances. Lady Montague was connected with many persons of consequence and power. Through the medium of these she might have recommended her cousin to the notice of the court, and have given him an opportunity of proving that he was as well calculated to be an honour to his family in point of general demeanor, as from poignancy of wit and fertility of imagination.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. N. B.



*A LETTER, addressed to Dr. LETTISON, upon the FORMATION of an APIARIAN SOCIETY.*

*Sir,*

**B**EING personally unknown to you, I have chosen this respectable Magazine as the medium to address you on a subject, the utility and importance of which, I believe, few words will be necessary to substantiate, and one in which I know that you are in a degree interested. I allude to the more general encouragement and diffusion of the culture of the bee. It cannot have escaped your notice, that the attention which is paid to that invaluable insect is in no proportion to its intrinsic worth, and that, as a branch of rural economy, it suffers an undeserved neglect. The farmer who neglects to provide himself with a proper proportion of hives is blind to his own interest, and suffers a source of wealth to flow past him unregarded and unenjoyed.

The English peasant should profit by the example of the Scotch; for taking Scotland and England together, the proportion of hives in the former to the latter is as ten to four.

The utility and profit of the apiary is acknowledged and attended to; in the latter, amusement and curiosity appear to be the aim.

The chief purport, however, of the present letter is, by a few hints, to draw your attention to the formation of an apiarian society, for the purpose of investigating the natural economy of the bee, and of promoting the culture of it, especially amongst the cottagers. The indifference which is shown by that numerous class of people to the cultivation of the bee proceeds partly from their ignorance of the profit which would accrue to them from a very limited apiary, and from their inability to spare even the little sum which is requisite for the purchase of the first hive. To obviate the latter difficulty would be one of the objects of the society; and in regard to the former, I know your knowledge of human nature to be sufficiently great to know that you have only to point out to a man a source of wealth, and he will fly to

it with the avidity of the thirsty wanderer to the limpid spring.

An apiarian society offers to the patriot and the philanthropist the most cheering prospects, without derogating from your title to the former character; as the latter, you stand most conspicuous. To the patriot it would be a pleasing reflection, that by his endeavours he was opening the resources of his own country, that he was turning the stream of its wealth into its proper channels, and preventing near 30,000*l.* a year being sent to another country for a commodity which could be reared with as great facility in his own, and of a quality by far superior.

To the philanthropist it would be a subject of exultation, when he reflected, that by his exertions he was promoting the health and welfare of his fellow creatures, by procuring for all classes and denominations a wholesome food and a delicious beverage, and which would prove an excellent substitute for the vile and adulterated composition which is called beer. It were needless to enumerate to you, being a professional person, the medicinal and wholesome qualities of honey, a exhilarating and healthful qualities of mead; the longevity of the Scotch, the health and robustness of their children, whose stomachs are not poisoned with rancid butter, will sufficiently testify both, and render the culture of the bee an object worthy of the consideration of every friend of the human race.

At the same time that the members of an apiarian society were promoting the cultivation of the bee to themselves, it would be a source of uncommon delight to unite their respective abilities to the further improvement of the management of the apiary, to the discovery of the natural economy of the bee, and, by a diffusion of their scientific knowledge, render an apiary the source of delight and profit to others. It would be in itself no common reward for their labours, if, by a promulgation of an approved method of taking the honey from the bees, they could annihilate the barbarous custom of smoking them, and thereby save the lives of so many valuable servants.

You cannot be ignorant that we are yet far removed from a complete knowledge of the internal economy of the bees; and I must allow, that certain parts of it are so wrapt in almost impenetrable darkness, as to baffle the exertions and acuteness of the most indefatigable apiarian, yet that very difficulty were with me rather an incentive than an obstacle to the formation of an apiarian society; for, by the united efforts of its members, many secrets in the economy of the bees might be discovered, which require only to be known to be admired, and the elucidation of which would be of great advantage in the culture of them.

For a number of years bees have been with me a favourite study; but I confess that, after all the experiments I have tried, to the total destruction of many valuable hives, I am still, in certain points, as ignorant as at the commencement of my studies: for after all the fanciful theories of many apiarians, who have favoured the world with their lucubrations, and which are like so many will-o'-wispes, which lead you into error, the gender even of the bees and their method of propagation are mysteries which I cannot solve.

Pliny says in lib. 10, cap. 9, that Aristomachus Solensis passed sixty-two years of his life in the study of bees, and D. Moses Pflicher in postill, fol. 480, says that Aristodemus, a highly celebrated philosopher, passed twenty years in the same study. It might be supposed by many, that at the expiration of sixty-two years, an apiarian would have attained to a full knowledge of his subject; but the examination into the natural economy of the bee is attended with such discouraging obstacles, that it requires a person to be an enthusiast in the study to make even the most limited progress, and indeed without a large portion of enthusiasm no person can make a skilful apiarian.

It has often been a matter of surprise with me, that in England, where rural economy is more studied than in any other country in the world, so little attention should be paid to a branch, which is certainly not the last, either in a national point of

view, or in individual advantage; for if the position be just, that the value of a thing is to be estimated by the space of time which is required to attain it, an apiary would then stand the first in the scale of comparative profit. In Germany, where science in rural economy moves with the pace of a stage waggon up a hill, the improvement in the management of bees has nevertheless proceeded with hasty strides; and this improvement is to be attributed to the formation of apiarian societies, and the consequent diffusion of practical knowledge.—The present Duke of Brunswick is the president of the first apiarian society which was formed, and the efforts of the members of the society to extend the cultivation of the bee have been crowned with success.—In Scotland are many patriotic characters, who would glad join in the formation of an apiarian society; and I believe it would not be difficult to draw the attention of the patrons of the agricultural societies to the subject, and to receive not only their sanction but their assistance.

The limits to which I must necessarily confine myself prevent me now from entering into a more explicit detail of the plan which I have suggested for the society; but should you from these cursory remarks think the subject worthy of a serious consideration, or in its nature feasible, the utmost assistance to the formation of the society will be given by

Sir, your humble servant,

R. H.

#### On the SUMMATION of INFINITE SERIES.

MR. EDITOR,

AS no subject, among mathematicians, has engaged greater attention than the summation of what are termed infinite series, or demands, in its successful prosecution, a greater share of abstraction and ability; so few branches have been entered upon by the student with more trembling anxiety than this. That the accurate summation of an infinite number of terms in an arithmetical or geometrical progression, the last term of which the nature of the series for ever pre-

cludes the possibility of arriving at, should *prima facie* appear absurd and impossible, can excite no surprise. Accustomed, in arithmetical computations, to the summation of a certain and determinate number of terms, each of which are either separately and distinctly known, as in ordinary addition, or to the summation of a limited number of terms in various kinds of progressions, where we receive among the data the first and last term of the series, and the ratio, the mind cannot easily free itself from those shackles which such limitations naturally impose upon it; we enter upon such calculations, as persons emerging from the narrow confines of arithmetic, to embark on the sea of geometry or algebra, there used to measure every dimension by running the rule or rod along it; while here the immensity of the altitudes and distances to be estimated rendering such means of obtaining them impracticable, no wonder the mind at first, from the inadequacy of its usual resources, contemplates with dismay its novel situation. However, as some ideas on the interesting subject of the present paper, (viz. the summation of infinite series) may be acquired by any person moderately skilled in fractional arithmetic, I shall endeavour in this, and a succeeding paper, to explain the means employed for the addition of series in as clear a manner as I can; but, before entering upon this subject, it will be necessary to explain the term Infinite, as used in a mathematical sense; what kind of series are immeasurable; and what are those whose sums may be discovered.

The indifferent use of many words in common life, and their technical employment in the sciences, as, in their general acceptation, they are often loosely understood, while the accuracy of scientific definition requires they should be restricted and defined, a source of inconvenience arises which much embarrasses the mind unaccustomed to that accurate definition the sciences demand. Thus the words a point or line, though every person imagines he understands them, and so far as it relates to their ordinary acceptation, they may be correct; yet a mathematical point or

a line, having no prototype in nature, being purely ideal and abstract, is not so generally conceived of. Is not the ordinary ideas affixed to multiplication, by persons ignorant of fractions, that of the increase of one number by means of another, and yet, that nothing can be more partial or incorrect, the multiplication of pure fractions clearly demonstrate; so the ideas of an arithmetician upon the operations of addition and subtraction (as he is accustomed to them) fetter and embarrass his mind when he has occasion to consider them in their more enlarged and philosophical acceptation, in the practice of Algebra. Nor is the lax employment of certain philosophical terms in common life, the only ambiguity: the same word is frequently employed in different sciences under different acceptations; for example,—the term infinite occurs both in metaphysics and the mathematics; but the metaphysical definition by no means accord with its signification in the latter science. The schoolmen have been accustomed, when treating on other modes of existence or being, than God's, to define the one *infinitum a parte post*, and the other *infinitum a parte ante*; the former relating to that which has a commencement but no termination, that is, infinite in duration; and the latter, to that which, on the contrary, has no beginning, but has an end. Now this latter is utterly repugnant to all those ideas on what is termed an infinite series, not only wanting any property of it, but directly opposed to it; and the former, though it may agree in one property, in its other, contradicts all our reasoning on the subject of mathematical series; for it is plain the imagination can reach to no limits in a decreasing series, nor can it for the summation of such a series assign the number of its terms, as will be seen presently by adducing an example; and yet, though the terms of such a series are actually infinite, its sum is equal to a determinate and finite number, because such a sum may be assigned to it, that no limited number of its terms, however far extended, can ever reach to, and yet so far approach this assigned value as to want less than any assignable difference.

Now, though the operation for finding the value of the series, from the impossibility of numerically assigning and adding all its parts, differs materially from ordinary addition, yet the result will be the same, as it would be were it possible to make this addition in the ordinary way.—In an infinite series, increasing by an equal ratio or difference, a little consideration will suffice to convince us of the impossibility of even approximating to a sum which can have no existence, since we can constantly carry on the progression till the last term of any finite number, if its terms shall exceed any given sum, how great soever it may be. These kinds of progressions, then, are not the subjects of summation, but less, as convert  $\frac{1}{2}$  into a decimal, and we obtain 3 3 3, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*, or  $\frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{100} + \frac{1}{1000}$ , &c. &c.; and the theorem known to every arithmetician for the amount of any finite number of its terms will be equal to the product of the first term into the ratio, less the last term divided by the ratio less one,

or summarily expressed  $\frac{AR-Z}{R-1} = S$ ,

where  $A$ =first term,  $R$ =ratio,  $Z$ =last term, and  $S$ =sum: but it has been observed,  $Z$ =last term of a decreasing series, by continuing the series, may be made less than any given number, which is, in reality, reducing it to 0; rejecting, therefore, this term, we reduce the theorem to this  $\frac{AR}{R-1}$  which is in words saying

the sum of this infinite series is equal to the product of the first term and ratio, divided by the ratio less one; and further, to remove the impression of any error arising from the dividend being too great, by rejecting the last unassignable term  $Z$ , it may be proved that no finite number of the terms of the series can ever equal that quotient, yet no number less than the quotient can ever equal the sum of the series; for, as it has been observed, by continuing the series,  $Z$  may become less than any assignable number, so the difference between the two

theorems  $\frac{AR}{R-1}$  and  $\frac{AR-Z}{R-1}$  will also be less than any assignable difference; therefore assuming the quotient of

the former theorem as exceeding the true sum, yet its excess must be less than any assignable difference; consequently, as this is a difference, which is in reality equal to 0, no sum less than the former quotient can be equal to the required sum.

Applying this theorem, then, to the series under discussion, we shall have  $R=\frac{1}{2}$ ;  $A=\frac{1}{10}$ ;  $R-1=-\frac{1}{2}$  and  $R \times A = \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{10} = \frac{1}{20} = \frac{1}{2} \div \frac{1}{10}$  dividing by  $R-1$ ;  $\frac{1}{20} \div -\frac{1}{2} = -\frac{1}{10}$ . Now this example will satisfy the most scrupulous as to the accuracy of the result, since we see here a finite quantity converted into an infinite series, and which series summed up according to the given theorem again, giving the finite number from whence it is derived; so that the preceding reasoning is fully sustained by the practice of the rule derived therefrom, and the propriety of regarding the last term, or  $Z$ , as of no value clearly demonstrated.

That persons who profess to write on the subject of arithmetic, and especially oppugn some of its established canons, should understand the nature of these operations is clear from some observations which have lately appeared in a work of arithmetic, and which I have had occasion to notice elsewhere. In regard to the ordinary practice of circulating decimals, this author affirms the ordinary rule for adding compound repetends to be erroneous, from his having observed that in one example the result came out a series of nines, instead of unity as he expected: but had he known the former expression to have been synonymous with the latter, the world might have remained ignorant of his discovery; but his reputation would not have suffered by its concealment.

But, to return; if the mind is still embarrassed with the rejection of a certain imaginary number as too gratuitous for the rigorous demonstrations which the mathematics require; we can, however, arrive by more direct means to a similar result. Let the series  $1 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8} + \frac{1}{16}$ , &c. *ad inf.* be assumed, which may be rendered into a relative question thus:—A. receives of B. the sum of 2*l.* on condition he binds himself and heirs, for ever, to the repayment of the same

in the following manner,—1/. to be paid the first day, 10s. the second day, 5s. the third day, 2s. 6d. the fourth day; thus continuing for ever paying each succeeding day one-half of what was paid the day preceding. Quere, who had the advantage, the borrower or the lender? Answer, the borrower: since, if we imagine the daily payments thus continued for ever, the lender or his heirs could only receive the sum borrowed, without interest, and if we assign any limit to these payments, or take any finite number of the terms of the series, the lender would receive less than the sum due: here, by the first theorem,  $R=\frac{1}{2}$ ;  $R-1=\frac{1}{2}$ ; and  $A=1$ ; and the product of the first term into the ratio, divided by the ratio less one, will give 2, the sum borrowed. But let us assign an imaginary value to this series, and call the same S, and it will stand

&c.

&c.

sum of the former series may be, the latter wanting the first term of the series, will want the same in its sum, that is, its sum will be one less than that of the former series, or  $S-1$ . By subtracting each term of the latter series from the correspondent terms of the former, we obtain  $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{2}$ , &c. *ad inf.* for  $1-\frac{1}{2}=\frac{1}{2}$ ;  $\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{2}=\frac{1}{2}$ ;  $\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{2}=\frac{1}{2}$ , &c.; now it is plain that  $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{2}$ , &c. which is the difference between the two series, must be equal to the difference between their respective values, which is 1; but the difference thus obtained by the subtraction of the two series, is similar in the order of its terms to the progression, whose value we are endeavouring to search out, and only wanting the first term to be equal to it; adding, therefore, the term which is wanted, we have Q, the sum of the required series. To render this operation still plainer to persons unacquainted with algebra, shall be the subject of my succeeding paper, should you deem this deserving a place in your respectable publication.

I remain, Sir, &c.

J. HARRIS.

Prospect Row, Walworth,  
June 21, 1809.

On the WORD "THAT," and the ETYMOLOGY of the WORD "WICKELM."

SIR,

GIVE me leave, through the channel of your useful and entertaining Magazine, to refer your correspondents Win. Jase and C. L. (see p. 399), for a more full explanation of the word *that*, to the very learned and ingenious work, entitled, *Etica alogica, or Diversions of Purley*, by John Horne Tooke; in the first volume of which work a separate chapter is appointed to the consideration of the meaning and etymology of the word *that*: the same word is also treated of in the second volume, at the end of which there is a verbal index.

I shall be obliged to any of your correspondents, who can give me the

weech-clm.

I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

A. E.

London, June 28, 1809.

MR. BURDON ON GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

SIR,

A FEW years since, the remains of Gothic architecture in Britain were neither regarded nor understood; they are now studied with an avidity proportionate to their merits, and every thing which can throw light on the origin and progress of the art seems to be received by amateurs with thankfulness and attention.

The invention of the pointed arch has for some time been attributed to English artists, and the claim has remained undisputed, till within these few weeks a book has been published as the posthumous remains of a Mr. Whittington; who, from his knowledge and admiration of the French stile of architecture, has been led to deny that merit to the English which to me they seem to deserve. The preface of the noble editor, Lord Aberdeen, must first be considered, before I offer any arguments to combat the opinion of the book itself;

and, in this preface, his Lordship takes occasion to remark, that though the author lived not to finish the third division of his book, he is enabled to add his opinion, transcribed from another place; which he does in the space of one page, and then attempts to support it by conjectures of his own. "In the twelfth century," the author tells us, "a new character of building suddenly arose, and spread itself over the greater part of Christendom." Now I deny that this new style of building sprung up suddenly, in England at least; for its first dawning is to be found in the reign of Henry First, and it did not entirely banish the stile which preceded it till the latter end of Henry Second, nor find its completion till the commencement of the reign of Henry Third.—"I am of opinion," says Mr. W., "that this stile is of eastern extraction, and was imported by the Crusaders into the western part of the world." His opinion is not supported by a single argument, and is contradicted by the positive evidence of facts; for, both Bentham and Grose have proved by the most intelligent travellers into the east, Norden, Pocock, Shaw, and Le Brun, and Swinburne into Spain, that most of the Persian, Saracenic, and Moorish buildings, whose dates can be ascertained, were built at a period much later than the adoption of the pointed arch in England; and we have a right to infer from the dates of those that are known, that the rest were not much older, at least it is not fair to affirm that they are.

The assertion above mentioned, I need not take much more trouble to refute; for it is refuted by the author himself. Mr. W. in p. 87, conjectures "that the pointed arch arose from the casual intersections of a semicircular arcade." I have attempted to put this into plain English, as Mr. W.'s mode of expressing it is nearly unintelligible. To support his conjecture he refers to his remarks on the church of St. Denys, where he repeats the same idea suggested by a similar species of arcade, and also to Gostling's Walk round Canterbury. The idea has no great merit; because it has before suggested itself to many others, and among them to myself, as

will be seen by a reference to your Magazine for November, 1808.

In pages 109, 110, he attempts to invalidate the claim of our English artists to the introduction of the pointed arch, and asserts that in the reign of Henry the Second, the mixed style of round and pointed arches was first introduced, as practised in the Abbott Suger's works in France before that period; that is to say, from the year 1137, the time at which he began the cathedral of St. Denys. Now, though it is not a matter of any great moment whether the English borrowed it from the French, or the French from the English, or whether they both stumbled upon it nearly at the same period, by observing the casual intersection of a semicircular arcade, it is certainly but doing justice to our countrymen, or rather to the Normans who were the chief architects at that time, to prove that the pointed arch was most certainly used in England, though mixed with the semicircular, before the year 1137, that is to say, very early in the twelfth century.

To any man, not prepossessed to the contrary, the church of St. Cross affords sufficient evidence of the complete pointed arch being used in the original building. The south transept and the north door contain three arches supported by the Norman pillars when they began to be clustered. St. Cross was founded in 1132. The whole of what Dr. Milner has asserted with regard to this church seems to me incontrovertible, except that it does not afford the first specimen of the pointed arch, for there are many others undoubtedly earlier, and some, of which the dates are doubtful. The ruins of Castle Acre Priory in Norfolk contain four pointed arches and part of another, in the west front; but on these I should not much insist as evidence, because that in these the great west door has certainly been formed subsequent to the original building, and the great window above the door, from the remnants which it shews of tracery and mullions, is certainly of a later date, though the two arches at the top on the south side of the great window can hardly be supposed to have been afterwards inserted. The building itself was begun by Earl

Warren, in 1085, and probably finished before 1100. The ruins of Furness Abbey, in Lancashire, contain many pointed arches, and that noble edifice was founded by Stephen Earl of Boulogne, afterwards king, and in the 26th year of Henry First, or 1126.—Here, then we have the pointed arch complete before the work of Suger at St. Denys.

Lanercost Priory, in Cumberland, affords another proof of pointed arches before they were to be found in France. It was founded in 1116, as may be seen by an inscription in the church of the monastery. Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, was founded in 1132, by the monks of St. Mary's, in York, and the nave of the church is wholly in the stile of pointed arches on the cylindrical pillar; and, wherever this is seen, it is with me an incontestible proof of a foundation in the reign of Henry First. In the same style is the nave of Malmsbury, founded about the same time, by Moyer, Bishop of Salisbury. The round church at Northampton, and a church at Thundersly, in Essex, have also the pointed arch on the cylindrical pillar. Lantony Abbey, in Monmouthshire, was founded about 1103; the lower tier of arches in the nave are all pointed, the upper all round: there can be no doubt which were first built, and therefore they form a proof positive.

A further search into our ecclesiastical antiquities might produce further evidence of the early origin of the pointed arch in England; to make this requisite we must have some stronger arguments against it; and, as these are not likely to be produced, I trust the controversy will henceforth cease, at least till facts can supplant all other evidence. The English antiquaries have not claimed the name of English for any other style than that which is found in England.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,  
July 5, 1809.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

THE following letter from Mr. WILLIAM SAMPSON, the celebrated Irish expatriated barrister, not having been published in England, I send to you, as a treat for yourself and readers. It is printed at the close of a work, read with great avidity throughout America, entitled "Memoirs of William Sampson, including particulars of his adventures in various parts of Europe: his confinement in the dungeons of the inquisition in Lisbon, &c. &c. Several original letters; being his correspondence with the ministers of state in Great Britain and Portugal: a short sketch of the history of Ireland, particularly as it respects the spirit of British domination in that country; and a few observations on the state of manners, &c. in America.

"New York: printed for the author, by George Forman, 64, Water-street. 1807."

I send you the whole title, that your readers, who may have it in their power, may procure the most interesting work extant.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CLIO RICKMAN.

A LETTER from NEW YORK to the Right Hon. Lord S——r, his Britannic Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.

MY LORD,

ACCORDING to your orders, I was landed in this city, on the 4th of July, 1806, by Captain Sutton of the Windsor Castle. I was sorry his Majesty's ministers had judged it unsafe that I should be at Halifax, as I had need to recruit my health, and to reinforce my principles. I feared to distress your lordship's humanity with the account of my sufferings, or I should have written sooner.

My first sickness was the yellow jaundice, of which I nearly died: I was afterwards seized with the rheumatism, and nearly lost my limbs. I am now, thank God, in good health and spirits, and shall take every

means of shewing myself grateful for past favours.

The day I arrived they were commemorating their independence—carousing, singing republican songs, drinking revolutionary toasts, bonfires blazing, cannons firing, and buzzing for liberty! I was in expectation that the lord mayor would have brought the military, and fired on them; but the mayor is not a lord, and I was informed he was seen drinking with some of his soldiers. They were also making an outcry about a Yankee sailor, called Pierce, that was killed off by Captain Whitby. It is a pity we hadn't them in Ireland; we might have ten thousand of them shot in a day, and not a word said about them. I would have gone to the barracks myself to inform against them, but there were no barracks. The soldiers live in their own houses, and sleep with their own wives. Nay, more—they have counting-houses, clerks, warehouses, ships, coaches, country-seats: the like was never seen among common soldiers.

I asked if there was no clergyman that was a justice of peace, to head the military! They shewed me a bishop, a mild, venerable looking old gentleman, that would not know which end of a gun to put foremost, fitter to give a blessing than to lead a corporal's guard—no vigour, no energy! And they say the clergy 'on't act as justices in their country. Indeed, the clergy here are not like certain clergy, as your lordship shall judge.

There is not a clergyman of any description in New York, nor, as far as I can learn, in all America, that can lead a concert, or play upon the fiddle, or that dances, or manages an assembly, or gets drunk, or rides in at the death of a fox, or that wears buckskin breeches or a ruffled shirt, or sings a bawdy song, or keeps a mistress. All they do is to marry the young people, christen their children, visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, go to church, preach twice or thrice on a Sunday, teach the living how to live, and the dying how to die: they are pure in their lives, uncorruptible in their morals, and preach universal love and toleration; and what is more unaccountable, they have no tythes,

and they live in the very midst of their congregations. If I might be bold to suggest any thing, and it would not be counted over-zealous, I could wish there was a good book written against this abuse of tythes; and I think, my lord, that Anacreon Moore would be a very proper person. It would be a good means of preventing emigration.

As to the government: at the head of it is an old country philosopher. I wish your lordship could get a sight of one of his shoes, with quarters up to his ancles, and tied with leather thongs. He has neither chamberlain nor vice chamberlain, groom of the stole nor of the bed-chamber, master of the ceremonies, nor gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber, nor black rod, nor groom nor page of the privy-chamber, nor page of the back stairs, nor messenger to his robes: he has no robes—nothing but red breeches, which are now a jest, and a thread-bare one. No laundress for his body-linen, nor starcher, nor necessary woman.

He will talk with any body, like the good vicar of Wakefield. If the stranger talks better than him, he is willing to learn; if he talks better, he is willing the stranger should profit.

He is a simple gentleman every way and keeps his own conscience and his own accounts; pays his own debts and the nation's debts; and has hoarded up eight millions and a half of dollars in the treasury. Your lordship will smile at such an oddity. We do all we can to shake him, we do all we can to vex him, we do all we can to remove him. He is like wise old Dervise. He will not be shaken; he will not be vexed; he will not be moved. If he gets up, we say he is too tall; if he sits down, we say he is too short; if we think he will go to war, we say he is bloody; if we think he is for peace, we say he is a coward; if he makes a purchase, we say he ought to take it by force; if he will not persecute, we say he has no energy; if he executes the law, we say he is a tyrant. I think, my Lord, with great difference, that a good London quarto might be written, and thrown at his head. He has no guards nor battle-axes, and dodges all alone, upon his old horse;



from the President's house to the capitol. There might be an engraving to shew him hitching his bridle to a peg. The stranger in America might write the book; but he need not call himself the *stranger*; it appears clear enough from his works. If it could be possible to confine those works against emigration to home circulation, it would be better. They appear rather ridiculous in this country; for they know here, as well as your Lordship, that people are the riches of a nation. I would humbly recommend a prohibition of their exportation. If Mr. Parkinson writes any more, would your Lordship have the goodness to let him know, there has been no yellow fever since I came to America; but that, in return, the catadids have created great disturbances? A good work against the catadids might prevent emigration. Tell him, if your Lordship pleases, that the butter is no better than it was when he was here; and the pigs remain unreconciled to the peaches. The Timothy-grass grows straight up, and so does the duck-grass—apropos—the ducks here go on water like those of England; but they swim hardest against the stream. Twelve barrels of plaister in Massachusetts go as far as a dozen in any other state; and there is but one head upon a stock of wheat, and the grass grows rankest in the wet ground. A work of this nature may serve to prevent the lovers of good butter and pork from coming to America, and prevent emigration. They boil their cabbage in fresh water, and throw the water out.

All the other departments are as ridiculous as the executive; and one of his Majesty's cream coloured Hannoverian horses has more servants than their secretary of state. They have no Lords nor beggars. We must try to have beggars. A little work upon that might put things in a strong light.

Their judges are without wigs, and their lawyers without gowns. This might be called *bald justice* and *stinted eloquence*.

There is no energy in the execution of the law. One constable, with a staff, will march twenty prisoners. Your lordship knows a country where

every man has a soldier to watch him with a musket.

The government here makes no sensation. It is round about like the air, and you cannot even feel it: a good work might be written on that, to prevent emigration, by shewing that the arts of government are not known.

There are very few showmen, or mountebanks; a proof of a dull plodding people, all being about their own affairs. This might be stated to prevent idlers from coming. But as there is little temptation for that class, it is not worth a book.

They have no decayed nor potwallowing boroughs, which renders their parliament a stiff machine. Their candidates are not chaired, and throw no sixpences among the mob. This might be used to prevent the emigration of the mob.

I don't like their little one gun ships of the line. If they are so wicked when they are *little*, what will they be when they *grow big*? I believe Decatur to be a dangerous man. I had it from the Ex-Bashaw of Tripoli. And Preble, I fear, is as bad; though the Bashaw did not tell me so.

However, if we don't come near them, they can do us no harm. I hope your Lordship will not count me over zealous in my remarks, and that they may not be considered altogether unworthy of your Lordship's wisdom. Your Lordship having been first Lord of the Admiralty is the best judge of gun-boats.

The inventions of this people are becoming every day more alarming. They sold their card-making machine to the English, for twenty thousand pounds sterling! and now they say they can make one for fifty guineas. Might not some addresses be advisable from the Manchester fustian weavers?

They have made a steam-boat to go against wind and tide seven miles in an hour; an alarming circumstance to the coach-making trade. A work might be written against the emigration of coach-makers, and entitled *No Steam Boats*.

The burning of Patterson Mills was very fortunate; but the eastern and southern manufacturers would require to be burned. It is time the

country was taken out of their hands. *They are committing daily waste upon the woods, and disfiguring the face of nature with villages, turnpikes, and canals.*

They are about stopping up two miles and a half of sea, which they call the *Narrows*, though I endeavour to persuade them of the advantage of a *free passage* for his Majesty's ships of war up to this city, and put before their eyes the example of Copenhagen!

That Chesapeake business has burst the bubble, and shews that many of those we counted upon here are Americans in their hearts, and will not do any serious mischief to their own country. Their wranglings, I fear, are like those of our own Whig and Tory, and will profit us nothing.

But there is yet a mean left. And if your Lordship will send me a hundred thousand pounds by the Windsor Castle, I shall lose not an instant to set about it. It will, I hope, be no objection to the project, that it is a new one; the more so, as the old ones have not succeeded very well.

I should glory, my Lord, to be the author of a species of civil war and discord, yet unattempted, and thereby recommend myself to the honourable consideration of his Majesty's ministers.

There exists, my Lord, in this nation, a latent spark, which requires only to be fanned. If this be done with address, we shall have a civil war lighted up in this country, which will not be easily extinguished; for the contest will be between the two sexes. If we once can get them into separate camps, and keep the war afoot for sixty years, there is an end of the American people.

The matter is briefly this. The men smoke tobacco. The ladies will not be smoked. They say they do not marry, nor come into the world, to be smoked with tobacco. The men say they did not marry, nor come into the world, to be scolded, and that they will be masters in their own houses. They are both in the right; they are both in the wrong. Neither is right, nor neither is wrong, according as the balance of power can be managed by a cunning hand. And under the cover of this smoke much

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excellent mischief may be done for the service of his Majesty, and the war will be memorable in future history, and may be called the *segar war*. We have, at once, in our hands, three principal ingredients of civil war—fire, smoke, and hard words. We might coalesce with our magnanimous allies, the Squaws, on the western frontier, and a diversion on the Chesapeake would complete the whole: and I should not despair of marching a column of ladies by the next summer into Virginia, and laying the tobacco plantations waste with fire and tow.

One great advantage of my project, your Lordship will please to observe, is this: that whether it succeed or fail, take it at the very worst, supposing it to end, as it began, in smoke, it would have a result to the *full* as favourable as other projects, which have cost old England fifty times the sum I ask for.

The very smoking of these ladies would be a great point gained; for they have arrived at an *insolent* pitch of beauty, and it will be in vain that we should deter the connoisseurs and *virtuosi* of our dominions from coming over here, by holding out that there are no statues nor pictures, if we suffer them to preserve such exquisite models of flesh and blood, from which goddesses, nymphs, and graces may be imitated. A few refined souls will prefer cheeks of brass and eyeballs of stone, to the dimple of nature and sparkling glances of the laughter loving eye. But the mass of mankind will be ever vulgar; for them canvass will be too flat, and marble too hard, and flesh and blood will carry off the prize.

It is true, my Lord, that the same arts are not yet so advanced in this country as in those farther gone in corruption and luxury. Yet it is mortifying to see the progress the young and fair ones are daily making in those delicate acquirements which give lustre to virtue, and embellish good sense. Those arts which have now the charm of novelty and the grace of infancy cannot fail to improve in a soil where living beauty triumphs; where the great scenes of majestic nature invite, and where history points the eye of the poet,

the painter, and the sculptor, to the virtues of Washington, and the plains of Saratoga and York Town.

But one, who passes for having good sense, avowed to me, some time ago, that he would rather see a well-clad and active population, than the finest antique groupes of naked fawns and satyrs with a Lazeroni populace. And a thing that has raised great wonder in me is this, that some of these fair-haired Dryads of the woods have manners more polished than the shining beauties of your splendid court. Where they got it, or how they came by it, I know not; but on the chaste stem of native purity, they seem to have engrafted the richest fruits of foreign cultivation. And as the ladies in all civilized nations will, covertly or openly, have the sway, I think these dangerous persons ought to be well watched; and I am not indisposed, my Lord, to keep an eye upon them, provided I may be encouraged by your Lordship's approbation. I shall not then regret the situation in which it has pleased the wisdom of his Majesty's councils to have placed me, and I shall labour, to the end of my life, to make a suitable return.

In this view I think it right to mention, that the youngest ladies have imbibed French principles:—some of them can express any sentiment, grave or gay, by a motion of the head; speak any language with their eyes, and tell an affecting story with their toes. Those cottillions, my Lord, are dangerous innovations. It is for the reasons I have mentioned, extremely important, that Mr. Weld and the Anacreontic poet should write down the American ladies.—The kind and frank hospitality they received from these unsuspecting fair ones has afforded them an opportunity of taking a noble revenge, worthy of their masters. And if pert genius, like the fairest beauty, is to be selected for prostitution, Moore is the man.

But if this followed up on be-  
 Lord; to ke ll, my  
 home; 'Th en at-  
 coming over liable,  
 surprised, perhaps put in voluntary  
 chains. It has-already happened to

more than one of my acquaintance, and may befall many more. There need come no more with toys from Birmingham. There is one Langstaff here, that has done them mischief. He gives himself out for gouty, and sits writing in an elbow chair. When the fit leaves him, he announces it in the newspapers, and appoints an hour for his visits: all doors are thrown open, and scouts sent out to watch for him. He runs about in a yellow coat; and in the course of the morning will have kissed the hand of every pretty lady in the town. It provokes me to see a little fellow lie in a lady's work-basket, and make laughing sport of grave men. And it makes me feel more mortified, at my own growing corpulence, lest my bulk should be no recommendation in the eyes of the fair, whose favour is the chief object of my wishes; I shall therefore, before the evil grows worse, go immediately to press, be squeezed into the genteel form I can, and then pay my respects to the ladies, and to your Lordship. Meantime,

I have the honour to be,

With all due gratitude for *past* favors,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's much obliged

And very devoted servant,

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

#### FURTHER OBSERVATIONS on the WORD "THAT."

MR. EDITOR,

WHATEVER may be objected to any farther alteration of the English grammar, I consider it to be the proper tendency of an increasing acquaintance with any human system that it enables us to ascertain and correct its defects. This is indeed confirmed by the improvements which have so recently been made in this art. During a period of two hundred years, an opinion appears to have prevailed that the simplicity of the English language precluded the necessity of studying its principles\*; and we find, accordingly, the grammar of it

\* Dr. Lowth.

suffered little or no change: but the inaccuracies of our finest writers have shewn that this opinion was fallacious; and, in the short time that has elapsed since the study has become general, innumerable improvements have been introduced, and irregularities, into which even authors have been betrayed, are avoided in common conversation.

Grammar, as a standard of language, has already rescued it from the corruption which crept in when the art was neglected, and it will continue to preserve it in its native purity and vigour as long as it maintains its character: what, then, can sanction a fruitless persistence in an exploded error, which must weaken the credit of grammar, and prevent these excellent effects?

Before I proceed to examine the objections of your correspondent C. L. I shall remark, that there have been two opinions as to the word *that* in such applications as "Give me *that* book;" some grammarians have termed it a *demonstrative* or *definitive* pronoun, while others have contended that it is an *article*. It remained for C. L. to decide the question.

————— "Nestor componere lites  
Inter Peliden festinat, et inter Atriden."  
Horace.

"The word," he says, "is the *pronominal adjective* of the *pronoun relative* *that*, without changing its termination!!!"

Having thus briefly contrasted the ideas of your correspondent with those of grammarians, I shall pass on to consider his remarks in order.

He begins by admitting the truth of my premises, and he then proposes "to inquire *into* how far my conclusions agree or disagree with my principles." Let the reader judge between me and him how far he performs his promise.

"I do not mean," he says, "to assert that the word *that* is a pronoun like *I*, &c. but it is, I should imagine, a *pronominal adjective*." This is making a distinction without a difference. Pronominal adjectives really form a subdivision of the class of pronouns, and therefore a pronominal adjective must, of necessity, be a pro-

noun; with what propriety, then, does C. L. allow it to be the *former*, when he hesitates to assert it is the *latter*. Surely this argues a great ignorance of grammar.

Your correspondent thus continues: "As I consider *my* the pronominal adjective of the pronoun substantive *I*, so I consider *that* the pronominal adjective of the pronoun relative *that*, without changing its termination."—This opinion, Mr. Editor, is peculiar to C. L. and has an unquestionable claim to originality, inasmuch as it is not to be found in any reputable treatise on grammar. He is yet to learn that relative pronouns cannot have pronominal adjectives to answer to them.

"As *my* or *thy*," he says, "merely shews the person that occupies the book, so does *that* distinguish the place."—This is indeed a logical deduction. Who can help admiring the precision with which *so* answers to *a*, and the remarkable affinity there between the *possessor of a book*, and the *circumstance of place*? I must, Sir, be allowed to say that to oppose argument to this would be inconsistent.

He says, "it does not therefore seem evident to me, that the words *that* and *the* are at all synonymous terms; for, in the line

'That, more than heaven pursue,'

"I do not conceive it can be taken otherwise than (when) it is used in the sentence 'Give me *that* book.'"

Instead of adopting the example which I had given, your correspondent chuses another for his purpose, pretending he "cannot conceive it can be taken otherwise than mine," and from it he has drawn his own conclusions. Now, had he really thought the applications similar, it is absurd to suppose he would have chosen another, because the result must then have been the same; but they are not similar; and the specious adduction of this example cannot justly draw from me the compliment of candour.

One objection I could not well examine in the *order* in which it is placed: "If we consider it an *article*, it will not only create a new one, but

render the word of four different parts of speech." \* Erroneous as this position, I content myself with introducing it to the reader's attention: but let me ask C. L. if he mean to call this argument? While so narrow a prejudice operated on his mind, it is not surprising that instead of inquiring what the truth is, he has explained only what he thinks it ought to be.

In concluding my remarks, I am willing to meet C. L. on his own ground. He has allowed that "there cannot exist a doubt on the beginning of my observations;" but he denies the propriety of my conclusion. He admits the principle, that "if the word *that* be not used instead of a noun, as its substitute or representative, it cannot be a pronoun;" but he objects to my inference, that the word *that* is therefore not a pronoun in the sentence "Give me *that* book." Since the determination of this must turn upon the circumstance of its standing or not standing instead of a noun, there can be but two opinions: it is for C. L. to prove the fallacy of mine, by pointing out the substantive which the word represents. When I say "Charles is happy because *he* is good;" *he* is evidently a pronoun, because it represents the proper name Charles: and when we say "Give me *that* book," I believe the conclusion is inevitable.

The letter of your correspondent, though *professedly* written to inquire into "how far my conclusions agreed or disagreed with my principles," is, as the reader must have observed, neither such an inquiry, nor indeed a defence of the common acceptation of the word; but a new opinion, brought forward without proofs, clothed in misapplied terms, and unwarranted by any principles of grammar. I wish I could have been more methodical in examining his remarks, but the "lucidus ordo" had forsaken him, and his paper would not admit a regular criticism.

Your correspondent should perhaps have observed, that the conclusions I drew from the Greek article are col-

lateral and confirmatory. My *argumenta majora* have not yet been attacked: the passages alluded to are, however, such as these:—

1st Chap. John, verse 20.—Καὶ ὁμολόγησε καὶ οὐκ ἠρνήσατο καὶ ὁμολόγησεν ὅτι ἐκ ἐμοῦ ἐγὼ ὁ Χριστός. 21. Καὶ ἠρώτησαν αὐτόν. Τί ἐ; Ἡλιας ἰσχύς; Καὶ λίγαι. Οὐκ εἰμι; Ὁ Περὶ φηκτῆς εἰ σὺ; Καὶ ἀπεκρίθη. Οὐ.

20. — "I am not *the* Christ."

21. — "Art thou *that* prophet?"

I remain, Sir, &c.

WM. JASE.

12, Devonshire-street,  
Bishopsgate.

#### SCHILLER on the TRAGIC ART.

THE state of emotion possesses in itself a degree of delight, independent of all relation of its object, either to our improvement or degradation; we strive to place ourselves in a state of emotion, although it may be attended with heavy sacrifices.—Our most common enjoyments are founded on this impulse; and it is scarcely to be taken into consideration if the emotion be directed to affection or to hatred, or if it be according to its nature, agreeable or painful. Experience rather teaches us, that the disagreeable emotion possesses the greater charms for us; and it is a general phenomenon in our nature, that the melancholy, the terrible, and the horrible, attract us with irresistible charms, and that we feel ourselves with equal powers repulsed from, and again attracted to, scenes of woe and of terror. Every one presses, with the intense look of expectation, round the relator of a tale of murder; and the most horrible story of apparitions possesses charms for us in proportion to its horror.

But this emotion displays itself with greater force on objects of actual observation. A storm at sea, in which a whole fleet is wrecked, viewed from the shore, would delight our fancy with the same force as it *excites* the feelings of our heart. It must be difficult to believe, with Lucretius, that this unnatural pleasure springs

\* It will then be but three, pronoun, conjunction, and article.

from a comparison of our own safety with the danger which is viewed.—How numerous is the crowd which accompanies the criminal to the place of execution: neither the pleasure arising from a love to see justice satisfied, nor the ignoble delight of an appeased revenge, can explain this phenomenon. The criminal, in the hearts of the beholders, may perhaps stand acquitted, and their ardent wishes may rise for his preservation; yet a curious desire impels the beholder with greater or lesser force to direct both eye and ear to the expression of his sufferings. If the man of education and refined feelings may, on this point, be quoted as an exception, it does not therefore necessarily follow that the same impulse does not exist in him; but that he yields to the painful impressions of compassion, or that he is held in subjection by the laws of propriety. The rude son of nature, whom no feelings of tender humanity restrains, yields himself up without reserve to this mighty impulse. It must therefore be founded in the original dispositions of the human mind, and is to be explained by a general physiological law.

If we, however, find that these rude feelings of nature are inconsistent with the dignity of human nature, and therefore raise an objection to establish a law for the whole race, yet there are sufficient examples, which place beyond all doubt the reality and universality of pleasure from painful emotions. The painful contest of opposite inclinations and duties, which to him who suffers it, is a source of misery, delights us in the reflection of it, we follow with always increasing pleasure the progress of a passion to the fatal abyss to which it entices its unfortunate victim. The same tender feeling which repels us from the view of a physical suffering, or from the physical expression of a moral one, suffers us to feel in the sympathy with the pure moral pain a greater degree of pleasure.—The interest is general with which we tarry at the representations of such objects.

This can, however, be only naturally asserted of the *participated*

emotion; for the near relation in which the *original* emotion stands to our desire of happiness, occupies and possesses us in common with a force too great to allow the space for that pleasure which free of every disinterested relation it requires for itself. Thus the feeling of pain is paramount with him who is actually under the subjection of a painful passion, notwithstanding the representation of the state of his mind can delight the auditor or beholder. On the other hand, the original painful emotion is not wholly devoid of pleasure to him who is subject to it; but the degree of this pleasure varies according to the constitution of the minds of men. If fear, doubt, and inquietude did not possess an enjoyment, games of hazard would be deprived of their principal charms; no one of undaunted courage would rush into danger; and even sympathy with the sufferings of others would not be attended with the greatest delight in the very moment of the highest illusion, and in the strongest degree of transition. It is not thereby intended to affirm that the disagree-

take to maintain it; it is sufficient if these situations of the mind present those conditions under which certain kinds of pleasure are possible. Those minds, therefore, which are particularly susceptible of those kinds of pleasure, will, with greater ease, be reconciled to these disagreeable conditions, and not lose their freedom in the most violent storms of passion.

From the relation of its object to our sensual or moral pleasure, the displeasure proceeds which we feel in unpleasant emotions; in the same manner the pleasure in the agreeable emotions springs from those sources, namely the agreeable emotions. In the proportion, therefore, in which the moral nature of a man stands to his sensual, the degree of freedom is founded which can be maintained in emotions; and, as it is acknowledged that in the moral no choice exists for us, and, on the other hand, the sensual impulse is subject to the legislation of reason, and therefore is or at least should be in our power, it is therefore evident that it is possible to

maintain a perfect freedom in all those emotions which are related to the interested impulse, and to have a command over that degree which it is intended to attain. This will be weaker in the degree in which the moral sense maintains the superiority over the impulse for happiness or pleasure; and his interested attachment to his individual person will be diminished by his obedience to the general laws of reason. Such a man will, in the state of emotion, feel with much less force the relation of his object to his impulse for pleasure, and consequently experience, with lesser force, the displeasure which arises from that relation; on the other hand, his attention will be stronger drawn to the relation in which this very object stands to his morality, and therefore be more susceptible of the pleasure which the relation to the moral not seldom mingles in the most painful sufferings of sensuality. A mind thus constituted is the most capable of enjoying the pleasure of compassion, and even to maintain the original emotion within the limits of the compassionate emotion. Hence the value of a philosophy of life, which, by a continual direction to general laws, enervates the feeling for our individuality, teaches us in the connexion of the whole to lose our little self, and thereby places us in the situation to converse with ourselves as with strangers. This noble disposition of the mind is the lot of strong and philosophic souls, which by incessant labour have learned to subdue in themselves the interested impulse. Even the most painful loss leads them but to a placid melancholy, in which an evident degree of pleasure is mingled. They, who alone are capable of abstracting themselves from their individuality, enjoy the privilege of feeling their own suffering in the mild reflection of sympathy.

R. H.

[To be continued.]

EXTRACT from the NOTES of Dr. KESTELOST, of the Royal University of Leyden, on the REPORTS made by the Institute of France to

his Majesty the Emperor and King, on the PROGRESS of the SCIENCES, of LITERATURE, and the ARTS, from the Year 1789 to the present. —Page 238, &c.

IN the sitting of the 4th of January, 1808, the Institute adjudged the annual prize of galvanism to Mr. Davy, a member of the Royal Society of London. A very particular report on the works of the English philosopher is to be found in the *Moniteur* of the 18th of February, 1808, and in the *Annales de Chimie* number for December, 1807. It was after the publication of Mr. Davy's views that the French chemists, particularly those attached to the Polytechnic school, repeated the same experiments. German chemists also soon undertook to verify them. Vide *Annalen der Physik*, Jahrg, 1808, No. 1; *Le Journal de Physique*, numbers for February, March, April, and June; *The Schouwburg*, numbers for January and February; *Korrster Letterbode*, first part of the same year; recently the *Annales de Chimie*, May 1808; and the *Mercure de France* of the 10th of September, in which Mr. Biot has published a notice, which we think it our duty to present to the reader, as the best account of the different opinions expressed on the subject of Mr. Davy's experiment.

“ For the first principle of the new discoveries respecting the decomposition of the alkalies we are indebted to Mr. Davy, a young English chemist of extraordinary abilities, who has already, within a few years, made many other important additions to our chemical knowledge. Mr. Davy was trying the decomposition of various substances by the action of the electric column of volta, which has been improperly called the galvanic apparatus. It is, indeed, known that this admirable instrument decomposes the most intimate combinations, by means of the two contrary electricities, which it possesses at its two poles, the opposite forces of which being applied to the molecules of bodies, tend with the greatest energy to disunite their elements. Mr. Davy submitted to this action small fragments of potash and soda, two of the

alkaline bodies which chemists have hitherto not been able to decompose by any process. Immediately the most surprising phenomenon was produced. The soda and the potash were heated to a high degree; flowed like liquid, or rather were transformed into drops of a new substance, susceptible of being inflamed by the simple contact of the air, burning with rapidity when thrown into water; but which, when collected and preserved in oil of naphtha, presented a brilliant metallic aspect; in short, had altogether the appearance of a real metal. The substance yielded by the potash was solid, at a low temperature; it assumed the appearance of mercury, at 16 degrees of the centigrade thermometer, was completely liquid at 38. The soda lost its cohesion at 50 degrees, and became quite liquid at 77. The specific gravity of the former, that of water being taken at 10 was about 6, and that of the latter 9.

"These phenomena were invariably produced at the negative pole of the pile, that which possesses the property of repelling oxygen. Mr. Davy infers from it, that the metals of the potash and soda were only the potash and soda themselves deprived of oxygen, and that the alkalis in their ordinary state are real metallic oxyds, the elements of which are disunited by the electric column. This theory explained how the new metals thrown into water disengaged hydrogen from it. This effect was ascribed to the attraction of the metals for oxygen: they absorbed it from the water, reformed alkali, and left free the hydrogen, the second principle of which water is composed.

"This beautiful experiment was no sooner known in France, than it strongly excited the interest and curiosity of the French chemists. M. M. Gay-Lussac and Thenard hastened to repeat it, and found it accurate.—But, in pursuing the idea of Mr. Davy, they undertook to obtain the new substances by the assistance of chemistry, by raising the two alkalis to a high temperature, and presenting to them in that state a body which, having great affinity with oxygen, might deprive them of this principle.

Iron appeared to them very proper for this purpose; for thus it is that it acts in the famous experiment of the decomposition of water, when, being itself made red-hot, some aqueous vapour is made to pass on its surface. It disunites the two principles of which the vapour is formed, absorbs the oxygen, and leaves the hydrogen free. M. M. Gay-Lussac and Thenard attempted a perfectly analogous experiment. They caused alkali in a state of vapour to pass over red-hot filings of iron, contained in the barrel of a gun. The effect answered their expectations: they saw the new metal flowing in abundance out of the lower extremity of the barrel."

This result was so much the more precious, as it afforded the means of obtaining the new metals in sufficient quantities to be accurately studied and their properties clearly determined."

"This beautiful experiment was, as we have just seen, a natural consequence of Mr. Davy's theory. The result could be previously foreseen, and it perfectly confirmed the theory. Who would not have thought, after so perfect a coincidence, but that the theory was accurate? But, to be assured of the truth in the sciences, it is not sufficient to satisfy a certain number of phenomena, and to represent them in a general manner; it is necessary to shew that the cause to which they are ascribed is the only one capable of producing them; and if it be impossible to obtain so complete a proof, the phenomena and the applications of the theory should be so multiplied, that the probability of the latter may be rendered infinitely great."

"The first species of demonstration was impracticable in these experiments. It would have been necessary to combine a given weight of the new metal with a given weight of oxygen, and to obtain for a result a weight of alkali, equal to one of the two substances employed. Thus was conducted the process relative to the composition of water, and thus was obtained the incontestible proof of it. But in the present case, the high temperature to which the alkalis must be raised, and the nature of the apparatus, rendered the thing impossible.



It was therefore necessary to have recourse to the second method, to examine attentively the properties of the new metals, to observe their action on other substances, to multiply, in short, the phenomena, and to see if they agreed with the first idea that had been formed. This M. M. Gay-Lussack and Thenard have done, and they have been led to an endless variety of curious experiments and new results, such as may be expected from a reagent entirely new, possessing very energetic properties, and managed by such able chemists as those whom we have named. In the course of these experiments they examined the action of their metals upon ammoniacal gas, which, according to the beautiful discovery of Mr. Berthollet, is formed of hydrogen gas and azot gas. The metal and the ammonia combined together and formed a solid product of a peculiar aspect, and there remained at the same time, under the bell, in which the experiment was made, a quantity of hydrogen nearly equal to two-fifths of the volume of the gas employed. Whence could this hydrogen proceed? It was evident, according to the supposed theory, that it must have been produced by the ammonia; and its azot combined with the metal should have yielded the substance newly obtained; but, on verifying this consequence, it was found to be false.—The new combination being exposed to heat was decomposed. It yielded, it is true, besides the metal, an aciform product; but this product was not azot, it was pure ammonia without any mixture of foreign gas. The ammonia had not therefore been decomposed in the first experiment, as it was supposed to be in the beginning. What confirmed this result was, that in resuming the ammonia disengaged by the heat of its combination with the metal, and by introducing a new quantity of metal to it, hydrogen was still obtained from it, as the first time, and the new solid combination reproduced still yielded ammonia. Thus by successive essays it was found possible to evolve, by means of a given quantity of ammonia, an indefinite quantity of hydro-

gen. This hydrogen, therefore, did not proceed from the ammonia, as it was at first supposed, but from the metal; consequently, this metal was not alkali *minus* oxygen, but alkali *plus* hydrogen.

Hence is also to be explained, in a different way, the evolution of hydrogen, which takes place when the alkaline metals are thrown into water, or into any fluid substance containing water. The water is not decomposed in this experiment; it is the combination of the alkali with the hydrogen, which is decomposed or dissolved. The alkali being deprived of water by heat, becomes very greedy of it: wherever it meets with any, it seizes it, and abandons the hydrogen with which it was combined."

Hence it follows that the alkalies are not yet decomposed. But Messieurs Davy, Thenard, and Gay-Lussac have nevertheless made a most important discovery, by finding a combination possessing properties so new, so energetic, and which offers to chemistry a reagent so powerful and so sure for ascertaining the presence of water. This faculty is already become, in the hands of M. M. Thenard and Gay-Lussac, a source of many other discoveries. In short, it is a very curious result to see a body, composed of alkali and gas, assume an aspect perfectly metallic, with all the external characters of metals, their gravity excepted, which is less than that of the common metals.—May not some of those, which we have hitherto considered as simple bodies and as real metals, be likewise compound? And if the metallic appearance alone be no longer sufficient to characterize metals, what then is the cause which gives it to them, and by what other property can they be in future distinguished from other bodies? These are questions which belong to the most profound chemistry, but capable of exciting reflections in those who wish to penetrate to the principles of things, and who, accustomed to observe nature, know the gratification which it affords to meditate on her laws.

**MR. BURDON on the DESTRUCTION  
of ANCIENT CATHEDRALS, &c.**

**T**HE imagination of man is never excited to so high a pitch as in the contemplation of a great first cause; hence it arises that the most sublime works of art are those which are consecrated to the worship of the Deity. The temples of Egypt, of Greece, and of modern Europe under popery, are justly considered as the most stupendous monuments of human ingenuity. Among the latter, our Gothic cathedrals, as they are vulgarly called, excite in all minds of sensibility and taste the strongest ideas of grandeur and magnificence; and, independent of any religious feeling, it is impossible to contemplate even their remains without admiration and delight. The elegant simplicity of some, the exuberant ornaments of others, and the immensity of them all, seem to have engrossed all the taste and labour of the ages in which they were built; and had the priests who now possess them, either zeal or knowledge equal to those who first raised them, they might endure almost to eternity: but the generality of our deans and chapters are deficient not only in religious zeal, which in this enlightened age may be pardoned, but they are deficient also in a taste for grandeur and beauty, which in men possessing the finest remains of antiquity cannot be pardoned. They either neglect the noble cathedrals which belong to them, or they attempt to adorn them with incongruous ornaments; and they suffer them to be defaced with clumsy, trumpery monuments which poorly imitate the remains of Grecian art, and spoil those of the Gothic; nay some of them have gone so far as to pull down buildings of surpassing beauty, and erect others in their places of most surpassing ugliness, because they could not, like their hardy predecessors, endure the cold air of a chapter house, but chose rather to sit by a warm fire-side in a modern dining room.

The fact I allude to is, that the Dean and Chapter of Durham having

sacrilegiously pulled down the beautiful chapter house built by Bishop Walter Skirlaw, in the purest style of English architecture, and celebrated for its elegant proportions and ornaments. The motive which led to this unparalleled act of barbarism and contempt for their statutes, must have been no other than a paltry, old-woman-like love of snugness and comfort; and even this they might have indulged in, without pulling down what they could never rebuild; they might have built themselves a snug dining-room any where else, to have settled the affairs of the chapter in, had they but suffered this venerable monument of former times to stand. The estates they now possess were most of them given for the repairs of the church and the buildings attached to it, and their statutes strictly enjoin that their revenues should be employed for that purpose, after paying a fixed stipend to the prebendaries and other ministers of the cathedral. I much question, therefore, whether they are not liable to be called to account by the legislature for this violation of the laws by which they are governed; by the bishop they certainly are, for the statutes have given him a power of triennial visitation. The luxury, sloth, and indolence of the monks of former times have often been held up to ridicule and contempt, yet we must allow that they employed their revenues in works of piety and magnificence, and have left monuments of their genius, taste, and liberality, which will never be equalled. In what do modern prebendaries employ their time and their money, but in eating, drinking, and dissipation; they will leave few memorials of their splendour and munificence; and could we be sure their cathedrals would be preserved, they might all be dismissed without much detriment to the present age or to posterity.

I remain, &c

W. BURDON.

*Hartford, near Morpeth,  
July 13, 1809.*

## CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

**NUBILIA** in SEARCH of a HUSBAND; standard of Cœlebs, and *vice versa*. including Sketches of Modern Society, and interspersed with Moral and Literary Disquisitions. 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. pp. 400. Sherwood & Co. 1809.

**WHEN** Don Quixote appeared in Spain, the field of literature immediately after swarmed with Dons of all descriptions, who, like the knight of La Mancha, sallied forth in quest of adventures; and when the first tale of chivalry (Der Ritter von Felsheim) appeared in Germany, all the knights of high and low renown, rich and poor, brave and cowardly, were called from their tombs to tell, "in all the pomp of verse," their mad exploits. Thus it appears, that when a star of a particular magnitude appears in the zenith of literature, it is quickly followed by others, which attempt to vie with it in splendour, and, if possible, to eclipse it.

This remark will hold good in regard to the work now under our consideration, which trod so close on the heels of its prototype, that they may almost be called beings of the same day. Cœlebs had run but a very limited part of his course, when in the same hemisphere Nubilia burst upon our gaze, her splendour not so dazzling, but not less pleasing. Cœlebs flamed through his career for a time with uninterrupted lustre, till, by the piercing eye of wisdom, it was discovered that he was attended and governed by the baneful satellites of puritanism, methodism, and fanaticism. Nubilia moves with a milder radiance, and we will now attempt to discover the satellites with which she is attended.

The task of comparison is, however, an invidious one; nor is it just to try the merits of one work by the standard of another. Both may have their respective merits, but in departments not in the least analogous. It were wrong to affix the same standard to Shakspeare and Milton, though in themselves both are eminent: the same rule of conduct will hold good in regard to Cœlebs and Nubilia; it were unjust to try Nubilia by the

standard of Cœlebs, and *vice versa*. Cœlebs, notwithstanding the stiff-necked, methodistical cant which pervades the work, possesses eminent beauties, to which Nubilia must yield the palm; on the other hand, Nubilia on certain points as far exceeds Cœlebs. The foundation of both may be equally good, though varying in the superstructure; one may shine in the gloomy grandeur of the gothic age, where amongst the echoing aisles superstition and bigotry reared their altars; the other may stand in the airy lightness of modern times, where midst hallowed shades genuine piety and religion walk hand in hand.

As Cœlebs and Nubilia may now be considered as the gemini in the zodiac of literature, in the consideration of one, the attention is naturally drawn to the other; and although in regard to the former, we can say with Horace, "*Quodcumque ostendo mihi sic incredulus odi*," yet in giving our just applause to the latter, we must not be supposed to detract from that merit to which the former is entitled.

Cœlebs sets forth on a Quixote expedition to find a female possessed of certain qualities, which never did, never can, nor ever will exist in one person. But at the very outset he took the wrong road; for, instead of travelling from Westmoreland to Hampshire, he should have driven straight to the tabernacles and conventicles of the metropolis; and there in point of sanctified *appearance*, the chances are a hundred to one in his favour that he would have found the object of his wishes. Nubilia, however, enters upon her search (if it can be called a search) with very different views; and we are not detained with a most prolix and ridiculous enumeration of trifling qualities, which the fortunate man must possess, as the *sine qua non* of the possession of her hand: on the contrary, she introduces herself to our notice illustrating the system which her father adopted in her education, the basis of which was consistency of character. To the system in general we give our de-

cided approbation: and it were to be wished, that the principles on which the father of Nubilia acted were more attended to, and the same endeavours used by the preceptors of youth, to give consistency to a character, rather than to form a vague, unsettled, and wavering character.

On the first view, the father of Nubilia appears a rigid moralist, rivetted to a set of principles founded on his own individual opinion, and strictly adhering to them, without consulting the natural dispositions of the subject on which they are to be engrafted; but on a closer inspection of his character, he appears to have fundamentally studied the principles on which he acts, to have observed in others the fatal consequences of a neglect of them, and moreover to be guided to the practice of them by the purest motives of religion and virtue. We would particularly recommend to the perusal of every parent the excellent line of conduct pursued by the father of Nubilia in the correction of her errors. The future happiness or misery of the child often hangs on the mode of early correction. It is not sufficient to be alone the parent of the child, but in the parent the friend should be combined: they are two distinct and separate relations, and the world can too plainly evince how seldom they are united. The friend uses the mild, persuasive tone, exhorts, admonishes, reproves: the parent speaks with the voice of authority, commands, insists, and will be obeyed. The one penetrates to the heart, calls all the finer feelings into play, and the repentant sinks on the breast of the gentle chastiser. The other terrifies the trembling culprit; abashed with downcast looks it dare not raise its head to meet the terrors of a parent's frown. The noble, generous, and amiable dispositions of the heart are checked; and the germs of filial love nipped in the bud at the moment when they are going to expand.

The objections of Nubilia's father to admit dancing as a part of her education deserve to be transcribed; and although many of our female readers, and aye and male ones too, may inveigh bitterly against them, they are nevertheless founded on truth; and daily

experience teaches us, that a ball-room is the hotbed of the most degenerate vices.

"Dancing," said he, "affords, beyond any other kind of amusement, the strongest facilities and, I may add, the strongest temptations to vice. I despise the futile declamation which would persuade us that it is an innocent relaxation or pleasure. It never can be innocent, if it be social. Corruption is sucked in at every reeking pore of the body as it glides along. The eyes are panders to the soul, and every sense is depraved. In a ball-room the common decencies of life are abolished and forgotten. Actions, from which the modest female would shrink alarmed in any other place, are here tolerated, are here necessary.—The timid eye of chastity is closed, and all the meek reserve of virgin purity is lost. Intemperate wishes fill the bosom, and thoughts, far remote from virtue, take possession of the mind.

"Think not, my child, that I exaggerate the danger. Experience has taught me the existence of evils, from which I hope to shield you by counsel. The Lacedemonians guarded their children from the bestial vice of drunkenness by exposing their slaves to them in that state. Let me secure you from vice by admonition.

"I would exhort that parent, who thinks dancing a harmless pleasure, to divest himself, for a moment, of prejudice and the power of custom, and examine what are its concomitants. Let him note the orgies of a ball room. Let him consider what are its established rules. Let him view his daughter successively the property of every man in the room. Let him view her with arms mutually entwined, bosom to bosom, heart to heart; let him remember the facilities thus presented for personal contamination: let him not repose confidence in the virtue of his child when every external circumstance combines to undermine that virtue: the blaze of light that enchants, confounds, bewilders the senses; the exhilarating sounds of music; the dazzling novelty, perhaps, of a numerous and elegant assembly; the general joy that thrills through the frame; the heated blood that flows in burning course through

the veins; the pride of excellence in the display of graceful attitudes, in the rapidity of motion, in the accuracy of step; the natural vanity of emulation:—what are all these? And what is the barrier that she can oppose against them? But this is not all. With the heart and mind thus prepared, what ravages may not other passions commit? The exultation of humbling a rival mistress: the applause of contending adorers, the smooth, guileful tongue of seduction, may prevail at such a moment. Or, if virtue still make a stand, yet, how may its power be insulted or weakened, by the open attacks of the profligate; by him who seizes the opportunity of closest contact, to communicate infection that may spread with dreadful rapidity. She will not seek redress by complaint, for she fears to be thought conscious of a meaning that half alarms her; but she is conscious: and if she smile, her adversary hails the signal with impure, unmanly rapture.

“Are not these the dangers of a ball-room? But thousands will call them visionary, and thousands will disbelieve them: some will acknowledge their possibility, and others will despise them: I, however, am satisfied of their existence; and, believing that, hold myself bound in duty to shield you, my child, from their influence. The benefits which the human frame can derive from dancing, may be obtained at less hazard. It may be invigorated by other exercises, and it may be rendered erect and firm by attention. That grace which it is in the power of a dancing master to bestow, is but vulgar mimicry of a vulgar model. True grace is the offspring of the mind.”

In the second chapter we find Nubilia conversing with her cousin, Sophia Wilmot, who had been educated in the vortex of fashion and dissipation, on the pleasures and advantages of a country life; and, as might be foreseen, the arguments of Nubilia have their due weight on the mind of her cousin: but to the latter part of the following passage we cannot subscribe our assent:—

“I cannot look down upon the smiling villagers as they pass me, and

swell with ~~some~~ importance: their healthful look, their cheerful mien, their hardy, invigorated frame, their carols, their coarse but feeling mirth, all tell me that the sanctuary of human bliss, the heart, is unviolated.”

The times of arcadian innocence are, alas! no more. From the city to the town, from the town to the village, from the village to the hamlet, the same spirit of fashionable frivolity prevails. Formerly the peasant girl, clad in her russet gown, hailed the return of the Sabbath as a day sacred to rest and prayer; now it is welcomed as an opportunity in which, at church, she can display her clumsy attempt at fashionable dress. Formerly she went to pray, now she goes with the hope of attracting attention; and whilst the “holy man” is preaching contempt of the vanities of life, her eyes are bent on her superiors, to notice the fashionable folly of the day. Formerly the youthful peasant at the close of his labour retired to his home to enjoy the society of his family; but now, the young squire of the parish is just returned from London, a proficient in the elegant and accomplished art of boxing: the village soon resounds with the names of the pugilists of the day; the youths lay down their flails, and ape the scientific attitudes of the squire; every breast burns to be the champion of the country; feuds and discord rage where formerly peace and happiness reigned; the limited society of the village availeth nothing; the contagion of the city is introduced, and spreads like a baneful pestilence, poisoning every stream of morality and virtue. It is now in vain to look for the purity and innocence which once characterised the villagers. Society since those days has undergone important changes; the barriers of distinction are in a degree broken down; luxury has crept into the hovel of the peasant, and old men shake their heads when virtue is talked of. As the embellishment of a picture, Nubilia's sketch may pass with praise, but when surveyed with the microscopic eye of truth, its blemishes are discerned, and the falseness of its colouring is made conspicuous by the glaring contrast.

The father of Nubilia descends with

great justice and well-bounded severity on that ridiculous custom so universally practised by parents, of shewing their children forth as paragons of every thing that is perfect and good, although every moment some vicious action or imbecility of mind intrudes itself to point out to them the infatuation under which they labour. The following excerpt cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers:—

“And here I cannot but remark, how rare it is to meet with a *rational* parent. We have often discoursed together upon the disgusting conduct of those, who, blind even to fatuity, hold up their poor children to the world, as paragons and models. With the exception of yourself, I never yet saw that father or mother, who did not, in this particular, offend against common sense. How many block-heads have I heard praised for sagacity; how many infantile frivolities have I seen admired as delightful; how many tales have I heard repeated of lovely boys and charming girls, at which politeness itself could not smile, nor adulation pour forth one applauding word; how many rude, pert, and disgusting children have I known so bepraised and so admired, for their sweet manners and pretty innocent openness, that I have felt ashamed to see such broad marks of folly written upon the brow of man; how often have I seen the sickly, puny offspring of a cold, diseased embrace, led forth to public notice, and pompously exhibited with the poor hope of hearing them flattered; and when that hope has been frustrated by the strong dictates of unbending truth, their parents have not blushed to extort assent to their own lavish commendations. Sad, yet wise condition of human nature! that our very duties can be performed only by the operation of self-delusion. Nature's kindly law has so ordained it, that a parent's eye shall know no deformity; or were it not so, where would poor and helpless infancy turn for mercy and protection? Yet, why obtrude this feeling upon the world? Cherish it, and let its operation be as effective as the interests of nature and humanity demand; but as it contains, in its very essence, an infatuation which must offend every sober eye, let it be

veiled from public sight. Parents themselves seem not aware of the feelings it excites; indeed they cannot, for such is the morality of civilised life, that we hold it as a part of our duty to throw a gloss over our real thoughts, and to present them only under certain lights and shades. He would be considered as brutal who should not reflect the smile of a father's delight, when he presents his hopeful offspring to the eyes of admiring guests. While this complacency continues to be the creed of polished life, the evil admits of no remedy; we must patiently endure the follies that insult our understanding; and believe, upon the credit of fathers and mothers, that every child is beautiful as opening day. Draw *your* inductions from *their* data, and the hardest champion of truth would not dare to maintain that there exists an ugly darling on the face of the earth.

As we proceed we find the opinions of Nubilia's father inclining strongly to Godwinism; but considering consistency of character, and consequently of opinion, to be the aim to which all his endeavours tend, we were not a little surprised to meet with the following inconsistency in his own opinions. Speaking of the early education of children, p. 90, he says “Even so in my opinion we receive in our mother's womb the germ of some master passion, that lends a colour to every action of our life.” In illustration of this position, he says, “Cæsar would have been the first man in a country village, if a fortuitous concurrence of causes had not made him the tyrant of Rome.” With the same parity of reasoning it might be said, that the world would not have existed, but for a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. This is the very essence of the Godwinian philosophy, and shuts out all idea of a predisposing cause. The tyrant is an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, a scourge, wherewith to work the hidden purposes of his will. He is like a storm, which, though it may effect partial evil, is still sent for the general good; but that storm is not the effect of a fortuitous combination of elements, it is the act of a divine being, and that alone establishes the absence of all chance.

\* In the further illustration of the existence of a master passion, he says, p. 91.—“To say that a child is born with a good or bad disposition is to talk absurdly.” He has already given it as his opinion, that in our mother’s womb we receive the germ of some master passion: we will use the *argumentum ad hominem*, and admit the existence of the master passion, although some very cogent arguments might be brought forward to prove its non existence; but the position cannot be contended that, if the master passion do exist, it must either be a good or a bad one. If the ruling passion be bad, the disposition of the child must be also bad, and *vice versa*. What is passion but a predominant inclination to virtue or to vice? And can the ruling passion in the breast of a child be bad, and its disposition good? And if the passion be bad which is received in utero, must not the child be born with bad dispositions? Can heat proceed from ice? or coldness from the sun? The effect always partakes of the nature of the cause; and it were absurd to say, that a child, who had received the passion of anger in the womb of its mother, were not born with an angry disposition. As a further illustration of this point, he proceeds, “The rich man who risks ten thousands in some adventure and succeeds, is called prudent and praised for his foresight.—The poor man, who tries his ten pounds in some speculation equally specious and fails, is branded as an idiot or a spendthrift, who throws away his hard earned gains in the foolish expectation of acquiring wealth by some lucky stroke. *Here too the passion is the same, avarice is the motive, but the results differ, and the motive accordingly assumes a different name.*” It will not be difficult to detect the fallacy of this position. The premises are false, and are built on a very subtle distinction. Avarice is not the motive, but the passion; the gain of wealth is the motive, and the rich and the poor man are impelled by the same passion, viz. avarice, to the same motive, which is gain of wealth. The success of the one, nor the failure of the other, alter, abstractedly speaking, either the passion or the motive. The pas-

sion is always the same, nor can a difference in the results of it alter the nature of it. If two men run a race, in both ambition is the passion, and gain the motive; but the result changes neither the one nor the other, the passion and the motive are the same both in the winner and the loser. R. H.

[To be continued.]

JOHN DE LANCASTER. *A Novel.*  
By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.  
3 vols. 1809.

N ancient philosopher was once asked—What was the easiest thing to be done? his reply was—‘to give advice.’ Mr. Cumberland will, perhaps, think with the philosopher and act with the world, when we advise him to retire gracefully from the ranks of literature before censure, and what is worse, neglect, compel him to do it. He has written enough for fame, and too much for prudence. Of his works, a part, and a very small part, deserve preservation. The remainder might help to supply Belinda’s funeral pyre without any loss to the world.

Mr. Cumberland has the art of praising himself. They who have read his *Memoirs*, know how he has announced the present novel to the world. They who have read the present novel, know that his annunciation is unjustified by the event.

John De Lancaster deserves to be distinguished from the common herd of novels, for it has more *learning* than a common novelist can display: but it has infinitely less genius than any of our popular works of fiction. Mr. Cumberland seems to have relied upon his erudition and his name, for the success of his work.

The plot is very simple and not very interesting. Events are too easily anticipated. There is no art, no dexterity, in the completion of the catastrophe, or in the texture of the incidents. And this deficiency is not compensated by any elegance of diction, elevation of sentiment, or accuracy of character. *None* of the characters are consistently drawn, through several are well sketched. Philip De Lancaster is perhaps the best. Robert De Lancaster is learn-

ed, vapid, and digressive in the first volume; in the second and third volumes he loses some of these qualities, and becomes more natural and more interesting.

It were to be wished that Mr. Cumberland had given less licence to his pen, and not so often trenched upon the bounds of decency. There is something peculiarly disgusting in the indelicacy of an old man. The exhausted pruriency of imagination which it betrays is highly offensive. They who wish to see Mr. Cumberland's offences of this kind, may refer to pp. 11, 28, and 227 of vol. I, p. 236 of vol. II, and pp. 48, 105 of vol. III. to which may be added the entire episode of Mrs. De Lancaster's *accouchement*, which is narrated with a studied coarseness of delineation.

We shall not stop to notice many inconsistencies in the narration; for, holding John De Lancaster only as one of the numerous family of the NOVELS, we do not think it necessary to exalt it beyond its sphere. We will, however, extract two or three passages as specimens of Mr. Cumberland's *best* manner.

The following, which exhibits a contest of minstrels, is not wholly without merit:—

“When the repast was over, and the glass had cheerfully, yet temperately, circulated, the doors of the great hall were thrown open: a scaffolding containing seats for the company, and a stage for the performers had been prepared, and the audience was full. Old De Lancaster, encircled by his guests, made the central figure of the assembly, and his entrance was hailed by a chorus of harps, joining in the popular air—*Of a noble race was Shenkin*.

“When this was past, the names of six selected minstrels were announced. Each of these was of high celebrity in his art, and the respectability of the audience called on for their best exertions. When four of this number had now acquitted themselves with great credit, and the plaudits of the hearers seemed to have been pretty equally bestowed amongst them, there remained only Robin Ap-Rees, the famous harper of Penruth Abbey, and David Williams, of Kray Castle as yet unheard. In these celebrated per-

formers there existed a high spirit of emulation, and the opinions of the country were divided between them: Though rivals in art, they were brothers in misfortune, for both were bereft of sight—*Blind Thamyras and blind Maonides*.

“After a pause of some minutes, Ap-Rees presented himself to the spectators, led, like Tiresias, by his young and blooming daughter, and followed by his son, carrying his harp. The interesting group so touched all hearts, and set all hands in motion, that the hall rung with their plaudits. He was a tall thin man with stooping shoulders, bald head, pale visage, of a pensive cast, and habited in a long black mantle of thin stuff bound about with a rose-coloured sash of silk, richly fringed with silver, and on his breast, appending to a ribbon of pale blue, hung a splendid medal of honour.

“Before he took the seat, that was provided for him, he stopped and made a profound obeisance to the company: his daughter in the mean time, modest, timid, and unprepared for such a scene, not venturing to encounter the eyes of the spectators, when she had placed her father in his seat, no longer able to struggle with her sensibility, sunk into his arms, trembling and on the point to faint: her brother stood aghast and helpless: the ladies manifested their alarm by screams, and the men were rising from their seats, when our hero, whose only monitor was his heart, leapt on the stage and sprung to her relief: she revived, and he gallantly conducted her to a seat, where she was no longer exposed to the observation of the company who cheered him with a loud applause.

“Silence being restored, Ap-Rees began to tune his harp. He paused, as if waiting for the inspiration of his muse; his bosom yet laboured with the recent agitation of his spirits, when at length he threw his hand over the strings and began the symphony. His song was the tale of ancient days: he took for his theme the religious legend of the famous knight Sir Owen, one of the ancestors of his present patron. The legend is detailed at length by Matthew Paris in his history, page 86, edited by Doctor Watts in the year 1640, and few can be found better calculated to call forth all the powers of



poetry and music: The date is that of the reign of King Stephen, and in the wars of that period Sir Owen had very valorously distinguished himself. When Ap-Rees described his hero entering the tremendous cave amidst the wailings of the tormented, and beset by the infernal spirits, who assailed his constancy by every horrible device their malice could suggest, so striking were the effects, so contrasted the transitions of his harmony, that he seemed almost to realise those fearful yellings, groanings and thunderings recorded in the story. When he advanced to that period, where the fortitude of the knight baffles all the efforts of the dæmons, the movement, which had before been turbulent, irregular, and excursive, became solemn, flowing, and majestic; but when in conclusion, Sir Owen, triumphant over his assailants, puts them to general rout, and the gloomy cave in an instant is converted into a bright and blooming paradise, the minstrel with such art adapted his melody to the scene described, and so tranquillizing was the sweetness of his strain, that at the close he left his hearers still impressed with those delightful sensations which Milton describes Adam to have felt, whilst the voice of the communicative angel was yet dwelling on his ear.

"At length De Lancaster rose up, and addressing himself to the minstrel, testified his high admiration of the excellent performance he had witnessed, observing that it had been particularly gratifying to him to listen to a poem, founded on the magnanimous behaviour of a truly Christian knight, who was enrolled amongst the many heroes which the ancient and illustrious house of his friend and countryman Sir Owen ap Owen might justly boast of.

"This speech was followed by a thundering applause, the exulting minstrel made his valedictory obeisance, and withdrew.

"Sir Owen in the meantime whispered his friend De Lancaster, that he had never read the story, but he was told it was put down in a book, and of course he conceived it must be all true.

"David Williams now remained to ascend the stage and close the entertainment. He was ushered in, habited

in a loose vest or mantle of white cloth with open sleeves, which he had tucked up, leaving his arms bare: it was bound about his waist with a broad belt of orange-tawney silk, and upon his breast he wore a medal, on which the device of the winged harp was conspicuously displayed: a fillet of the same colour with his belt confined his white locks, and when he had arranged himself in his seat and begun to touch his harp, all was silence and attentive expectation.

"At length, rolling his sightless eyeballs in a kind of poetic phrensy, he began his song from Noah: he sung the destructive visitation of the general deluge: he chanted the praises of King Samoths, and the splendor of his court; he then took a martial strain, and, smiting his harp with all the fire of an enthusiast, sung the triumphs of the giant son of Neptune, who entailed the trident of his father on his new-named Albion to all posterity. The animating subject seized the passions of the hearers, and the applause was loud and clamorous.

"When this subsided, the minstrel chose a melancholy theme; his head drooped upon his harp, and his fingers moved languidly over the strings, whilst in a slow and mournful strain he chanted the sad fate of Bladud—

"Fallen from his towering flight,

"And weltring in his blood —"

"During the movement all were silent, when at once the harp was heard to break forth into a melody of the most gay and joyous character, inviting all present to festivity and good fellowship, and invoking blessings on the hospitable and time-honoured house of De Lancaster."

As a contrast to the above, let the following be read, in which much may be forgiven on the score of the author's age: yet it shews Mr. Cumberland's want of prudence to attempt where he was certain of failure.—Rousseau, indeed, used to say, that he could write a finer description of liberty in the dungeons of the Bastille, than he could out of them; but it does not appear that Mr. C. can describe a love scene from the pure workings of the imagination.

"Upon his arrival at Mrs. Jennings's house, the reception which John now

met was very unlike what he had before experienced. The cases containing the miniature picture and the gold chain were delivered to him: Mrs. Jennings quitted the room, and upon his finding himself alone with Amelia, he began as follows—

"I confess to you, Miss Jones, I feel myself very highly gratified by the handsome manner in which you have declined taking this pledge of my poor mother's affection and regard for you, till I could have an opportunity of delivering it into your hands agreeably to her particular instruction and desire. I am sensible it is a refinement, that very many people would not feel, but happily for me you did, and the melancholy event that has since occurred, naturally makes me the more desirous of adhering strictly to what she gave me in command: this I now do, when I have the honour of presenting to you, as a token of her very sincere esteem, this miniature of your father; what the other case contains is simply a chain, which I hope you will accept from me, though it has neither the same intrinsic value as a relic, nor the same ideal value as a memorial of the donor.

"Pardon me, exclaimed Amelia, eagerly interposing, what the other case contains is a gift not only very beautiful in itself, but infinitely valuable to me for the giver's sake.

"Oh! that I might believe you, cried the enraptured youth.

"Indeed you may, she naturally replied. I prize it as your gift above all computation.

"Nay, now, enchantress, he exclaimed, if your beauty and your kindness overcome my reason, you must either pardon my transports, or escape out of my company. To be told that you will prize this trifle, because it is my gift, is such a favour as can only be repaid by tendering to you my heart—my life—myself—my every thing—and, saying this, he pressed the reluctant damsel to his bosom, accompanying each fond endearing phrase with tender but respectful delicate caresses.

"As soon as he had released her from his arms he led her to a chair, kept her hand in his, and seated himself by her: she was not in the least abashed, did not betray any extraor-

dinary agitation, nor studied to avoid his eyes; for real purity is not suspicious—Amelia, he cried, I know the sacred nature of the responsibility I have incurred by giving way to the raptures which your charms inspired. Your father's picture hangs before me; I will remember the apostrophe I made to it; you do not want the presence of Mrs. Jennings to guarantee my good behaviour; your very best duenna is my honour. That mother, who is scarcely cold in her shroud, with her dying breath bequeathed you to my honour, my protection, and my constant care through life. These are my duties; they are such as a brother, as a guardian, or a father might engage in: I don't commence my execution of them after the way of either of these, but, availing myself of the first favourable opportunity, and snatching at the first kind expression, which your politeness prompts you to address to me, I instantly throw my unprivileged arms about your chaste and beautiful person with all the ardour of a lover—All this is true: I felt that ardour, and I feel that love—Let me now ask you, Does the declaration of that love offend you?

"Oh, no, no, no.

"And may I hope in time to merit a return of love?

"You merit it already, and you have it—But hold! restrain yourself. Don't make it such a wonder that I speak the truth; but, as I have answered fairly, hear me now in my turn, calmly, patiently, I pray you; for I verily believe, that upon the candour with which you shall treat the sincere confession and appeal I am now about to make to you, the happiness of my life in future will depend.

"Speak freely; I am all attention. I will not deceive you.

"What I have said is true: I have full cause to love you: such as you are in every early excellence of mind and person, it would be out of nature if I did not. I can well believe it to be against rule for a young girl like me to make this frank confession: It seems so; and perhaps it was not quite in rule for me to suffer you to embrace me, whilst you uttered those emphatic, tender words; I could not help it: you embraced me once before; I could not help it then. The arms of no man

since my father died ever embraced me, yours alone excepted. The delight, which those endearments gave me in both cases, I am not ashamed to own; for it was pure: but I should be sorry to indulge in that delight, however pure, which cannot be permanent; and would not wish to hear those fond rapturous words repeated, to which if I affixed a serious meaning, I must be the vainest and the weakest of all human beings. In one word, my dear sir, you, who are destined to so high a lot, must show some pity for a lowly creature that looks up to you with love and admiration, and must absolutely promise me to fill up your time at Glen Morgan, whilst I in obedience to Mr. De Lancaster's commands pay a short visit of respect at Kray Castle."

We will not profane the enjoyment of our readers by any attempt to illustrate the natural beauties of this colloquy. If the reader wishes for more, of similar excellence, we refer him, *ad libitum*, to the discourses between John and Amelia, and especially to p. 218 of vol. III. Mr. Cumberland, indeed, is not wholly unconscious of his incapacity for the task he has chosen: he frequently appeals to the good nature and forbearance of his readers, and not without just cause.

We will give one more extract, a letter from the phlegmatic Philip, which is sufficiently characteristic.

"Dear Sister,

"When I arrived at Milford Haven I found a vessel bound to Liverpool, of which I availed myself for a passage, as travelling in rough roads is extremely troublesome. The master of the vessel was a very affable and entertaining gentleman, and, having been three times on a slaving voyage to the coast of Africa, had acquired a perfect knowledge both of men and manners.

"When we dropped anchor at Liverpool, the crowd and hurry on the quay appeared to me to be such, that I held it best to keep quiet in the cabin of the brig that brought me thither. Being in no capacity for making enquiries in my own person about a passage to the south of France, I did not like to manifest to my friendly

captain a desire to quit his company, which had become so agreeable to me; I thereupon came to a determination of taking my chance with him: and when I understood his destination to be for the fourth time to the coast of Africa, I considered that one warm climate was like another, and warmth being what I was in search of for Mrs. De Lancaster, he assured me that I should find it there in perfection; this being ascertained I engaged for the voyage, avoiding thereby all further trouble, either to myself or him, about a matter of such absolute indifference.

"It cost some time to ship the cargo he was taking out with him, and gave me some annoyance whilst his crew were stowing it, as they are in the habit of accompanying their work with certain noises, far from melodious, and intelligible only to themselves. I had, however, a faculty of sleeping pretty generally through it all, which made time, heavy at the best, pass off very tolerably, till we set sail and took leave of land and all its troublesome concerns. I understood from the people that went on shore, that the town of Liverpool would have been highly worth my seeing, and I have every reason to believe their information was correct.

"We commenced our voyage in pleasant weather; the captain's conversation was on many points entirely new and very edifying on that account. He kept a liberal table, particularly in the article of salt-fish, of which he had a considerable cargo on board; but when he had no longer a supply of eggs to recommend his salt-fish, I must confess I was sometimes puzzled how to make a dinner, especially as his soup had a taste to which I had not as yet familiarized my palate.

"During our passage through the Bay of Biscay I perceived the vessel to have considerable motion, but there is a lulling property in the vacillation of a hammock, that promotes repose.

"One day, when I was told we were off the coast of Portugal, and I began to inhale odours from the shore, that were infinitely preferable to those of the salt-fish in the ship, I had a curiosity for the first time to visit the accommodations below, when I was tempted to ask my friend the captain

for what purpose he had parted off a portion of his hold with iron gratings like those of a prison, and also why he had provided such a collection of handcuffs, fetters, and other instruments, that seemed calculated both for torture and confinement.

"He was a very communicative man, and did not hesitate to inform me, that being a trader in negro slaves, it was necessary for him to be well stored with all those conveniences for security's sake; For how else, said he, could I be sure that those savages, who have no understanding of the happiness in store for them, would not rise upon us and cut all our throats?—Though I immediately saw all the force of his reasoning, I was a little staggered by the nature of his intelligence; and this I think it probable that he perceived, for he was pleased to say, that, being bound in the first instance for the Tagus, he would set me down with his cargo of salt-fish at Lisbon, if I had the least objection to proceeding any further. I thanked him for his civility, and candidly confessed that although I could have no objection to the removal of his salt-fish, I should think it ill exchanged for his cargo of slaves. I accordingly accepted his alternative of leaving me at Lisbon; where, though I should much regret the loss of his society, I might avail myself of the opportunity of visiting the famous aqueduct of Alcantara, of which I had heard so wonderful an account, and was anxious to enjoy the sight.

"The captain acknowledged that he had heard there was such a thing to be seen in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, but as he had no particular taste for sights of that sort, he had not troubled himself to go out of his way for it: he was pleased however in the politest manner to repeat his offer of setting me down at Lisbon; observing to me with great satisfaction, that as we were now happily arrived within the mouth of the river we had nothing further to apprehend; for he could assure me we were fairly out of all possibility of mischance, being in the track of the safest navigation in the world.

"In the very moment whilst this experienced navigator was chattering me and himself with these pleasant

assurances, a sudden shock of the vessel threw him from his balance, and catching hold of me as he was falling, we came together upon the deck with a considerable degree of violence. As he fell upon me he had the advantage of being first upon his legs, which he employed with all speed in rushing forwards to the fore-castle, whilst I was endeavouring to save myself from further bruises; for now a cry ran through the ship, that we were stranded on a rock, and sinking bodily. Of this information I had soon no reason to doubt, as the water rushed in with great impetuosity. The crew were eagerly employed in getting out the boat; but as I was persuaded that they, who were at the trouble of launching, would naturally be the first to make use of it, I persisted to keep my post, being resolved not to disgrace the character of a true *De Lancaster* by betraying the least symptom of impatience or alarm.

"When I had stayed till the treading over-head had ceased, and the captain along-side was calling upon me by name to come on board the boat and save myself, or stay where I was and be drowned, I thought it behoved me to avail myself of an alternative, so fairly stated, though my compliance with his offer of rescuing me from the sinking ship was attended with no small degree of trouble and inconvenience, for I now perceived myself to be sorely bruised.

"I exerted myself to the utmost in getting into the boat, yet my efforts being not sufficiently prompt to satisfy the gentlemen, who were eager to push off, I heard myself saluted with a general volley of oaths and ludicrous buffooneries allusive to my awkwardness, which I can truly aver were the only uncivil words, that I received from either captain or crew, whilst I had the pleasure of sailing with them.

"The boat, in which I was, belonged to one of our Lisbon packets, that had the humanity to stop her course and assist us in our distress. On board this charitable ship I was at length conveyed, and was agreeably surprised to find myself thus unexpectedly amongst my friends and neighbours; young Sir David Owen and his amiable mother being passengers and bound to Lisbon. To the humanity of these

friends I am indebted for the comforts I am now enjoying in an excellent hotel on an eminence called Buenos Ayres, from whence, if my contusions allowed me to get out of bed, I might enjoy a beautiful view of the town and river, and in which, were it not for the annoyance of flies and more domestic vermin, I might assuage my pangs with the luxury of sleep; but this, when more familiarized to the customs of these insects, I hope still to enjoy.

"There has been another slight shock of an earthquake yesterday, but as I was in my bed, it did not disturb me near so much as that of the ship, when she ran upon the rock.

"As soon as I regain the use of my limbs, I shall look out for a suitable abode for Mrs. De Lancaster in this delicious place, where I promise myself a high entertainment in surveying the dilapidations and disorders occasioned by the great earthquake, which has made the town a heap of interesting ruins.

"I have written you a long letter, so, with my duty to my father and regards to all at home, I conclude myself, dear sister,

"Your very faithful servant  
and loving brother,

"PHILIP DE LANCASTER."

We cannot close our account of these volumes without adverting to the very negligent, ungrammatical and unauthorised language in which they are occasionally written. In doing this he will not perhaps reckon us among his benefactors: but, as "he has never been useful to us, in the sale of our publications," he will

not, probably, so *naturally* expect that we should "assist the circulation of De Lancaster." (See vol. I. p. 122).

We do not pledge ourselves to assemble *all* these rarities: but *ex pede*, &c.

"A character like hers, though located," &c. vol. i. p. 4.—*Not English.*

"Push round the tankard to a tawdry toast." p. 5.—*Mr. C. does not understand the meaning of the word.*

"Landed property, upon which there were no other *incumbrances*, save only the barren rocks, over which it stretched." *ib.*—*We recommend this to Miss Edgeworth in the next edition of her "Irish Bulls."*

"Risqued a truism." p. 21.—*Vulgar and not English.*

"We may literally say that it was made upon the *spur* of the occasion, and this we hope will be an apology for our introducing the baronet in boots." p. 50.—*Ingenious!*

"He had not so many *bites* from beside the banks, as he had been favoured with from between the blankets." 123.—*The same.*

"Mrs. De Lancaster, the mother, who never opened," &c. p. 183.—*Elegant!*

"David Williams, playing on his harp at *sun-down*." vol. II. p. 32.—*A new combination.*

"A *sensitive young damsel*." 228.

"Give me air, or I shall sink out-right." 265.—*The hero exclaims thus!*

We hope these *cum multis aliis* will be removed, if John De Lancaster pass through another edition.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

KLOPSTOCK'S PSALM on the LORD'S PRAYER.

MOONS revolve round worlds,  
And worlds revolve round suns,  
All the host of suns  
Revolve round one great sun,  
Our Father, who art in Heaven,

On all these worlds, lighten'd, and giving light,  
Live spirits in powers, and forms dissimilar;  
But all think of God, and rejoice in God,  
Hallowed be his name:

He, the Almighty,  
Who can alone conceive himself,  
And alone over himself rejoice,  
He the vast design conceiv'd  
To give his creatures joy.  
May his kingdom come:

Well for them, that He, not they  
Their present and their future regulated;  
Well for them, and also well for us,  
His will be done on Earth  
As it is done in Heaven.

He raises with the stalk the ear on high;  
He ripens the golden apple, the blushing  
grape;

He feeds the lamb on the hill, the roe in  
the wood;

But his thunder rolls along,

And his bolts destroy it,

On the stalk, on the branch, on the hill, in  
the wood:

Give us this day our daily bread.

High above the thunder's path

Do sinful mortals also live?

Does there the friend become the foe?

And are the friends by death disjoin'd?

Do mortals there their crimes conceal,

Yet punish others for a trivial fault?

Forgive our trespasses,

As we forgive those who trespass against us.

Different paths lead to the great goal,

To bliss eternal, and to lasting joys;

Some thro' gloomy deserts wind,

But in these some joys spring forth

To cheer the wanderer on his dreary way:

Lead us not into temptation,

But deliver us from evil.

Adoration to Thee, who the great sun

With suns, and earths, and moons encom-  
pass'd;

Who spirits created to enjoy thy works;

Who raises the ear, and feeds the lamb;

And thro' the desert paths the wanderer  
cheers;

Adoration to Thee!

For thine is the kingdom, add the power,

And the glory, for ever, and ever. Amen.

R. H.

THE HIGHWAYMAN; or, THE TRAGICAL  
ADVENTURES OF A GARRETER. A  
*Parody, in Imitation of Parnel.* By  
FERDINAND FARQUHAR, Esq.

IN tow'ring attics, at a mod'rate rent,

Scroggen three slow revolving years had  
spent;

Like Virtue's garb, his dress was mean and  
bare,

And oft, Camelion like, he fed on air;

But when long fasts had thinn'd his guts  
with pain,

A song or pamphlet fill'd them up again!

A life so pleasing (like the varied year!)

Might well the wish of envious souls appear;

But learn, kind sirs, before the change you  
try,

Old Satan's finger plays in ev'ry pie\*:

One night, ere hungry Scrog had roar'd his  
prayers,

The coal black hero softly crept up stairs,

Whisper'd that worth like his was ill repaid,  
And o'er his faults the tints of virtue spread:  
Scrog heard, believ'd, and dreamt of pre-  
miums rare.

But morning banish'd all his hopes in air!

Loud discontent inflames his angry breast,

And envious passions steal its wonted rest.

So when our Billingtons, like him of old †,

Their demi-semi-quar'ring skill unfold,

Thousands in wonder pay the silent voice,

And not a breath disturbs the trembling  
note;

But if a wretch, whom no sweet sounds in-  
spire,

Cries, with Stentorian lungs, "fire, fire,  
boys, fire!"

The whole becomes one loud discordant  
roar,

As scrambling demi-gods regain the door!

To calm his mind, his empty purse to fill,  
To see if what he dreamt was fancied ill,

(For well suspicious doubts might be con-  
ceiv'd,

Since dreams have oft the wisest heads de-  
ceiv'd)

He leaves his garret, bids his friends adieu,

And grasps his oaken cudgel firm and true;

Then at the dusk, in rusty sables clad,

Wander'd along with bosom light and glad.

Heav'n seem'd propitious to our hero's  
flight,

And round-fac'd Luna cheer'd the gloom  
of night:

With hasty strides the plain he measures  
o'er, [flore]

(His anxious eye intent new scenes t' ex-  
Nor thinks to stop, till sounds of noisy joy

Bespeak an hospitable mansion nigh:

The tones were tempting, 'twas a syren's  
song

To one who lov'd good cheer, but miss'd it  
long;

So ent'ring strait, he join'd the jovial crew,  
As gaily round the frothing tankard flew:

Close to his side it chan'd a youth 'was  
plac'd,

Whose modest looks a threadbare garment  
grac'd;

With mild address, "good Sir, your health,"  
he cried,

And, "thank ye, friend," th' enchanted  
Scrog replied;

Then, quaffing copious draughts of nut-  
brown ale,

He gave the song or told the jocund tale;

Pleas'd with each other, friendship firm they  
swore, [more]

And both resolv'd to part that night no  
Thus high the gallows lifts the luckless

wight, [tight]

Thus luckless wights embrace the gallows

Now from the neighb'ring village spires  
 around  
 The midnight hour commenc'd with hol-  
 low sound;  
 The canine watch no more their vigils keep,  
 And Nature's self seem'd lull'd awhile  
 asleep;  
 Lost in discourse, the friends pursue their  
 way,  
 Nor heed the signal of expiring day.  
 A dreary forest soon the path divides,  
 Whose thick'ning shades the lunar radiance  
 hides;  
 Scrog sought in vain to find a dwelling near,  
 For secret horrors fill'd his soul with fear:  
 In vain he long'd for Grub-street's attics  
 high,  
 And much he wish'd, but fear forbade to fly.  
 As thus he plann'd, by sad forebodings  
 mov'd,  
 With gen'rous warmth the friend his fears  
 reprov'd;  
 Forth from his vest the polish'd dirk he  
 drew,  
 And held two leaden pistols up to view,  
 Then swore by Jove a host of fiends he  
 scorn'd,  
 Long as the steel his nervous arm adorn'd!  
 This said, he darted in the thickest shade,  
 And trembling Scrog respondent efforts  
 made:  
 There on a bed, more healthy far than down,  
 Hesought the day's fatigue in rest to crown;  
 But sleep on Scrog her balm refus'd to pour,  
 Tho' wily cunning bade him feign to snore.  
 Whilst thus beneath the thicket's gloom  
 they lay  
 A distant foot came slowly o'er the way;  
 Upstarts the friend, by cautious haste im-  
 pell'd, [held:  
 Whilst cautious fear the other's haste with-  
 Then darting swift, o'er briar and brake he  
 flies,  
 And seeks the wand'r'er's view with anxious  
 eyes;  
 His anxious eye the wand'r'er quickly meets,  
 And smiling gay in friendly accents greets:  
 With secret joy the friend his man survey'd,  
 Whose looks and dress substantial ease dis-  
 play'd;  
 Saw, with delight, a girdle clasp his waist,  
 And guess'd that good King George the  
 girdle grac'd.  
 Sudden he halts, and with inflaming eye  
 Bids him "deliver, or prepare to die!"  
 Dismay'd the wand'r'er views th' uplifted  
 steel,  
 As faintly o'er the ground his footsteps reel,  
 Then from his waist the well-fill'd girdle  
 tore,  
 Glad t' exchange for life the glittering ore:  
 The friend receives it, bids Heav'n speed his  
 way,  
 And gains the brake where wond'ring Scrog-  
 gen lay.

As some poor spendthrift, whom nor  
 friend nor bail  
 Frees from the terrors of a gloomy jail,  
 Despairing views the long-shunn'd bailiff  
 near,  
 Then runs or stops, as urg'd by hope or fear;  
 So seem'd poor Scroggen, when o'er morn-  
 ing dews  
 Close at his heels the friend his path pursues;  
 Trembling he fear'd to hear the thund'ring  
 curse,  
 Then bless'd his stars he own'd an empty  
 purse!  
 Now shone the sun with radiant blaze on  
 high,  
 And scarce a breath disturbs the azure sky;  
 The forest now its shade no longer yields,  
 And parching heat dries up the verdant  
 fields;  
 Tho' us'd to fasting, Scroggen longs for food,  
 And vows a draught of ale will do him good:  
 With answering thirst the friend a hint es-  
 pied,  
 The nearest shelter on the landscape wide;  
 Thither the travellers bend their weary feet,  
 And quick arriv'd, a ready welcome meet.  
 Built on a hillock o'er the sloping sands,  
 The lonely cot a wide expanse commands:  
 Here lofty vessels plough the wat'ry main,  
 There verdant meadows grace the fertile  
 plain;  
 While distant spires adorn the length'ning  
 scene,  
 As yellow paths meand'ring run between:  
 Yet spite of all the landscape's charms a-  
 round,  
 A view more precious hungry Scroggen  
 found:— [doubt,  
 Wand'ring he sees, tho' scarce without a  
 Beef and plumb-pudding, join'd to good  
 brown stout;  
 Then quick his scruples hush'd, and press'd  
 to eat,  
 He lick'd his lips and prais'd the sav'ry treat!  
 The dinner past, as gay the glass went  
 round, [crown'd,  
 And jocund toasts each sparkling bumper  
 A train of grave reflections (often call'd  
 To lend their aid when hunger's gnaw ap-  
 pall'd)  
 Cross'd unrequested thro' our hero's brain,  
 And led him back to Grub-street scenes a-  
 gain.  
 Thankful he prais'd the landlord's boun-  
 teous heart,  
 And wish'd his scribbling brethren shar'd a  
 part;  
 But scarce his grateful wonder limits knew,  
 When forth the friend his well-fill'd girdle  
 drew,  
 And off'ring gay, the gen'rous smuggler  
 swore  
 Their bill was paid and cancell'd all their

And now the growling tempest rends  
the sky,  
And ragged lightnings o'er the landscape  
fly;  
Now rolls the thunder o'er the troubled  
deep,  
And bellowing storms the delug'd moun-  
tains sweep;  
Drench'd to the skin by gusts of hail and  
rain,  
Scrog and his friend speed back their steps  
again;  
With open arms the host his guests receives,  
And mirth once more the tedious hour re-  
lieves.

As thus they sat and drank the smug-  
gler's ale  
Grave thoughts afresh poor Scroggen's mind  
assail:  
Mistrustful glances from his eye-lids dart,  
That prove the turbid motions of his heart;  
Secret he views the unknown friend with  
dread,  
And fancies gibbets tow'ring o'er his head;  
Then sily weighs his purse with wistful  
eyes,  
And thinks himself entitled to the prize!

At length to storms serener skies suc-  
ceed,  
Again the trav'lers on their road proceed, }  
Again their footsteps thro' a forest lead, }  
Fir'd by the fumes of ale and generous cheer,  
Scroggen no longer felt oppress'd by fear;  
No more he lagg'd with cautious pace be-  
hind,  
And attic scribblers scarcely gross'd his mind;  
In jocund strains the vagrant tribe he sung,  
For whom the spreading oak its foliage hung;  
Gaily prefer'd the brook like chrystal clear,  
To muddy water, vulgarly call'd beer;  
Shew'd that plum-pudding now and then  
was good,  
But prov'd that roots and herbs were heal-  
thier food:  
Then quickly snatching from his partner's  
side  
High to his lips the well-fill'd flask applied;  
Sipp'd, talk'd, and sipp'd, and shew'd with  
logic deep  
That ale and brandy lull a man to sleep!

Scarce had the friends their nasal concert  
join'd,  
And list'ning zephyrs answer'd in the wind;  
Scarce had nocturnal shades involv'd the  
sky,  
And Luna lit her blazing fires on high,  
With various noise the echoing woods re-  
sound,  
And distant hoofs reverberate o'er the ground.  
Sudden the friend his trusty pistols grasps,  
And round his waist the well-fill'd girdle  
clasps;

Then rousing Scroggen, as in sleep he lay,  
Drags him resistless o'er the thorny way.  
A chariot soon attracts the wand'rer's view,  
Which rattling loud across the forest flew;  
Gay Jack the post-boy thoughtless drives  
along,  
And hums or whistles o'er his am'rous song,  
Whilst good *your Honour* at his ease reclin'd,  
Snores in loud concert with the rustling  
wind.

Jack soon beholds the friends in ambush lie,  
And spurs his nags with anxious speed to  
fly;

But full as soon, by *arguments profound*,  
The luckless wight falls vanquish'd to the  
ground!

Our valiant friend next hails the drowsy  
'squire, [fire;  
Whose purse rewards his pistols' thund'ring  
Then seeks the bush which modest Scrog  
conceal'd, [field!  
Whom purging fits had forc'd to quit the  
For scarce old Nick, with horns, and hoof,  
and tail, [assail!  
And spitting flames, his guts could more

In silent haste the friends again proceed,  
For distant rustlings bade them fly with  
speed:

Ev'n fainting Scrog, tho' pain'd by gripings  
sore, [before;  
With true French courage scamper'd on  
But soon, by dint of fresh fatigues and pain,  
His courage fled and fears return'd again!  
The friendly flask he summon'd to his aid,  
And sat and sipp'd, and sage reflections  
made;  
Then rising, slaps his breech, and grins a-  
round, [found.  
As tho' his eye some long-sought praise had  
It chan'd their journey thro' a hollow lay,  
Where thick'ning brambles lin'd the treach-  
'rous way:

For murd'rous feats the place had long been  
known,  
And few that pass'd it dar'd to pass alone.  
High skill'd in Newgate lore and wonders  
wild,

Our cautious friend the lonely path beguill'd:  
Scrog feign'd to listen, whilst his watchful  
eye [ble nigh;  
Explor'd each bush, each stone, and bram-  
But sudden starting, ere the friend look'd  
round, [ground;  
Tripp'd up his heels and threw him on the  
Then seizing tight his throat, with horrid  
curse

Bade him in turn deliver up his purse!  
Oh! for a Hogarth's skill, a Gillray's fire!  
'To paint the horrors which his looks inspire!  
Struggling he pants for liberty and breath,  
Whilst Scroggen aims the instrument of  
death; [sound,  
Then "murder, murder!" cries with furious  
And "murder, murder," echoes all around.



Whilst thus the friends their murd'rous acts  
rehearse,

And Scrog already holds the farmer's purse,  
Six well-arm'd horsemen scouring o'er the  
way

Approach the hollow where the champions  
And seizing both, in spite of proffer'd bail,  
Lodg'd them securely in the neighb'ring jail;  
Where, in due time, to warn both old and  
young,

The wand'ring pair were sentenc'd to be  
And now the glorious morn at length drew  
nigh

When modest Scrog was doom'd to mount  
With schemes of flight he long had rack'd  
his brain,

But all his schemes, his hopes, and plans  
In sullen sadness blooding o'er his doom,  
He madly dar'd Old Nick himself to come;  
Call'd him the author of his wretched fate,  
And bade him fetch him ere it prov'd too  
late!

Scarce had his lips the impious curse pro-  
When 'fore his view a well-known figure  
bounc'd:

Array'd he sees still dress'd in modest guise  
His captive friend; then starts and wildly  
cries—

"Foul wretch, begone!" but horror check'd  
For lo! the stranger stood an imp confess'd!  
His modest phiz assumes a satyr's grin,  
A hairy vestment clothes his tawny skin;  
Between his ears two horns are seen to grow,  
And from his nostrils streams of sulphur  
flow:

With limping pace the cloven foot he  
Whilst from his back a length'ning tail de-  
pends;

Then borne on dragon wings around the cell,  
He fills the prison with a horrid yell!

Mute as a statue wretched Scroggen stood,  
And palsied terrors curdled up his blood;  
No modern swoon bestow'd its gentle aid,  
Nor ev'n Death a welcome visit paid!  
The grinning imp again long silence broke,  
And Hell itself seem'd roaring as he spoke!

"Thy temp'rate life in Grub-street's attics  
high

For three long years I view'd with jealous  
In vain new stratagems I sought to find  
To lead astray thy ever wary mind;  
Till, mad with rage, I left Hell's regions  
fair—

Nay don't look sad—thou'lt soon thyself  
"First learn the base on which my rights  
depend,

Then own my sceptre triumphs in the end!

"Long since, when Adam sign'd the well-  
known fall,

By matchless art I gain'd this checquer'd ball;  
Since then I reign with undivided sway,  
And babes and nations all my nod obey;  
Ere if a rebel proudly dares to rise,  
My certain vengeance round the victim flies,

Toils, treason, stratagems their force unite,  
Till humbled low he owns my hidden might.  
With various proofs our short-liv'd journey  
team'd—

(To thee and all a highwayman I seem'd!)  
Yet urg'd by these my hidden pow'r regard,  
And learn how merit finds its sure reward!

"The blust'ring grazier, who, where'er  
he cou'd,

Prov'd the vain foolery of doing good;  
Who daily fed the beggar at his door,  
And spent his substance on the filthy poor;  
Long since deserv'd my sov'reign wrath to  
feel,

And thus at last I check'd his stupid zeal!

"Our gen'rous landlord, at whose lonely  
seat

Footpads and highwaymen and smugglers  
Where prowling murd'ers lurk in dark  
disguise,

Full well deserv'd the grazier's glittering  
But soon or late his worth shall be repaid,  
And ropes already dangle o'er his head.

Then whilst your virtuous fools half-starv'd  
and bare

Wallow in dirt or feed on nought but air,  
My friends taste beef and ale whene'er they  
please,

And lofty honours crown a life of ease!

"Oft has old Worthy felt my wrath of  
late,

And fresh reproof the harden'd wretch a-  
No longer virtuous rogues can rot in jail,  
Hespies their merit and procures them bail:

The glittering purse I lately bore away  
Was doom'd a canting beggar's debts to pay;  
But now beneath a dungeon's dismal gloom  
In blank despair the knave awaits his doom.

"Yet ah! in vain success my schemes  
had blest,

Had rigid virtue still inspir'd thy breast;  
To gain thy soul I ply'd each crafty wile,  
And view'd thee wav'ring with malicious  
smile;

But when beneath thy grasp I roar'd for  
A grin triumphant seal'd thy certain death.

"Attendant sprites shall waft thy soul to  
Hell,

The gallows waits—Dear Scrog, once more  
Bounce thro' the key-hole here the fiend  
withdrew,

And Scrog stood gaping as on high he flew:  
Thus star'd poor Saul, when, at his proud  
command,

The wrinkled Sorceress mov'd her potent  
And rising from the shades, majestic, slow,  
The prophet spoke and told the tale of woe!

In loud despair the wretched scribbler burst,  
Curs'd his vile sentence and its author curs'd;  
Arraign'd ev'n Heav'n's decrees with im-  
pious tongue,

Mounted the cart, thrice sigh'd, and then  
was hung!

Manchester, July, 1809.

## THE NEW PATENTS.

*Mr. G. FINCK's, the younger, of St. Anne's, Soho, for manufacturing various kinds of Metal Laces, so as to imitate Gold and Silver Laces, and also for manufacturing Gold and Silver Laces.*

**F**OR manufacturing yellow copper lace, the wire is to be drawn down to about the size of fourteen-penny silver, or finer, to be flattened and spun in the engine upon fine thread, yarn, incle, or cotton, of a yellow, orange, or lemon colour, of various shades or tints, as the work may require; and to be woven upon fine thread, cotton, yarn, or incle, the size of spun silk of the same colour, &c. the warp to be weighted as a spun silk warp, and to be woven in a loom. For manufacturing yellow copper wire lace, the wire is to be drawn down to about the size of fine twenty-penny coppers, to be shot upon a fine warp of cotton, weighted as a spun silk warp, and to be woven in a loom. For yellow copper French braid lace, the wire is to be drawn down about fourteen-penny silver, or finer, flattened and spun in the engine upon fine thread, &c. as before, likewise to be platted with loaded bobblins upon a cushion in the same manner as the gold French braid is manufactured, and to be calendered in the same manner as French braid. For manufacturing yellow copper Prussian braids, the wire is to be drawn down to about the size of fourteen-penny silver, or finer, to be flattened and spun in the engine upon fine thread, yarn, incle, &c. of a yellow, orange, or lemon colour; the warp for the orris and edges to be manufactured of the preceding articles, to be backed with a warp of thread, yarn, incle, or cotton, of the same colour, shades, or tints, as the preceding, as the colour of the work may require, and to be woven in a loom. For manufacturing yellow copper satin braids and other braids, the wire must also be drawn down to about the size of fourteen-penny silver, or finer, and be flattened and spun in the engine upon fine thread, yarn, incle, &c. of the same colour, shades, tints, &c. to be shot also as before directed, and woven in a loom. For manufacturing yellow copper open

lace, the wire is to be drawn down as before directed, to produce fine warp for the ground, and to be figured with the copper twist, check, or orris, according as designed in the same manner as the British thread lace, and when off the pillow to be calendered as gold and silver vellums. For manufacturing white plated copper lace, the copper is to be silvered as directed by act of parliament. In fact, the process appears to be much the same for the whole, but for manufacturing gold, superb, open lace, the ground is to be made with engine warp, and as fine as possible; to be figured with fine twist, check, or orris, and afterwards calendered like gold vellum. The same process is to be observed for manufacturing silver, superb, open lace, which is also to be calendered as the silver vellum.

*Mr. T. and J. CLATSWORTHY, of Winsford, for Shears on an improved Construction for shearing Sheep, &c.*

**T**HE principle of this invention is the bow of the shears, which is made double. The bow, before it is turned, is about nine or ten inches long, which is turned double in the middle it is then brought straight, leaving a snout about an inch long in the middle of the bow. When the bow is turned into shape, the hinder part of the bow must be held in a vice, and the snout twisted; and if the bow should be weak or injured in turning, a small rivet may be put in the front.

*Mr. Noon's, of Burlon-upon Trent, for Improvements upon Guns, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, which are also applicable to Cannon and other large Guns.*

**T**HIS patent is partly described by plates. The first figure exhibits a view of the inside of the gun-lock. The pan, the hammer, and the plate are the only parts of the lock that vary from the usual construction.—The second figure shows a transverse section of the hammer, the pan, and gun-barrel, or breech. The parts chambered out of the hammer and

pan, next the barrel or breech at the touch-hole, are made to receive a swell or bulge left on the barrel or breech, opposite to the chamber; and the barrel or breech is hollowed out round the swell or bulge. At the bottom of the chamber is a hole through the plate under the pan. When the lock and barrel are put together, it is evident that any water which may insinuate itself between them, will run down the projection to a hollow in the breech, and from thence escape through a hole, without even touching the powder in the pan, provided the chamber and the projection are made to fit close.

*Mr. NICHOLAS FAIRLESS, of South Shields, for a Windlass, Windlass Bitts, and Metallic Hawse Hole Chamber, by which manual Labour and Time are saved in heaving to, and getting on Board, Ships' Anchors.*

**T**HE bitt-heads are hollow, containing the wheels wrought by the cranks or handles, which give motion to the windlass body. The surge-boxes are of cast iron, having such an angle, that when a rope is applied round the ends of a windlass to raise a weight, the rope slips down, or is forced by the adjoining part of the said rope into its original situation, and is thereby prevented from what the seamen call riding, that is, the one part crossing the other, which

always produces much delay and inconvenience. The windlass body turns on an iron axis, the ends of which are turned to fit the pall-wheels, and the windlass ends are secured by keys inserted into each. By Mr. F.'s method, the force extended to the cranks or handles is thrown on the windlass body, without any twist being laid on the iron axis. The ends of the windlass are inserted into the surge-boxes; their centres are secured to the ends of the axis by keys. There is a cast iron pall-box, with a hole of an octagonal or other form, to answer the size and shape of the shaft of the windlass, and which being driven to the centre of the shaft, becomes a hoop to the same. The exterior of the pall-box is divided into any number of parts as occasion may require, and is indented to admit palls or stops, which are fixed by hinges to the pall bitt, to fall into the said indents, and thereby prevent the windlass having a reverse motion. The pall-wheels at the end of the windlass may have any number of teeth, so as the palls act with those at the centre; consequently the handles can be forced back but a few inches by any extraordinary resistance on the windlass body.

The patentee, who has illustrated his specification with drawings, urges that his invention consists not only in making the improved windlass, but also of attaching or applying any of its parts to the common windlass now in use.

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

**A**N ingenious paper, by the Rev. Mr. LAX, professor of astronomy at Cambridge, has been lately read, on the means of graduating and correcting mathematical instruments.—This gentleman uses Cary's semi-circle of a foot diameter, corrects it by microscopes and observations, and adjusts it so as to counteract the expansion and contraction by change of temperature.

A mathematical paper, by Mr. IVORY, has also been laid before the society.

Dr. Wollaston read a paper, prov-

ing the identity of columbium and tantalum, the former discovered by Mr. Hatchett, the latter by the Swedish chemist, Ueberberg. Dr. W. procured some grains of the original specimens from the British Museum, and from Mr. Hatchett; and notwithstanding the smallness of the quantity, he succeeded in proving them to be radically the same metal.

Another paper, read by the Doctor, discovered a method for measuring the angles of crystals by a goniometer, by means of reflection with microscopes, which enable the observer to ascertain exactly the angles of crystals.

whether rough or smooth. The Doctor also exhibited a drawing of this useful instrument.

The Society for improving animal chemistry furnished a paper by Mr. Brandé, detailing the results of a series of experiments on animal mucus and albumen, exposed to galvanic electricity.

A paper was also read from Dr. Pearson, on expectoral matter; by which it appeared, from his experiments, that expectorations differ rather in the proportion than in kind. They all consist of albuminous matter, water, and the two principal ingredients are muriate of soda, and pot-ash, neutralized by animal oxide, if not by a destructible acid, besides a small proportion of phosphate of lime, ammonia, carbonate of lime, and probably phosphate of magnesia, and siliceous earth. Pot-ash neutralized by animal matter, the Doctor announced, was contained in the blood, and in most or all of the secreted and excreted fluids, namely, in dropsical water, pus, both that secreted without breach of surface, as well as that of abscesses, and in the urine, &c. He did not find soda, as represented by former chemists, impregnating the animal fluids: he urges that almost every kind of vegetable food contains the pot-ash united to some matter destructible by fire, which is not the case of soda, and that it is as little likely that pot-ash should be altered by digestion, as the muriate of the soda itself constantly taken with our food. Pot-ash, it was remarked, was always found in larger proportion in expectorated matter, than in the serum of the blood; as the former, when exsiccated, commonly shews signs of deliquescence on exposure to the air.

A letter from T. A. Knight, Esq. was read on the relative influence of the male and female, on the size and character of the offspring. Contrary to the opinion of Linnæus, Mr. K. considers the female as influencing the size and character, but opposes Mr. Cline's opinion that large females should be used for breeding; because though their legs will be longer in proportion to the size of the fetus, yet their bodies will want the due proportion of depth and thickness, and the animal will be less vigorous and powerful.

Thus for instance, foals of large mares and small horses, have the chest thin and narrow, whereas the contrary is the case with those of small mares and large horses. Males from large mares the author found unserviceable from their want of proportion, and consequently want of strength.

Some additional interesting observations by Messrs. Pepys and Allen were read, on the azote disengaged by respiration. In these memoirs it was again affirmed that a considerable quantity of oxygen was lost in the process of respiration, that azote was formed, that an animal can breathe oxygen and hydrogen an hour without any inconvenience, but that hydrogen alone, occasions sleepiness. The term azote, they observe, is an indefinite name, for all gas that is incombustible, irrespirable, and inabsorbable by water; but from Professors Davy and Berzelius's experiments, they conjecture that it is really of a metallic origin.

A paper by Mr. Home, on animal secretions, contained some plausible conjectures on the probable effects of electricity in assisting the secretion of blood, serum, albumen, and the other animal fluids. An examination of the electric eel had led him to adopt this opinion, and the immense quantity of nerves which appear necessary to produce the electric power.

#### *On the Structure of Calculi, or Stones in the Urinary Passages.*

Mr. Brandé has laid before the Society, an account of the differences in the structure of calculi, which arise from their being formed in different parts of the urinary passages; and on the effects that are produced upon them by the internal use of solvent medicines. The experiments made by this gentleman were very numerous, and on an uncommonly large collection of calculi, to most of which histories of the case are annexed. The subject is divided into different sections: the 1st relates to calculi formed in the kidneys, and voided without having undergone any changes in the urinary passages. These are entirely soluble in a solution of pure pot-ash: and when exposed to the action of the blow-pipe, they blacken and emit a strong odour, which arises from the

animal matter which they contain; and which occasions the loss in the analysis of these calculi. Its relative quantity is liable to much variation. In one instance a calculus from the kidney, weighing 7 grains, was ascertained to consist of

	Grains.
Uric acid . . . . .	4.5
Animal matter . . . . .	2.5
	7.0

In some cases the calculi from the kidneys consist almost wholly of uric acid; sometimes phosphate of lime was combined with the acid.

II. In treating of the calculi which have been retained in the kidneys, and which frequently increase in that situation to a considerable size, he observes that this augmentation is of two kinds.

1. Where there is a great disposition to the formation of uric acid, the calculus consists wholly of that substance and animal matter, so as frequently to form a complete cast of the pelvis of the kidney.

2. Where there is less disposition to form uric acid, the external laminæ are composed of the ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate, and phosphate of lime.

In one instance, a small uric calculus was so deposited on the kidney, that its upper surface was exposed to a continual stream of urine, upon which beautiful crystals of the triple phosphate had been deposited. Mr. Brandé therefore infers, that, under common circumstances, a stream of urine passing over a calculus of uric acid, has a tendency to deposit the phosphate upon it.

III. The calculi of the urinary bladder are of four kinds:

1. Those formed upon nuclei of uric acid, from the kidney.

2. Those formed upon nuclei of oxalate of lime from the kidney.

3. Those formed upon sand or animal mucus deposited in the bladder.

4. Those formed upon extraneous bodies introduced into the bladder. These are arranged under the following divisions:—First, Calculi, which from their external appearance consist chiefly of uric acid, and which are chiefly or entirely soluble in a solution of pure pot-ash. Secondly,

Calculi composed chiefly of the ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate, or of phosphate of lime, or of mixtures of the two. These are characterised by their whiteness; by exhibiting small prismatic crystals upon their surface, and by their solubility in dilute muriatic acid. Thirdly, Calculi, containing oxalate of lime commonly called mulberry calculi. These are distinguished by the difficulty with which they are dissolved in acids, by their hardness, and by leaving pure lime, when exposed to the action of the blowpipe.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE understand that at a late meeting of the directors of this Institution, it was resolved to devote the gallery, during the summer recess, entirely to the service of the artists. Several of our nobility and gentry, who are in possession of the finest paintings by the old masters, have announced their intention of sending to the gallery, during the summer recess, a few specimens of approved excellence for the study and example of our native artists. Such a measure would at all times have been of the first importance to the exertions of native genius, but more particularly at the present moment; as, owing to the convulsed state of the continent, it is nearly impossible for the English artist to benefit by those immortal examples of the Italian and Flemish schools.

But it is said that the British Institution gallery of pictures has closed this year, after a season less profitable to the exhibitors than any former one. Those in landscape were most successful. The unwarrantable prices set by some of the younger candidates is said to have occasioned this neglect. It is hoped the mortification attached to this circumstance may prevent it in future. The superior works, brought forward this season by the young candidates, prove the utility of the establishment; but to be permanent, it must be continued on a liberal system: for, if the senior artists are neglected, the avowed intention of the Institution will be frustrated. If it appears that patronage is to cease when an artist has matured his talent,

his exertions will be paralysed. "The British Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" is a lofty title, which a partial patronage, so inferior to its power, turns in some degree to irony. If the senior artists are neglected by the professed patrons, it has been justly asked, 'To whom are they to look for professional reward?'

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. Waistell has obtained the gold medal for his paper on the "method of ascertaining the value of growing timber trees at different and distant periods of time." The author was led to the investigation of this subject from being called to value timber in all its stages; to point out the most proper and profitable time for felling it. Having spared no pains in collecting all the facts connected with the subject, he found the increase

generally from about one to two inches annually, and from twelve to eighteen inches the annual increase in height; some falling a little short, and some exceeding those measures. Mr. Waistell has published two tables: the first shews every fourth rate, from 12 to 100; the rates per cent. per ann. at which all trees increase, whether they grow fast or slow, provided their rate of growth does not vary. This table may be of service in saving young thriving woods from being cut down, and by shewing the loss sustained in felling timber prematurely. —The second table shews the rate per cent. to be the same as in the first table, though the annual increase is more, both in height and circumference. It must be observed, that the whole height of the trees is taken to the top of the leading shoot, and the girth in the middle; but no account is taken of the lateral branches.

## VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

**M**R. James Norris Brewer, whose several communications to this Magazine must have been read with much pleasure by many of our subscribers, has just commenced an interesting work of "Descriptions, historical and architectural, of splendid Palaces and Public Buildings, English and Foreign, with biographical Notices of their Founders or Builders, and other eminent Persons." The work is handsomely printed in quarto, and the first number contains excellent engravings, by Parker and Storer, of Somerset house and Linlithgow palace. It is intended that six numbers shall form a volume, and complete the work, unless the public encouragement should be sufficient to induce a continuation, comprehending every public building and palace worth notice, and consonant to the plan of the work. And as the plates for the first volume are actually finished and proofs at the publishers, the disappointment frequently experienced by subscribers to periodical works, from an unexpected cessation, or from an inferiority of the execu-

tion of the following numbers, cannot occur in this instance.

The Greek Inscription to *Jupiter Urius* is now safely lodged in that noble repository, the British Museum. It had been preserved in the family of Dr. Mead by his own particular desire, and has lately been presented to the public by Miss Mead, his grand daughter and only surviving descendant. It decides the long contested object of conjectural criticism. Spou and Wheeler transcribed it from the stone at Chalcedon, but both incorrectly. Chishul also published it with some faults. Bentley corrected it by conjecture; and when the stone came over to England, Bentley was right, and all the rest were wrong.

The Rev. Joseph Wilson, of Cheam school, is preparing for the press an Introduction to Bishop Butler's Analogy, in a series of letters to a student at the university.

The Rev. E. Nares, of Biddenden, is preparing some Remarks on the Unitarian Version of the New Testament.

A translation of a late Voyage of

Discovery to the South Seas, performed by order of the Emperor Napoleon, will shortly make its appearance in English.

A Voyage to Peking, by M. de Guegnes, French resident in China, has been translated into English, and will soon be ready for publication.

M. de Gardanne's Travels in Turkey and Persia, a translation from the French, will soon appear in an English dress.

An Essay on Theatres, and on the propriety of vaulting them with brick and stone, is in the press. This work is illustrated with a plan and section for a new theatre; and its object is to revive the mode of constructing the vaults of the ancient cathedral. A theatre constructed upon this model would be less expensive and much more secure against the dreadful hazards to which they are exposed by the present mode of building.

An Irish gentleman of rank in London, during the last three years, is preparing a Series of Letters to his Father in Ireland, containing the secret history of the British court and the metropolis, with a sketch of modern manners and society.

A translation of Laborde's View of Spain, composing a descriptive itinerary, or topographical delineation of each province, and a general statistical account of the country, will soon be ready for publication.

The Rev. Melville Horne, of Christ Church, Macclesfield, is about to publish an Investigation of the Definition of justifying Faith, the damnable Clause under which it is administered, and the Doctrine of a direct Witness of the Spirit, held by Dr. Coke and other Methodist Preachers.

Mr. A. Murray, Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, will shortly publish, in quarto, Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the Greek and Teutonic Languages.

Mr. Ward, Lecturer on Experimental Chemistry, has in the press a Dictionary of Chemistry and Mineralogy, in one volume, illustrated with plates.

The Rev. Dr. Washbourne, of Wel-

lingborough, is revising and correcting Bishop Reynolds on Ecclesiastes, &c. which will appear in the course of the summer.

A petrified land tortoise has lately been found by some workmen digging in Swanage rocks, in the island of Purbeck, seventy feet deep from the surface, in the highest state of perfection. It was first shewn to the Rev. Samuel Woolmer, who offered them five guineas for it. This the men refused; and after shewing it about, they sold it to a gentleman of Upway for eight guineas. Three hundred have been offered since for it, and refused. Its mate was supposed to have been near it; after digging some time another was dug up, but entirely broken in pieces and spoiled.

The following is Mr. Hume's new plan for detecting arsenic.—“Let one grain of white oxide of arsenic and the same quantity of carbonate of soda be dissolved, by boiling in ten or twelve ounces of distilled water, which ought to be done in a glass vessel; to this let a small quantity of the nitrate of silver be added, and a bright yellow precipitate will instantly appear. This is a more decisive test than sulphate of copper; but though this process answers very well with pot-ash, or even lime water, the common carbonate of soda ought to be preferred.”

*A new Recipe for the Ague.*—Laurel leaves dried and powdered; for a grown person as much as will lie on a crown-piece. Divide this medicine into three equal portions; to be taken at three different times, in an interval of the ague fit, in a glass of wine, ale, or cyder, and lie on the bed to encourage perspiration.

*A Substitute for Indian Ink.*—Take a candle, and smoke a tile with the flame; work this together with saliva or gum water, and when put on paper it will make as good a black paint as Indian ink.

A humorous correspondent recommends the following method of getting rid of black beetles or cock roaches:—Pour occasionally a kettle or two of boiling water into the place of their retreat, which is frequently a hole in kitchen floors, &c. Should this be impracticable, place a soap plate of

table-beer near their rendezvous; for these gentlemen, like many of our own species, have a great partiality to drowning themselves in malt liquor.

*Mr. Matthew's Recipe for making Family Wine.*—Take black currants, red ditto, white ditto, ripe cherries, (black hearts are the best) raspberries, each an equal quantity: if the black currants be the most abundant, so much the better. To four pounds of the mixed fruit, well bruised, put one gallon of clear soft water; steep three days and three nights, in open vessels, frequently stirring up the mass; then strain through a hair sieve; the remaining pulp press to dryness. Put both liquids together; and to each gallon of the whole put three pounds of good rich moist sugar, of a bright yellowish appearance. Let the whole stand again three days and nights, frequently stirring up as before, after skimming off the top. Then tun it into casks, and let it remain, full and pegging at the bung-hole, about two weeks. Lastly, to every nine gallons put one quart of good brandy. If it does not soon drop fine, a steeping of isinglass may be introduced, and stirred into the liquid in the proportion of about half an ounce to nine gallons.

The restrictions upon foreign commerce in Holland has given rise to a very extensive and successful culture of tobacco at Amersfort and its vicinity, in the department of Utrecht: when manufactured, it is of a superior quality, and holds the first place in trade after that of Virginia. The leaf is large, soft, unctuous, and of a good colour. It has the rare advantage of communicating its flavour to tobaccos of an inferior quality, of which latter sort a considerable quantity is grown in Guelderland. The tobacco, both in leaf and manufactured, is exported in considerable quantities from Holland to Germany, and the north of Europe.

Mr. Lyung, a Swedish naturalist, has discovered a new species of mouse, which he has named *Sorex Canaliculatus*. It is the smallest animal known of the mammiferous class.

The late Mr. Porson's large paper copy of the splendid Grenville Homer was knocked down to Messrs. Payne and Mackinlay of the Strand, who

disposed of it immediately for a hundred pounds.

Canvas, of an excellent quality, is now made in such large quantities at Calcutta, from the common sun-plant, as to have nearly superseded English canvas throughout India.—Should the raw material ever become scarce in this country, the freight of canvas from India to Europe would be trifling, when compared to the freight of the raw article.

Dr. Anderson, of the botanical garden at St. Vincent's, has transmitted to this country specimens of the barks of five different kinds of trees, which he conceives may become substitutes for oak-bark in tanning. They are all common on that island, and, if found to possess the astringent or tanning quality, may be procured at a very low price. The maljughra, used by the Spaniards of South America for that purpose, is among the specimens. The Doctor has also transmitted some leaves of a wild plant, called the *agave*, which he considers an excellent substitute for hemp, and the fibres of which may be separated from the fleshy substance of the leaves without steeping or any other previous process.

#### Africa.

The following are the latest particulars that have been received relative to the state of the colony of Sierra Leone.

A number of plants received from the African institution, among which are the vine and white and red mulberries, are in a flourishing condition. The principal danger seems to be of their being exhausted by too rapid a growth. A piece of ground is in clearing, on the highest part of the neighbouring mountains, for the sake of trying a more temperate climate. The employment of oxen in draught has been attended in this colony with great success. The draught oxen have been fed on cassada, and have been found to improve under their labour, and to produce better beef than any other cattle. The bark of the mangrove, of which a specimen was lately ordered by the African institution, has been tried in this colony, in consequence of the sugges-



nion of the institution; and, as far as can be collected from the small scale on which the experiment has been made, it appears to answer the same purposes as oak bark in tanning. A road is in considerable forwardness towards a favourable situation on the banks of the largest stream of water known to exist within the colony, where the soil appears superior to any in the neighbourhood of the present establishment, and likely to be favourable to the growth of hemp. Carriage roads have also been made within the town of Georgetown, and measures have been taken for improving the watering-place.

#### France.

According to a report made in the National Institute, M. Doufourgerais, optician to the Emperor Napoleon, has produced a ponderous flint glass, intended for the manufacture of achromatic glasses, in which he has attained the highest degree of perfection ever attained by those of English manufacture. The glass made by him is heavier than flint glass; its specific gravity being 3,588, while the heaviest flint glass is only 3,320.

M. Vauquelin has examined the root of a species of polypody, known by the appellation of *calaguala*. Of the substances which compose it, only those soluble in alcohol and water are capable of producing any effect on the animal economy. These are saccharine matter, mucilage, muriate of potash and resin, which last he conjectures would be found to destroy the tape-worm. He has likewise made similar experiments on the roots of the common polypody and male fern, and obtained from them precisely similar principles, and nearly in the same proportions as from the *calaguala*. The former roots, however, contain a small quantity of tannin. Thus the analogy of organization, which led Jussieu and Richard to conclude that the medicinal virtues of the *calaguala* root must be similar to those of other ferns, is fully confirmed by chemical analysis.

The following method of making artificial stone in the vicinity of Dunkirk has been published by M. Bertrand.—The materials employed for this purpose are the ruins of the cita-

del, consisting of lime, bricks, and sand. These are broken to pieces by means of a mill, formed of two stone wheels following each other and drawn by a horse. Water is added, and the matter when well ground is reddish. This is put into a trough, and kept soft by means of water.—When the trough is full, some lime is burned and slaked by leaving it exposed to the air, and this is mixed in the proportion of one-eighth with the above cement. A wooden mould is laid on the stone, and, after a thin layer of sand has been thrown on the latter to prevent the adhesion of the cement, a layer of cement is poured in, and on this a layer of bricks broken into acute-angled fragments. Thus two other strata are put in before the last, which is of pure cement. The mould being removed, the stones thus formed are laid in heaps to dry. The lime being very greedy of water, and quickly becoming solid, these stones are not long in forming a hard body fit for building.

M. Braconnot has analysed some fossil horns of an extraordinary size, found in an excavation at St. Martin, near Commercey. He supposes them to have been the horns of the great wild ox, the *urus* of the ancients, and aurochs of the Germans.

#### Germany.

Dr. Jahn, of Berlin, has lately described and analysed an oriental turquoise from Visiapour, near Khorasau, which he found to contain:—

Alumine.....	73.
Oxide of copper....	4.5
———— iron .....	4.
Water.....	18.
	99.5

This result verifies that obtained by Lowitz, and proves the existence of two distinct species of the turquoise.

Dr. Jahn likewise conceives that he has found a new volatile and acidifiable metal in the grey ore of manganese from Saxony. He obtained it by distilling the ore with sulphuric acid. The volatile metallic acid combines with a weak solution of potash put into the receiver, and tinges it crimson. From this liquor, gallic acid, or infusion of galls,

throws down a chesnut brown precipitate. Prussiates immediately change the red colour to a fine lemon yellow, but without any precipitation. The carbonates do not precipitate the red solution; but if it be heated with a little alcohol, the red colour changes to a green; a smell of ether is given out, and then the carbonates throw down a brown oxide, which is soluble in muriatic acid.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

MR. THOMAS BRADFORD.

**T**HIS veteran, son of the Rev. John Bradford, late vicar of Holne, Devon, at an early age entered the navy as midshipman, and having served five years in that capacity was discharged, the war being terminated: he then enlisted into the army, where he has been actively employed until the return of our forces, under Sir David Baird, from Spain; when, on account of long and trying service, he obtained,—what? *his discharge!*—In the military service he has passed 33 years of his life, during 30 of which he was constantly out of England, and in this period has been actually engaged with the enemies of his country in 104 battles, that is, in 5 actions at sea, and 99 on land!!—In the course of which he suffered exceedingly from unwholesome climates, and inclement seasons, from shipwrecks, sickness and fatigue, and from extreme hunger and thirst and starvation; added to which he now labours under the infirmity of deafness, from firing off a cannon, which, after 170 rounds began to melt, but not before the numerous and rapid explosions had caused blood to pour from both his ears. This gun was twice manned, and out of 16 persons employed, all were killed or wounded, except himself and two others.

At Bervil Camp, Guadaloupe, under Brigadier-General Graham, 300 British and 250 Loyalists, out of 2500, the rest being sick from fatigue and the unwholesomeness of the climate, were stormed by 7000 of the enemy, who were completely repulsed that day. But having to engage this very superior force for 9 days successively, the General being wounded, and Major Farhes killed, Captain Stoving was obliged to surrender for want of provisions and ammunition; when 2318 were taken prisoners, among whom was Bradford, by Victor

Hughes, who kept them on board prison ships for two years, on a scarcity of water and unwholesome food; from which barbarous and inhuman treatment only 80 survived. At Bervil Camp, Bradford had four narrow escapes:—a bullet passed through the sling of his firelock; a cannon-shot carried off part of his musket; the blowing-up of a magazine shattered to pieces the hut in which he was at only a few yards distance; and five out of eight (sitting together) were killed or wounded by a cannon-ball.

He was at the taking of Fort Bom-bard, St. Domingo, to which place they marched from sun-rise till 12 o'clock at night, when a number of them dropped dead, from excessive heat, fatigue, and want of water. And, finally, in Spain, "where" he says, "we had to retreat 200 miles before the French army, consisting of a force enormously superior. From the excessive fatigue, inclemency of the season, roads almost impassable, forced marchings, and other various hardships incident to a retreating army, numbers died on the road, men, women, and children: and at the battle of Corunna, I was stationed at the colours, where 4 officers and 3 serjeants were killed and wounded, and I had 5 balls pass through my clothes, notwithstanding which, I providentially escaped unhurt. But the greatest, indeed the only hardship of which I complain, is that of not being permitted to accept of promotion when offered me by a Colonel in the Horse, when I had been 17 years in his Majesty's service; although the officer who refused me, frequently expressed himself my sincere friend, and said he would do any thing to serve me."

Thus, at the decline of a long life of almost unexampled perils and sufferings, a veteran soldier, instead of obtaining that rank, and those advantages in the army, which would

enable him to enjoy with his numerous family a decent competence, finds himself compelled to seek a maintenance by trade. Mr. Bradford has announced his intention of employing himself as a coal-dealer, and it is to be hoped he will meet with that protection from the public which he has in vain sought in the army. Mr. Bradford, it seems, had not risen beyond the rank of a Serjeant when he obtained his discharge! If this be really the case, and which has not been disputed, we may add that such a *Serjeant* as Mr. Bradford, is not to be found in the whole empire of France, nor yet probably among the eight hundred thousand men in arms under the command of the Emperor Napoleon!!!

## THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LITTLE THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

**FRIDAY, June 30.**—*Killing no Murder*.—This evening after the *Honey Moon*, which shone with its wonted lustre, by the respectable manner it was performed, the suspended (not stifled) operatical farce of Mr. Hook, so looked for, was brought out at this house.—This composer, who is as capable of enlivening a private society as a public theatre, has fully succeeded in this attempt; for though some few phrases in it partake of what the French signify by *grossieretes*, yet on the whole it pleased, and will continue to please.

The author owes much to the acting and zeal of Matthews and Liston; the former of whom, from his *Proteus*-like talent, personated the list of servants, from the *boot catcher* to *Monsieur le Friseur*, holding the bill of fare in one hand, and the powder-puff in the other, in order to enhance the credit of his host in the opinion of the *Nabob*, his guest, who is nothing, if not well attended.

While Matthews was acting in this double capacity, the house was full of powder and plaudits. But his song of *Bartholomew Fair*, which was eagerly encored, exhibited a stronger proof than any of his admirable quality in this style of acting, nothing having equalled it since Edwin's *Four-and-twenty Fiddlers*.

The overture was no trifling presage of what might be expected in the music, a great part of which was as pretty as novel. The duet between the two actors above-mentioned, which burlesqued the rival powers of operatical singing and dancing, drew thunders of applause from the audience.

The name *Killing no Murder*, is derived from the circumstance of *Apollo Belvi* (Liston), being advised to represent himself as dead, that he might not be obliged to marry a woman with what he calls a *ready made family*, and this part, by the bye, is the most *outré* of any in the farce. Mrs. Mathews deserved commendation for the part she sustained, as did Mrs. Davenport, and in short every one of the performers.

The following is the scene which was suppressed by order of the Lord Chamberlain, beginning at the words, "so I cut the law," &c. after *Buskin's* speech, "I thought you were a lawyer." Act II. Scene I.

*Busk.* What!

*Ap.* Yes—I ordained myself and preached in a field, but I couldn't get a living by it—

*Busk.* You a preacher!

*Ap.* Yes, and a teacher—now—I'll tell you how it was. Over against my master's office—right opposite—lived an old dissenting gentleman, by trade a tailor, and by calling a minister.—Dear man, he used to discourse delightfully to be sure—and he—he, Mr. Buskin—had a daughter—so to get favour in her eyes, I turned to and fell a preaching like any thing myself.

*Busk.* What a queer gig you must have looked in a pulpit—

*Ap.* A tub—as I hope to be saved, it was no better; but I minded not of little obstacles or persecutions: and the first day I mounted, I had need of patience, for some mischievous devil of a fellow tied a cracker to the tail of my coat, and if you had but seen how I jumped at every bounce of the gunpowder, you would have split your sinful sides with laughing. But I did it all for my dear Miss Hephzibah Buckram; I was called thereto by the spirit—

*Busk.* Rather by the flesh—eh? Well, pray give me your polemical progress—

*Ap.* So I preached and I preached—how I did preach! till at last I preached myself plump into the heart of my young saint. She was mild, amiable, and rich: her back was a little out of the right line; and, moreover, did she squint most damnably—but it was not the good things of outward vanity that I thirsted after.—Her—mind—her mind, Mr. Buskin—that was the thing; for, 'bating a fondness for the bottle, blow me if I don't think her as delicate as a duchess—so one day—it was of a Sunday—after a sweet discourse from Mr. Buckram's 'prentice-boy—I came to the point.

*Busk.* What—made her an offer?

*Ap.* I ventured to insinuate as much—I went into the parlour where she sat—la, I remember it as if it were but yesterday—she was sitting out by the window—so—I just—hummed and had—looked a few unutterable things—she smiled—and so—we staid there—about half an hour, and at last I—came to the one soft question—do you love me—do you love me, dear Hephzibah said I?—I wish you had seen her two eyes—

*Busk.* Contented of course.

*Ap.* Like the most fashionablest miss among 'em—when I had axed her, you know—she didn't stir—nor say a word—but out comed a couple of tears—out of her sparklers—for all the world like two pins' heads—then, after that, she was all over red, and I waited a little longer, and she squeezed my hand; and, turning up her eye—(for when one looked up 'tother looked down)—says she to me, says she—Apollo, my dear—Apollo, my dear, says she, you are not what the world would call handsome; but there is a certain something about you, that is inexpressibly delightful.

*Busk.* Oh I see the end—you married her.

*Ap.* No such thing—Courtships are not like farces, they don't end always with a wedding—her papa consented and the day was fixed.

*Busk.* It "was a consummation devoutly to be wished."

*Ap.* Yes—but the more you wish the more you may; it never comed at all—it was of a Tuesday afternoon, after I had been engaged in a discourse upon good works—that Mr. Buckram fixed the period of my happiness, and the Saturday was appointed.

*Busk.* Well, and what hindered?

*Ap.* Why, on the Friday night, if you'll believe it—my intended bride was brought to bed of as fine a boy as ever you clapped your two eyes a top of—

*Busk.* What, the Methodist Minister's virgin innocent?

*Ap.* It's as true as you stands there.

*Busk.* And who was the father?

*Ap.* Why that we never knew—and hang me if I think Miss Hephzibah could tell herself.

The fate of this piece, in narrowly escaping a prohibition in the first instance, very much resembles that of Moliere's *Tartuffe* or *the Hypocrite*. The Archbishop of Paris, supposed to have been a principal character in this play, had interest enough with the king to prohibit the performance, though at that very time the Italian comedians were every day uttering the most gross blasphemies. So at this present time, though the *Quaker* is frequently brought forward at the theatre, we are not to enjoy the full drawn character of a *Methodist*, because the Lord Chamberlain, or the reader of the plays under him may think the Calvinistic methodists as precious as the person of the Archbishop of Paris. The Prince of Conte being asked why Moliere's play should be forbidden, when it contained nothing offensive to genuine religion and morality, and only exposed *hypocrisy*, the Prince answered, with great spirit and judgement, "I am not at all surprised at this, for Harlequin (in the Italian comedies) only ridicules religion in general, whereas *Tartuffe* has ventured to expose its first minister."

Monday, July 10.—A new play, entitled *The Foundling of the Forest*, was produced here this evening.

The piece is from the pen of Mr. Dimond, to whom the public are already so much indebted.—Its interest arises out of the perfidy of *Baron Longueville*, to whom the *Count de Valmont*, on his departure for the wars, had confided his castle, his countess, and his infant son. On his return, he finds his castle in flames, and can discover no trace of his wife and child. In despair, he retires to a neighbouring forest, where, after many scenes of forceful interest, and many dangers and difficulties, he discovers his *Countess* in the person of an interesting maniac, whose life was preserved by a humane *Cattager*, and whom this *clairvoyance* restores to reason. He also recognizes his son in the person of a youth, to whom, in his seclusion, he had formed a strong attachment; and the perfidy of *Baron*

*Longueville* is detected, and receives its just punishment.

The character of *Count de Valmont* is finely drawn; and the heart-rendings of a husband and father were given with great energy and force by Mr. Young. *Florian*, the son of the *Count de Valmont*, is a lively animated youth, full of love, glory, and fine feeling. He was personated with great truth and effect by Mr. Jones. Mrs. Glover was most interesting and pathetic in the *Countess de Valmont*, and displayed first-rate tragic powers. Mrs. Gibbs looked well, and was very pleasing in *Geraldine*. Mrs. Davenport, always excellent, never appeared to more advantage than in the interesting *Cottager*. A piece possessing more interest and striking situations we have not seen. The sentiments are pure, and the language is elegant and classical. The overture and music are by Mr. Kelly.—The latter consisted of three songs and two duets, by Mr. and Mrs. Liston. The first song, by Mrs. Liston, was rapturously *encored*. The piece was crowned with uniform applause, and announced for second representation amidst the loudest acclamations. The house was crowded in every part.

#### LYCEUM, STRAND.

This theatre was re-opened on Monday, June 26, with the opera of *Up all Night*, by a licence from the Lord Chamberlain, for the performance of English operas. It commenced with a piece in three acts, called *Up all Night, or the Smugglers' Cave*, from the pen of Mr. Arnold, the manager. The story relates the vagaries of a young gentleman who is destined to be the husband of a lady he never saw, but not chusing to take so mere a chance, introduces himself to her family in the disguise of a naval officer, and by his heyday vivacity obtains the good graces of the Admiral her father: a busy rival, however, intrigues against him, and persuades the old gentleman that his visitor intends to run away with the lady; a night frolic in the garden gives a colour to the story, and the admiral hires a set of smugglers to kidnap the supposed midshipman, who is accordingly carried off to their cave: his mistress

follows him in the same disguise, and the restless anxiety of the family, when she is missed at night, gives the piece its first title. The lovers escape from their prison, and the lady returns to her father to keep up the jest a little longer by assuming the Irish brogue; she is taken for the unknown ravisher, and locked up in a room, when her lover himself appears, and upon his disclaiming all intentions of the kind, the stranger is called out into the room as the undoubted criminal, when instead of the Irish officer, the lady appears in her own clothes, every thing is made manifest, and the lovers are made happy.

The music, by Mr. M. P. King, is well suited to the words, not only in its expression, but in its good old age. It is not deficient in taste, and indifferent music will always be more tolerable than indifferent writing, because it appeals to the senses more than to the sense; but we have no hesitation in saying, that neither in the words nor the music of the new opera is there a single idea or turn of composition, that has any claim to originality. The great novelty of the performance was the appearance of two new singers, Messrs. Horn and Philipps, the latter from Dublin. Mr. Horn's voice and style are delicate and tasteful, though of small power; Mr. Philipps's, to both these qualities, joins greater power and more various expression; his execution of *Sigh not for love*, was terse and playful, and received considerable applause. Both the singers may consider themselves lucky in having made their appearance at a small theatre, though they both excel all the other London singers in gentility of acting: Mr. Horn seemed to want confidence, but Mr. Philipps dashed through his speeches to the ladies with a grace that seemed to astonish the hearers of Braham and Incedon: perhaps it would be better for both if they were to borrow somewhat from each other, Mr. Horn a little boldness, and Mr. Philipps a little subduement. The opera was altogether well sung, though neither Mrs. Mountain nor Mrs. Bishop seemed in their full powers.

Upon the whole, Mr. Arnold is a degree above Cherry, and Mr. King some degrees above Reeve; but much

better writers and composers are necessary to reform the public taste. The engagement of Mrs. Bishop, however, leads us to hope, that her husband will be employed to exercise his scientific pen on the occasion; and though the overthrow of the Italian opera is not to be achieved but by a change of the system of education in high life, yet much good may and ought to be done to the public taste, by the encouragement of rival theatres.

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

*Cecidit spes ultima Romæ.*

A BUSY month has passed over our heads. Expectation has been on foot for great events, and, as far as the agitation of action can satisfy, it has been completely gratified. But the issue of all this turbulence has confounded the petty politics, by which too many judge of the events of this great world. The experience they have had of the skill and talents, the activity and energy, the power and resources of the great Emperor of the French, was of little avail in estimating his success; and a check to his arms was, in their opinion, the signal of complete defeat. In this the majority of the public papers concurred: they argued according to their wishes, and, as usual, endeavoured to the utmost of their power to lead astray the public mind. It is difficult to contemplate late events in the true point of view, much more so to represent them properly. As Englishmen, we deplore the inordinate power which France has acquired: as spectators of the wonderful scenes around us, we view the fall of monarchies and imperial and royal families as the necessary consequences of the system by which they were regulated. The stability of power, in the hands of any one family, is not to be desired, unless its history proves that its government tended to the improvement of the people committed to its charge.—How far this can be said of the house of Hapsbourg, the historian must determine. The path of the planets is full of intricacies to the spectator on the earth: to him who views them from the sun, they pursue a direct course pointed out by the almighty framer of the universe. Happy is he who can thus view human affairs; whilst they, who are blinded by passion, or are involved in the vortex of

corruption, are filled with horror and dismay at the crash of thrones and the annihilation of empires.

A solemn pause intervened after the battles of the Danube on the 21st and 22d of May. An account of them was drawn up under the auspices of the Archduke, and circulated in every corner of Europe\*. It announced the defeat of Napoleon, and asserted the charm of his invincibility to be dissolved. He was no longer the spoiled child of fortune: posterity would characterise him as the sport of the fickle goddess. A conflict of two days was decisive of the glory of the Austrian arms, for the preservation of the monarchy, and for the correction of public opinion. The presence of the hitherto unconquered emperor was no longer capable of snatching from the heroes of Austria their justly-acquired laurels. Such was the language inspired by the check given to the arms of France by the battles of Aspern. All Europe was filled with expectation of the results of these days, and a speedy conquest of the French was presaged. How was Napoleon to recruit his armies?—How was he to repass the ground shortly to be filled with the insurgents from the Tyrol and the north of Germany?—From every quarter forces would pour down upon him, and France would be reduced to its original limits.

This was the language, these the hopes, maintained in Bohemia and England. But cooler politicians remarked, that the famed battles of Aspern, if calculated to raise the spirits of the Austrians, were far from affording ground for such exalted triumph.

\* See 'Historical Chronicle,' under which head this document is given.

It was certainly a great thing for the Austrians to say, that they had for once successfully resisted Napoleon; that he was baffled in his enterprise, and compelled to retrace his steps.— But the Austrians made no prisoners. They could not cut off the retreat of the French, who repassed the Danube; and, if their force was diminished, still their antagonists had by their own confession suffered a prodigious loss both in killed and wounded. Bonaparte retired to the other side of the Danube, and the Austrians did not follow him. Day after day passed, and we heard nothing of the Archduke's enterprises. He seems to have been engaged solely in recruiting his army, and fortifying the positions near Aspern, on which the grand battles were fought. They were, according to his account, bloodier than any recorded in history: the same spot was destined to drink still deeper of human gore, and two more days of battle restored the laurels to the brows of the French.

Napoleon, compelled to quit the northern bank of the Danube, imputed his disaster to the rising of that river, which prevented the proper aid of his troops in the great battles. The fact seems to have been, that the Archduke had destroyed them in great measure by fire-vessels, and to have taken the advantage of attacking the French, when a part only of their troops could be brought into action. Their Emperor on the southern bank meditated revenge. The repulse he had suffered set him more on his guard, and his preparations were on a grander scale. He did not suffer his passions to carry him away, as was the current report through Europe, but laid his plans with the utmost caution and circumspection. The Archduke did not follow up his success: he remained in his position on the northern bank, fortifying his camp, and calling in troops from all quarters. Not neglectful, however, of the advantage he had gained, he sent an army into Saxony, which took possession of the capital, and advanced as far as Leipsick.— The King of Saxony made a precipitate retreat to Frankfort, and his dominions were for a short time completely at the mercy of the enemy.

Now was assuredly the time for the insurgents of Germany to renew their efforts: but the ill success of Schill seems to have dispirited them, and the victory of the Danube had not the effect it was expected to inspire.— The Duke of Brunswick's manifesto brought few to his standard: for, in fact, what German of the lower or middle classes, could have any desire or ambition to fight under the banners of that family, or any wish for the restoration of power to a set of petty princes. The king of Westphalia made his appearance upon the stage. He collected the troops in his own dominions, and those of the French in the north of Germany, with which he marched into Saxony, retook the capital, and compelled the Austrians to evacuate the territory of his fugitive ally. We are not to ascribe much to this exploit, though it is a feather in the cap of the Westphalian: and the house of Saxony must feel no small degree of mortification that it owes its restoration to the upstart prince, and that a long train of ancestry could not secure, in the hour of danger, the proper exercise of the powers of sovereignty.

The King of Saxony, it is to be recollected, was one of the first to raise the war-whoop against France on account of the revolution in its government. It was at his palace at Pillnitz, that, on the 27th of August, 1791, the then Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia signed their famous treaty, in which they declared the situation of the King of France at that time to be important to all the sovereigns of Europe; and their resolution to use the most efficacious means to place him in such a state, as to establish completely his monarchical government, a government equally adapted to the rights of sovereigns and the happiness of the French nation. The state of the kingdom of Prussia is greatly changed since that fatal declaration, and the empire of Germany is annihilated: but the Elector of Saxony exchanged his title for that of King, and obtained a great accession of territory in Poland. A whining declaration has proceeded from his pen at Frankfort, addressed to his subjects: but he has not as yet returned to his capital. It may be necessary

for him to remain at Frankfort, till the Westphalian has restored order and tranquillity to his dominions, and has provided proper measures for their security against a future irruption of the Austrians. It may be also, that he is at present marching forwards into Bohemia, and the unfortunate Archduke will be placed between two fires. In the mean time, the king of Saxony must make up his mind to receive his dominions again, on whatever terms the French emperor chooses to lay down; and the Westphalian will receive, as no doubt he is entitled to, a due compensation for his trouble.

The retreat of the Austrians from Saxony was not so much owing, probably, to the terror inspired by the arms of Westphalia, as the necessity there was for their co-operation with the Archduke on the borders of the Danube. But to whatever cause it was owing, the hopes of insurrection in the north of Germany, were completely defeated, nor should they be expected to revive, unless success should crown the arms of the Archduke. All depended upon that conflict; and the French were sufficiently strong to keep in order the petty insurgents like Schill and the Duke of Brunswick, which, in times of such confusion, would naturally infest various districts.

But, if the north of Germany was quieted, the south was far from being so tranquil. The Alps, which separates Bavaria from Italy, are inhabited by a sturdy race of mountaineers, and revolt among them was organized on a very extensive scale. Though the Austrians had left them, they kept up a considerable predatory war, and their troops spread terror to the walls of Munich and the shores of the Lake of Constance. Their success against the French may be estimated by the indignation expressed against the general by the emperor, who threatened him with military execution, as a murderer and not a general, if ever the fortune of war placed him in the hands of the French. The grounds for this threat were the charge of having murdered, in cold blood, a vast number of French prisoners. The Emperor of Austria threatened to retaliate, and thus a

new scene was opening to the distraction of Europe, the display of murder by two great sovereigns, and the carrying on of war in the most sanguinary manner. The threats of either party have not been yet put into execution; and if the general, who was the first pretext for them, should unfortunately be taken and suffer, so many prisoners of high distinction are in the hands of the French, that it is little likely the example should be followed by the Austrians.

The unsettled state of the Tyrolese in the rear of the French army, would have been of great consequence if any disaster befell the latter; but there was not sufficient strength in that quarter to affect the positions on the Danube. The Austrians had been obliged to quit that country about the time the great battles were fought on the Danube, and the Italian army of Bonaparte was pursuing them at the moment that he was taking up his position on the southern side of the river. He could not contain his joy on the arrival of this army; it was announced in a bulletin, and this reinforcement more than counterbalanced the losses he had sustained at Aspern. The Austrians fled towards Raab, and were closely pursued by the French. A considerable battle took place at Raab, where the former were defeated, and in a few days Raab surrendered. What escaped of the Austrians passed over the Danube at Presburgh, and joined the Archduke at Aspern.

In this situation then, for a long time, were the hostile armies separated from each other by the mighty Danube. On the northern bank was the Archduke Charles encamping himself, in the strongest manner, between Aspern and Essling, and calling in all his scattered troops from Saxony, from Moravia, from Hungary, and whatever could come to him under the name of the Landwehr, or armed militia, from these quarters, and the countries to the east of Austria. Here he seemed to be expecting rather the motions of Bonaparte, than resolving upon any active efforts. He presumed, probably, on the impossibility of Bonaparte retaining, in quiet, his position near Vienna, and therefore determined to avail himself of any change the emperor might make in



the disposition of his force. The prudence of this measure may justly be doubted, if the advantages gained at the battle of Aspern had been so great as at first represented by the Archduke; for it is evident, that the least time given to recover the blow, was in favour of the French, whose system of persevering attack could be counterbalanced only by a similar degree of perseverance.

Of the French emperor, during this long interval, we heard only that he was disciplining and reviewing his troops, fortifying the island of Lobau, and making the formidable preparations for a new attack. The south of the Danube, from the Inn to Raab, was completely under his controul; and besides the Italian army reinforcements were marching to him from all quarters. That he could not remain long in inactivity was certain. The only doubt was, where he would cross the Danube, whether at a distance above or below Vienna, and thus render futile all the entrenchments of the rival commander. It is now evident, that had he taken either scheme, surmised by many politicians, he must have given an advantage to the Archduke; for the moment the emperor had quitted the capital either way to cross the Danube at a distance from it, the Archduke would have immediately crossed the river, retaken the capital, and left the French to a fruitless march in Bohemia. All the preparations, therefore, of the emperor indicated an attack on the Austrian camp, but the mode of this attack was left to conjecture, and the Archduke was deceived.

On the 1st of July the French Emperor took up his head-quarters at the island of Lobau, and inspected himself such operations as are scarcely to be paralleled in the history of ancient or modern warfare. The great point was to land the army on the other side without the inconveniences to which he had been exposed on the former attack. A watchful enemy on the other side might, it would be said, baffle every enterprize of this nature; and the ease, with which the whole was ultimately conducted, though it raises greatly the fame of the French emperor, does certainly cast a shade on the vigilance of the Archduke.

Near to the island of Lobau is a small island, on which the emperor caused a vast battery to be erected, to play upon Essling, as if the brunt of the attack would be on that quarter. Against this battery, therefore, the attention of the Archduke was directed: and on the 4th, in the evening, a full fire played upon Essling, and upon the town of Enzersdorf, to the east of the Archduke's camp, by which the latter was completely burned down; and during these operations, in a violent storm with rain and thick darkness, the whole of the French army was landed, by extraordinary bridges and boats, on the plain of Enzersdorf, at a considerable distance from the Austrian camp. Here, in the morning at sun rise, the whole of the emperor's plans were developed. He had an ample field for the manœuvring of his troops, and the Austrians had no other alternative than to remain in the camp, which was not sufficiently defended on the land side, or manœuvre with him in the plain. The latter part they took, but were compelled to retreat, and at night the French were in complete possession of the Austrian entrenchments.

On the next day the great and important battle was given. The Austrians placed the great strength of their artillery on their right near the Danube, with the view to cut off the retreat of the French, and weakened their centre to give more force to the two wings. On the contrary, the French emperor made the great brunt of his battle bend towards the centre; and having, early in the morning, gained some advantages over the Austrian right wing, about ten he poured down with immense force, both of men and artillery, upon the centre, and drove it, it is said, immediately a league before them. The consequence was, that the right wing, which had been successful, was compelled to retreat, and long before night the French had passed the ground occupied in the morning by the Austrians. The battle was extremely bloody. To what extent cannot be known till the Austrian accounts are received. The Archduke retreated into Bohemia. The Emperor of Austria, who was a witness to

the disasters of his troops from a tower in the neighbourhood, fled with precipitation into Moravia.

Thus has Bonaparte answered the proud language of the Austrians; and whatever our fears or our aversion may suggest, we cannot deny to him the praises of a most consummate General. All the resources of the Archduke are now cut off, except what he can obtain from Bohemia; and in this little kingdom he must expect to meet with the Westphalians pouring in from Saxony on the north, the French troops from Nuremberg on the west, and a close pursuit of the great French army under Napoleon himself on the south-east. That he can maintain his ground long seems to be impossible; and it is not improbable, that, before what we are now writing meets the public eye, the news will have arrived of the complete surrender of his army. To what place the Austrian emperor will wander time will discover. The way to Hungary is open to him; but no insurrection can be there raise time enough to assist his brother. He must again solicit the clemency of the conqueror, and if he continues to wear a crown, it must depend on the bounty of the French.

The affairs of Spain must take their colour finally from those in Austria. At present their aspect is unfavourable to the French. The English army, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, has marched into this country, and he is expected to be joined by a formidable force of the Spaniards. They are marching, it is said, towards Madrid, and it is not unlikely that they may take possession of the capital, and compel the French to retreat to their former position, to the north of the Ebro. But our accounts from Spain are little to be depended upon. The Gallo-Spanish king has not as yet evinced a desire to retreat, but, on the contrary, has issued an artful proclamation, which may tend to increase his interest in the country. The money borrowed in the old government went under the name of the Royal Vales, and this debt might be considered almost as lost by the proprietors of the stock. A vast quantity of church and king's lands has fallen into the hands of the French by the con-

quest, and a portion of them are to be sold; and the Vales to be taken in part of payment. Thus every purchaser will gain possession of land for nothing, it may be said, and thus become attached to the new order of things. The Gallo-Spanish king will have in his possession a quantity of the Vales, and will have the credit of paying a debt which the old government never would have discharged; and if he should be compelled to retire, a considerable degree of animosity will be excited between the old and the new proprietors. It was thus in France, that the alienation of property became subservient to the purposes of the revolution. The body of landholders, interested in its success, is now immense; and the quantity of church lands in Spain being so much greater, will give a greater power to the French interest. It is not impossible also, that this measure will compel the Junta to hold out the same *bonus* to the holders of the Vales, and thus on both sides, the property of the church will be the scape-goat.

In Italy our troops have been on the alert. They have quitted, in part, Sicily, and taken an island in the bay of Naples. Nothing important has, however, been effected, and the Neapolitan king holds our efforts in very great contempt. To him is confided a new care. The dominions of the Pope are under his superintendence; for the time has, at last, arrived, when the temporal dominion of this spiritual impostor ceases to exist. The successor of Charlemagne has taken away what his predecessor so unwisely bestowed; and the power, which was at once so formidable in Europe, is reduced now almost to an empty name. The decree of Bonaparte, reducing the papacy within due bounds, and making this pretended spiritual entirely dependant on temporal authority, is full of wisdom and good sense. Yet still the Pope has more than sufficient for any ecclesiastic. His income is equal to eighty thousand pounds a year. This may be very well for the old man, now on that throne of iniquity; but it is probable, and it is to be hoped, that the income will be diminished if ever a successor should be appointed. Perhaps this may be the last man who bears the

odious name of Pope; and the nations of Europe will be too wise to let a foreigner have any influence in their ecclesiastical concerns. Christianity has nothing to do with such a title, or such an office; and posterity will be thankful to Napoleon for the benefit he has conferred on mankind, by reducing the power of this prelate. This was an event to which our protestant forefathers looked forward with the most sanguine exultation: but their degenerate sons, half papists in their hearts, are such enemies to innovation, that they view with sorrow any amelioration in the affairs of mankind. To us the destruction of tyranny and superstition will always be pleasing: and in spite of protestant alarms, we rejoice in these eventful times, that the dynasty of Napoleon has effectually curbed the usurpations of popery, and procured the downfall of the inquisition. This is a presage of great future improvements, though the protestants will probably be the last to lay aside their intolerance.

The revolution in Sweden seems to be completely settled; and the new king is seated on the throne with universal satisfaction. We regret exceedingly, that a good account of the proceedings of the diet and of the new constitution has not reached England. In some respects the Swedish diet is superior to our parliament: for the interests of the lower classes are secured by a house of their own; and, it is said, that the debates in that house would not suffer on a comparison with those in our House of Commons. Assuredly it is not easy for men to legislate, when their own wishes and interests are to be consulted; and our game laws would undergo a considerable change, if they were to be examined in a house representing the farmers of this kingdom. As to the king, he seems to be very humanely taken care of, and to enjoy as much happiness as the peculiarities of his situation will admit. A deposed king must always be an object of some suspicion: but there is so little attractive in the character of this unfortunate sovereign, that he is not likely to have any partisans. The active employment that Russia is likely to have in another quarter may permit Sweden to recover from the

injuries inflicted on it, more by its late king than by its enemies.

The troops of Russia have marched against Austria, but did not arrive in time to assist in the grand conflict. The success of Bonaparte will accelerate their march, and the troops of Austria that may be in Poland must give way. As the opportunity is open for Russia to attack the Turks with vigour, and Constantine is said to be in motion, the time may be come for him to take his destined empire: and happily will it be for us, if the councils of Bonaparte should bend the same way, and his next effort should be the destruction of the Ottoman empire.

India has afforded room for much comment; and the setting aside of a commander-in-chief in that quarter has been very properly effected by the civil power. This has given rise to the promulgation of some strange doctrines at home on the nature of military discipline; but we know of no discipline that can be an excuse for the violation of a civil right. The military officer must take his alternative, either to obey his superior and disobey the civil power, or disobey his superior and obey the civil power, when the two powers clash: but in such a case we hold the civil power to be paramount, and the excuse of obedience to a superior officer can be of no avail in the eyes of the civil magistrate.

Many things at home have excited attention, such as the cause in which Mr. Wardle has been concerned; and which is made by the corrupt party a kind of set-off against the proceedings in the House of Commons, which raised that gentleman so very deservedly to a high degree of public esteem. His efforts in that cause cannot be obliterated in our minds by private concerns. To the public man we look, and to the public cause; but we are not surprised that his enemies and the enemies of the public should gladly lay hold of any opportunity to endeavour to bring him to the same level with themselves.—The proceedings in the East India Company, respecting the young men, whose places were fraudulently obtained, would give ample scope for animadversion. We can admire the humane steps taken

by many members of the court of proprietors on this occasion: and if the court of directors think it necessary to take the rigorous course, they are pledging themselves to a rule of action, which it will be incumbent in them to pursue in a manner that will be very beneficial to the public. But patronage is a great trial: and the history of all ages shews with what difficulty the private views of an individual are to be sacrificed to those objects for which he is invested with power.—The name of the Princess of Wales has been brought forward on an occasion which has given room for the exercise of great forbearance and generosity on the part of her husband, who has interfered to satisfy her creditors for an immense debt that she appears to have incurred. We trust that such conduct will produce its due effect and that economy, which is as necessary in the highest as in the lowest stations. We might indeed say more necessary, as it becomes those of high birth and high rank to set an example to their inferiors; and to live beyond one's income, whatever that income is, is in all stations very reprehensible.

But all these topics have merged in the consideration of the grand expedition. The preparations in our sea-ports have been immense. An army of nearly fifty thousand men, with all appointments for sieges or a campaign, is upon the seas. To what quarter it is directed, rumour only suggests, and this fixes the Scheldt for the first place of operations. At the mouth of it is the considerable island of Walcheren, of which it is said we are to take possession, and then to destroy or seize the ships of the line that have been built at Antwerp and other places on the river. This scheme is certainly feasible; but the length of time that has elapsed in collecting and embarking the troops, may have enabled the enemy to give us a warm reception. However successful it may be, we cannot but observe, that it has no tendency to assist the Austrians, or to prevent the French emperor from being the great arbiter of Europe. Great as our armament is, it is too small to advance far on the continent: and whilst we are taking an island, Bonaparte is settling the destinies of an empire.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To "J. G." we would observe, that in a lengthened composition there should be much of the *Lima Labor* employed. His *Ode* is not without some good stanzas, but, as a whole, it requires more polish. Before we insert it, this polish must be given, and we could also wish to have it complete in MS.

The communication of a "Constant Reader" has been received.

The letter on the presumptive plagiarism of *Catebs* does not seem to require insertion.

To "Tim Brief," who complains that no notice has been taken, in our first volume, of a certain Review, we observe, that the Review alluded to was not then in being: but if our friend Tim will look at p. 129 of the *Univ. Mag.* for August 1808, he will find what he wants. We thank him for his enclosures.

The "Review of Secrets made public" we decline, upon the principle of never admitting any criticisms upon books without a knowledge of the writer.

## HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

SUPPLEMENT to the LONDON GAZETTE, Tuesday, July 11.

*An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfeld, on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809, between the Archduke CHARLES of Austria, Generalissimo of the Imperial Austrian Armies, and the Emperor NAPOLEON, Commander in Chief of the French and allied Armies.*

THE Emperor Napoleon having, after some sanguinary engagements near Abensberg, Hausen, and Dinzlingen, in which the fortune of war favoured the Austrians, so as to force the French garrison at Ratisbon to surrender, succeeded in cutting off the left wing of the Austrian army, and driving it back to Landshut, and afterwards in advancing by Eckmühl with a superior corps of cavalry, taking the road of Egloffsheim, and forcing to retreat those Austrian corps that were posted on the heights of Leikepoint and Talnassing, the Archduke on the 23d of April crossed the Danube, near Ratisbon, and joined the corps of Bellegarde, who had opened the campaign by several successful affairs in the Upper Palatinate, had reached Amberg, Neumarkt, and Heman, and had by this time approached Stadt-am-Hof, in order to execute his immediate junction with the Archduke.

The Emperor Napoleon ordered the bombardment of Ratisbon, occupied by a few battalions who were to cover the passage of the Danube. On the 23d, in the evening, he became master of it, and immediately hastened along the right bank of the Danube to enter the Austrian States, in order, as he openly declared, to dictate peace at Vienna.

The Austrian army had taken a position near Cham, behind the river Regen, which was watched by some of the enemy's divisions, while the Emperor Napoleon called all the disposable troops, he forced marches, from the north of Germany to the Danube, and considerably reinforced his army with the troops of Wurtemberg, Hesse, Baden, and some time after with those of Saxony.

Near Kirm and Nittenau some affairs had happened between the out-

posts, which, however, had no influence upon the armies.

However easy it would have been for the Archduke to continue his offensive operations on the left bank of the Danube without any material resistance, and however gratifying it might have been to relieve provinces which were groaning beneath the pressure of foreign dominion, the preservation of his native land did permit him to suffer the enemy to riot with impunity in the entrails of the monarchy, to give up the rich sources of its independence, and expose the welfare of the subject to the devastations of foreign conquerors.

These motives induced the Archduke to conduct his army into Bohemia, by way of Klentsch and Neumarkt, to occupy the Bohemian forest with light troops and part of the militia, and to direct his march towards Budweis, where he arrived on the 3d of May, hoping to join, near Lintz, his left wing, which had been separated from him, and which was under the command of Lieut.-General Baron Hiller.

But the latter had been so closely pressed by the united force of the French armies, that, after several spirited engagements, and even after a brilliant affair, in which he had the advantage, near Neumarkt, and in which the troops achieved all that was possible against the disproportionate superiority of the enemy, he indeed was able to reach Lintz, but was incapable of crossing the Danube, and obliged to content himself with destroying the communication with the left bank, and taking up a position behind the Traun, near Ebersberg.—This was the occasion of an extremely murderous engagement, during which the enemy, in storming the bridge, lost near 4000 men: Ebersberg was set on fire; and Lieut.-General Hiller continued his retreat, till he got so much the start as to pass the Danube near Stain, without being disturbed by the enemy, and to wait the approach of the Archduke, who, after having vainly attempted the junction of the army near Lintz, had marched from Budweis to Zwettel; still hoping, by a quick passage of the Danube,



to arrest the enemy's progress towards the metropolis.

Meanwhile a corps of Wurtembergers had advanced from Passau along both the shores of the Danube, had occupied Lintz, and the bank opposite to it; had restored the bridge, and signalled itself by destroying the defenceless villages and castles, which could not be protected by the small advanced guard proceeding by the side of the main army.

The enemy, by marching through the valley of the Danube in the straightest line, had got so much ahead, that all hopes of coming up with him in front of Vienna vanished: still, however, if that city had been able to hold out for five days, it might have been relieved; and the Archduke resolved on venturing the utmost to rescue that good city, which, by the excellent disposition of its citizens, the faithful attachment to its sovereign, and its noble devotion, has raised to itself an eternal monument in the annals of Austria. All his plans were now directed towards gaining the bridges across the Danube, near Vienna, and endeavouring to save the imperial residence, by a combat under its very walls.

Vienna, formerly an important fortress, was in vain besieged by the Turks, and would even now, from the solidity of its ramparts, the strong profiles of its works, and the extensive system of its mines, be capable of making a protracted resistance, had not, for upwards of a century back, the luxury of a large metropolis, the wants of ease, the conflux of all the magnates in the empire, and the pomp of a splendid court, totally effaced every consideration of military defence. Palaces adorn the ramparts, the casements and ditches were converted into workshops of tradesmen, plantations mark the counter-scarps of the fortress, and avenues of trees traverse the glacis, uniting the most beautiful suburbs in the world to the Corps de la Place.

Although, under such circumstances, no obstinate resistance of the capital was to be expected, yet, from the unexampled loyalty of the inhabitants, it was confidently hoped that Vienna might, for a few days, serve as a tete-de-pont, to cover the passage of the

river; whence all preparations amounted to no more than to secure the place against a coup-de-main; and, for this reason, the Archduke had some time before directed Field-Marshal Hiller to send part of his corps along the right bank towards the capital, in the event of his (the Archduke's) passage to the left shore.

Field-Marshal Hiller now received orders to turn the bridge near Stain in his rear, to leave a small corps of observation near Krems, to hasten by forced marches with the bulk of his army to the environs of Vienna, and, as circumstances would permit, by occupying these small islands, to keep up the communication of the city and the debouché across the bridges.

The army of the Archduke now advanced, without interruption, by Neupolla, Horn, and Weikendorf, upon Stockerau; and, in order to overawe such enterprises as the enemy might project from the environs of Lintz, part of the corps of the General of artillery, Count Kollowrath, which, till then, had remained near Pilsen, with a view to secure the north and west frontier of Bohemia, was ordered to march to Budweis.

Napoleon had used so much expedition on his march to Vienna, that, on the 9th of May, his advanced troops appeared on the glacis of the fortress, whence they were driven by some cannon shot. From three to four thousand regular troops, as many armed citizens, and some battalions of country militia, defended the city; ordnance of various calibre were placed upon the ramparts; the suburbs were abandoned, on account of their great extent; and the numerous islands and low bushy ground behind the town were occupied by some light troops of the corps of Hiller, as well as by the militia.

The corps itself was posted on what is termed "the Point," on the left shore of the river, waiting the arrival of the army, which was advancing in haste.

The occupation of Vienna formed too essential a part in the extensive plans of the French Emperor; its conquest had been announced by him with too much confidence, and was of too great importance towards confirming the prejudice of his irresistible

power, for him not to employ every method of taking it before the assistance, which was so near, could arrive.

For the space of twenty-four hours the howitzers played upon the town; and though several houses were set on fire, the courage of the inhabitants remained unshaken. But a general devastation threatened their valuable property; and when, at length, the enemy, availing himself of the numerous craft which he found there, crossed the smaller branches of the Danube, dislodged the troops from the nearest islands, and menaced their communication with the left bank, the city was justified in capitulating, while the troops retreated by the great bridge of Tabur, which they afterwards set on fire.

The Archduke received this intelligence in his head quarters, between Heirn and Meissau; and though it was scarcely to be expected that the city, surrounded as it was, should continue its resistance, the Archduke proceeded on his march without interruption, flattering himself that he might be able to execute his favourite project by a bold attempt to pass the Danube near Vienna.

This city capitulated on the 13th of May, so that there was no further occasion to expose the army to hazard by crossing the Danube, for which no sufficient preparation had been made, and which must have been effected in the face of the enemy, and under local circumstances of the greatest disadvantage. By the surrender of Vienna the army had also lost a point of support on which to rest its military operations.

In this situation of affairs the Archduke resolved to collect his army at the foot of the hill Bisamberg, and allow it a few days of rest, which, after so many forced marches, it urgently wanted. The cavalry, for the convenience of water, was posted along the Russ, a rivulet, which is concealed by ground covered with bushes, and the advanced guard pushed forward to the Danube, in order to observe the movements of the enemy, and prevent his passing the river, which he had already attempted to do from Nussdorf, to what is called the Black Lücke, but with so little success, that a battalion of his advanced

guard was taken. The chain of the outposts extended on the left side as far as the March, and on the right to Krenis: this place and Presburg were occupied by some battalions; and the head quarters of the Archduke were, on the 16th of May, at Ebersdorf, near the high road leading to Brunn.

On the 19th the outposts reported, that the enemy had taken possession of the great island of Lobau, within about six English miles of Vienna; that his numbers increased there every hour, and that he seemed to be employed in throwing a bridge across the great arm of the Danube behind the island. From the top of the Bisamberg, the whole of the opposite country appeared to be enveloped in a cloud of dust, and the glitter of arms evinced a general movement of troops beyond Summering, towards Kaiser-Ebersdorf, whither, according to later accounts, the Emperor Napoleon had removed his head quarters, and was by his presence hastening and promoting the preparations for passing the river.

On the following morning, at day break, the Archduke resolved to reconnoitre the island, and employed for this purpose part of the advanced guard, under the command of Field-Marshal Lieutenant Count Klenau, supported by some regiments of cavalry.

The isle of Lobau forms a convenient place of arms, which is about six English miles long, and four and a half broad, and being separated by the large arm of the Danube from the right bank, nothing prevents the building of a bridge, which is concealed by ground covered with bushes; and the great extent of the island affords the advantage of sending troops and ordnance from so many points of it, that the passage across the smaller arm to the large plain of Marchfeld may be made good by force of arms.

It was soon perceived by the strength of the enemy's columns which advanced upon the island, and placed their cannon so as to support the second passage, that he meditated a serious attack. The advanced guard sustained a tolerably warm engagement, and the cavalry routed the first division of the enemy, which debouched from the low grounds on the

edge of the river, late in the evening; upon which the Archduke, whose intention was not to prevent the passage of the enemy, but to attack him the following day, retreated with his cavalry to Anderklau, and ordered the advanced troops to fall back to Maass, according as the enemy should extend himself.

On the 21st at day-break the Archduke ordered his army under arms, and formed it in two lines on the rising ground behind Gerasdorf, and between the Bisam-hill and the rivulet Russ. The corps of Lieut.-General Hiller formed the right wing near Stammersdorf; on its left was the corps of the General of cavalry Count Bellegarde, and next to that the corps of Lieut.-Gen. Prince Hohenzollern, in the alignment of Deutsch Wagram. The corps of Prince Rosenberg was posted by battalions in column on the Russbach on the rivulet Russ, kept Deutsch Wagram strongly occupied, having, for the security of the left wing, placed on the heights beyond that place a division *en reserve*. The whole cavalry, which the day before had advanced under the command of Prince Lichtenstein by Anderklau, was called back into the line, filling, in two lines, the space intervening between the left wing of Prince Hohenzollern and the right of Prince Rosenberg.

The vast plain of the Marchfield spread like a carpet before the front of the line, and appeared, by the absence of every obstruction, to be destined to form the theatre of some great event. The grenadiers remained in reserve near Seiering, and the corps of the General of Artillery Prince of Reuss kept the Bisam-hill, and the low bushy ground along the Danube strongly occupied. Part of it was still left near Krems, the corps being almost broke up by having so many of its divisions detached to so considerable a distance.

At nine o'clock, the Archduke ordered the arms to be piled, and the troops to dine. The picquet of observation on the Bisam-hill reported that the bridge across the Danube behind the isle of Lobau, being now quite finished, was plainly perceivable, and that troops were without intermission seen filing off over it, as well

as passing in boats, to the isle. The outposts, likewise, gave information, of the gradual augmentation of the enemy in the town of Enzersdorf and in the villages of Essling and Aspern, and of his advancing towards Hirschstetten.

The Archduke Charles now thought that the moment for giving battle had arrived, and hastened to Gerasdorf, where the chief of his Quarter-Master General's Staff, General Baron Wimpfen, sketched out the following plan:—

*Plan of attack upon the hostile army on its march between Essling and Aspern, and towards Hirschstetten.*

"The attack to be made in five columns. The first column, or the column of the right wing, is formed by the corps of Lieut.-General Hiller. It will advance from its present position in the direction between the 'Point' and Leopoldau along the nearest arms of the Danube, pass along the left bank towards Stodelau and Aspern, keep constantly near the Danube and the meadows bordering upon it, and is vigorously to repulse the enemy, who most likely will meet it on the same road, and to drive him from the left bank. This column must not suffer its progress to be impeded by the batteries which the enemy perhaps may have erected on the islands, but must endeavour to silence them by its cannon, and spiritedly continue to advance.

"The second column consists of the corps of the General of cavalry Count Bellegarde; leaving Gerasdorf to the left, it will march towards Leopoldau, endeavour to join the first column on the right, advance upon Kagran, and then, conjointly with the third column, upon the left, push forwards towards Hirschstetten.

"The third column is composed of the corps of Lieut.-General Prince Hohenzollern. It will march by Susenbrunn to Breitenlee, and from thence towards Aspern, and will endeavour to join on its right the second column, and on its left the fourth.

"The fourth column, under the command of Lieut.-General Prince Rosenberg, is made up of that part of his corps which is posted on the right bank of the rivulet Russ: it is to ad-

vance, by Anderklau and Raschdorf, towards Essling.

"The fifth column is formed by that part of Prince Rosenberg's corps which stands between Deutsch Wagram and Beaumersdorf. It will cross the Russ near Beaumersdorf, leave Raschdorf and Bischdorf to the right, endeavour to pass to the left round the town of Enzersdorf, and secure its left flank by the Archduke Ferdinand's regiment of hussars.

"The cavalry reserve, under the command of General Prince Lichtenstein, to march by the way of Anderklau, without coming in contact with the fourth column, between Raschdorf and Breitenlee, and straight to the New Inn, keeping continually at such a distance between the heads of the third and fourth columns as, in case of necessity, to be near at hand for the purpose of repelling the main body of the enemy's cavalry.

"The grenadier corps of reserve to march from Seiering into the position which the corps of Bellegarde has taken up behind Gerasdorf.

"All the columns and corps will march at twelve o'clock at noon. Their second lines to follow them at a suitable distance. Every column to form its own advanced guard. The order of march, and the distribution of the field pieces to be left to the judgment of the commanders of the respective corps. The whole will march by half divisions. Lieut.-Gen. Klenau to form the advanced guard of the fourth and fifth columns, and, before he advances, to suffer the heads of these columns to come quite up to him, in order that he may have at hand a sufficient support of infantry.

"Of the corps of cavalry, the brigade under the command of Veesey to be attached to the second column, and the regiment O'Reilly to the third; and both brigades are to repair immediately, the former to Gerasdorf and the latter to Sussenbrunn.

"The principal object in view is to drive back the enemy entirely over the first arms of the Danube, destroy the bridges he has thrown over them, and occupying the bank of the Lobau with a numerous artillery, especially howitzers.

"The infantry will form on the

plain in battalions, with half divisions from the centre.

"His Imperial Highness the General in chief recommends order, closeness during the advance, and a proper use of every species of arms. His station will be with the second column.

"Gerasdorf, May 21, 1809."

The columns consisted of—

1st.....	19 batt.....	22 squad.
2d.....	20.....	16
3d.....	22.....	8
4th.....	13.....	8
5th.....	13.....	16
The corps of cavalry ..	} —.....	78
The corps of grenadiers		
	16.....	—

Total 113 batt. 148 squad.

all which amounted to 75,000 men, effective troops.

Of artillery, there were 18 batteries of brigade, 13 of position, and 11 of horse artillery; in the aggregate two hundred and eighty-eight pieces of different calibres.

The enemy had availed himself extremely well of the advantages of the ground to cover his passage. The extensive villages of Essling and Aspern, mostly composed of brick houses, and encircled all round by heaps of earth, resembled two bastions between which a double line of natural trenches, intended to draw off the water, served as the curtain, and afforded every possible security to the columns passing from the isle of Lobau. Essling had a granary furnished with loopholes, and whose three stories afforded room for several hundred men, while Aspern was provided with a strong churchyard. The left side of the latter village borders on an arm of the Danube. Both villages had a safe communication with the bushy ground near the Danube, from which the enemy had it constantly in his power to dispatch, unseen, fresh reinforcements. The isle of Lobau served at once as a place of arms and as a tete-de-pont, a bridge-head for the bridge, in the rear across the main arm of the river.

The enemy with the divisions of Generals Molitor, Boudet, Nansouty,

Legrand, Espagne, Lasalle, and Fer-  
rand, under the Marshals Massena  
and Lasnes, as well as Marshal Bes-  
sieres, together with the guards of the  
Wurtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt and  
Baden auxiliaries, had already left  
this position, and was directing his  
march towards Hirschatetten, when  
the first Austrian advanced guards  
met him.

If it be at all permitted in war,  
to indulge favourable presentiments,  
it was certainly excusable so to do at  
that great moment, when, on the 21st  
of May, exactly at twelve o'clock, the  
columns began to put themselves in

motion for the attack.—A general en-  
thusiasm had taken possession of the  
troops—joyful war-songs, accompa-  
nied by Turkish music, resounded  
through the air, and were interrupted  
by shouts of "Long live our Emperor,  
long live the Archduke Charles!"  
whenever the Imperial General ap-  
peared, who had placed himself at  
the head of the second column. Every  
breast panted with anxious desire and  
high confidence after the decisive  
moment; and the finest weather fa-  
voured the awful scene.

(To be continued.)

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

### CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

**DIED.]** At Cambridge, aged 57,  
Mr. Samuel Barker, keeper of  
Hobson's Workhouse (commonly call-  
ed the Spinning-house) in St. Andrew's  
street. He succeeded his father in that  
situation in the year 1788; since that  
time, by the strictest integrity of con-  
duct, and humane attention to the  
unhappy who came under his care,  
he gained great credit to himself, and  
gave general satisfaction to the trust  
under which he acted.

### CUMBERLAND.

At Harrowslack sheep-shearing the  
attendance was greater than on any  
former occasion; nearly 100 gentle-  
men and farmers dined with Mr. Cur-  
wen, in a tent erected for the occasion:  
a large assemblage of shepherds also  
partook of the hospitalities of the day.  
The show of cattle was numerous, and  
many admirable specimens of the  
long horn exhibited. Mr. Curwen's  
flock is greatly increased, and much  
improved. The sheep clipped well:  
the average of the whole was 8lb. 9½oz.  
—Mr. Curwen strongly recommended  
attention to the improvement of the  
fleece. The first and second premiums  
given by the society were both ad-  
judged to cloth manufactured entirely  
of Southdown wool.

### DORSETSHIRE.

Dorchester Annual Wool Fair was  
well attended; nearly 300 growers and  
buyers sat down to an excellent col-  
lation in Mr. Davy's large barn, Earl

Macclesfield in the chair. After the  
cloth was removed, the Earl addressed  
the company on the state of the wool  
markets, and on the prospect of the  
great advantages likely to accrue from  
this establishment. The company  
then adjourned to another barn of  
Mr. Davy's, when the sale commenced.  
—Leicester 38s. per tod and upwards.  
—Berkshire, from 35s. to 40s.—South-  
Downs, from 3 guineas to 3l. 10s.

### ESSEX.

The Annual Meeting of the Essex  
Agricultural Society was held, as  
usual, at Chelmsford, and some very  
good stock was exhibited. Besides those  
which gained the premiums, there  
were many animals particularly en-  
titled to notice; there were six cart  
stallions, some of which were very  
capital; likewise, a good three-year-  
old cart colt belonging to Mr. Robin-  
son, not entered, and a very beautiful  
blood horse, by Whisky, the property  
of Mr. Parsons, of Stoke. The prize  
was adjudged to a cart stallion, the  
property of Mr. Mason. The cattle  
exhibited were principally of the  
Devon breed; there was, however, a  
three-year-old Holderness bull, the  
property of Mr. Pooley, to which the  
prize was given. The premium for  
the best cow was given to Mr. Waters,  
a very fine animal of the Devon breed,  
who had a premium for the long-  
woolled ram. Mr. Burgoyne's team  
of Devon oxen excited universal ad-  
miration; and Mr. Bygrave's fat hei-  
fers of the Holderness kind, particularly

one of them, were remarkably fine.—The South-down ewe hoggets shewn were very good; and there were some half-bred Merino and Southdown, belonging to Mr. Kortwright, which were very pretty, and the superior weight and quality of their fleeces is an object worthy of the consideration of all breeders. Mr. Burgoyne had likewise some half-bred Merino and South-down, which appeared to carry very fine fleeces. There were some very good South-down rams of Lord Petre's and Mr. Dunkin's, besides one of Mr. Honeywood's, and another of Mr. Westin's, not entered. Mr. Thurlow had the premiums for fine wool, ram and ewe hoggets. Mr. Lee for the best boar. Premiums were allowed to labourers, &c. as usual.

At dinner, Mr. Hanbury presided in the chair.

*Harwich, July 23.*—In our harbour there are now laying upwards of sixty sail of ships, thirty of which are transports full of troops, and four armed brigs; the rest are vessels detained by the embargo; the sight is truly animating, the number of brave fellows on board the transports, the music playing, the bustle of boats passing and repassing to the shore, the Generals and their Staff Officers parading the streets of Harwich, and the particular fineness of the weather, render it a sight very interesting.

*Died.*] In his 88th year, after imprudently drinking a quantity of cold water, whilst warm, in attending his haymakers, the Rev. Hen. Lewes, M.A. Vicar of Mucking and Broxted, both in this county.

#### HAMPSHIRE.

A shocking murder was lately committed on the road leading from the village of Pepper, New Forest, to Goring, by two fellows, on the body of a smuggler, who was conveying some property in a tilted cart, in company with a little girl, his daughter. The ruffians demanded the man's money, and having a quantity of guineas about him to convey to Portsmouth, he refused compliance to the robbers' request, when they beat him with their bludgeons until he was lifeless, and got at his property, leaving the little girl bound in the cart; and after

taking out the horses, and turning them loose on the common, the villains decamped.

*Died.*] At Hook Cottage, Horn-dean, Miss Mary Mottley, aged 13, daughter of Mr. J. C. M. of Portsmouth. The deceased was of a most amiable and affectionate disposition, and her abilities of a superior cast. Prepossessing in her manners, her loss is most sensibly felt by her parents and a numerous acquaintance.

#### HERTFORDSHIRE.

During the violent thunder-storm on Tuesday, July the 4th, the house of Captain Smith, of East-hull, in this county, took fire, in consequence of the lightning communicating to the bell-wires of the first floor. The room was in a blaze before the accident was discovered, and the house was burnt to the ground; none of the furniture being saved, except that on the ground floor.

#### KENT.

*Died.*] At Town Malling, sincerely esteemed and lamented, William Perfect, M.D. who after having devoted a long life to the service of the most wretched of his fellow creatures, in the very skilful and humane exercise of his profession, may truly be said to have diminished the sum of human misery; while by the amiable and social qualities of his mind, and the generous and constant distribution of his property, he contributed in an equal degree to the stock of sublunary happiness. His social and moral virtues will long be remembered by the ancient and honourable society of Free and Accepted Masons, in this county; and the memory of their zealous and affectionate Grand Master will be long and ardently cherished, while the numerous dependants upon his bounty will do ample justice to the goodness of his heart, and acknowledge with regret that in him humanity has lost a friend.

#### LANCASHIRE.

It is intended to take down the spire and part of the steeple of St. George's Church, at Liverpool, a measure which, though greatly to be regretted on account of the architectural beauty of the structure, is yet become absolutely necessary to the security of the

inhabitants, and all who attend the market.

A number of catholic gentlemen, students, &c. who left Liege some years since, when the French troops entered that city, have at length been enabled to form an establishment at Stonyhurst, in this county, where they are making a laudable attempt to introduce the sciences, in their improved state, into their common course of education. As a first step, a handsome room for a library, and another for a mathematical apparatus have been built; to which it is intended to add a chemical laboratory as soon as possible. It is not doubted that they will soon be enabled not only to finish the erection of their building, but to procure the books and instruments necessary for the completion of their undertaking; a very liberal subscription having been procured among the friends to their establishment.

#### LINCOLNSHIRE.

*Died*] At Stamford, Mr. Daniel Lambert, so long celebrated for his immense bulk. Mr. L. had arrived from Huntingdon, but a few days previous to his decease, intending to receive the visits of the curious who might attend the ensuing races. On Tuesday evening he sent a message to the office of the Stamford paper, requesting that, as the "mountain could not wait upon Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain,"—or, in other words, that the printer would call upon him, and receive an order for executing some hand-bills announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival, and his desire to see company. The orders he gave upon that occasion were delivered without any presentiment that they were to be his last, and with his usual cheerfulness. He was in bed—one of large dimensions, ("Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa")—fatigued with his journey, but anxious that the bills might be quickly printed, in order to his seeing company next morning. Before nine o'clock on that morning, however, he was a corpse! Nature had endured all the trespass she could admit: the poor man's corpulency had constantly increased, until at the time we have mentioned, the clogged machinery of life stood still, and this prodigy of

mammon was numbered with the dead.

He was in his 40th year; and upon being weighed, within a few days, by the famous Caledonian balance, (in the possession of Mr. King of Ipswich) was found to be 52 stone 11lbs. in weight, (14lbs. to the stone) which is 10 stone 11lbs. more than the great Mr. Bright of Essex, ever weighed. He had apartments at Mr. Beiridge's, the Waggon and Horses, in St. Martin's, on the ground floor, for he had long been incapable of walking up stairs. His coffin, in which his remains were with great difficulty placed, was 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, and 2 feet 4 inches deep: the immense substance of his legs made it necessarily almost a square case. The celebrated Sarcophagus of Alexander, viewed with so much admiration at the British Museum, would not nearly contain this immense sheer hulk.

The coffin, which consisted of 112 superficial feet of elm, was built upon two axle-trees and four clog wheels; and upon these the remains of the BIG man were rolled into his grave; which is in the new burial ground at the back of St. Martin's church. A regular descent was made, by cutting away the earth slopingly for some distance. The window and wall of the room in which he lay were taken down, to allow his exit. He was buried at eight o'clock on Friday morning. Having been extricated from the lodging in which he died, his remains were drawn by eight men with ropes to the burial ground: into the church it was not possible to take him. As might be expected of such a corpse, in a very few hours after death, almost all identity of feature was lost; and although he was buried in eight and forty hours, his remains had been kept quite as long as was prudent. A large concourse attended his funeral; and in the course of the day, many hundred persons from the neighbourhood visited his grave.

Mr. Lambert was an intelligent and pleasant companion; and notwithstanding his extreme corpulence, his limbs are said to have borne a very exact proportion to each other. In his youth he was an excellent swimmer; and he has for many years been

celebrated in the sporting world as a great breeder and feeder of cocks. He was also famous for his dogs; some of which were sold at Tattersall's a short time ago, at prices which proved the estimation in which Lambert was held by sportsmen of the first eminence. Extraordinary as it may appear, it is true, that he had his greyhounds with him at Stamford when he died, and intended to have taken the diversion of coursing in the season!—that is, he meant to have been taken in his carriage to an open country, where he might have seen his dogs pursue the game. It is said that Stamford is the last place at which he meant to exhibit himself for a price. He has a sister living at Leicester, who attended his funeral.

At Scottlethorpe, Mr. Samuel Clay, an eminent astrologer. The remains of this extraordinary man happened to be buried upon a very tempestuous day; and that circumstance has much strengthened a notion which had been long prevalent in a district round his dwelling, that the deceased was in his life time a *very potent* MAGICIAN!—Fools are the produce of every province, or perhaps a regard for the fame of our native county, might prevent our relating what a surprising influence the habits of this man had acquired over a number of people within some miles of him. He was verily believed of many to be a *Conjuror*, and he practised as such for the space of thirty years with considerable success!—If any thing could be an excuse for the credulity of those whom this "Sam Clay," as he was called, deceived, his superior cunning, and the very extraordinary and impressive figure of the man, might perhaps be pleaded. He was born at Scottlethorpe, and was for a short time apprenticed to a baker there; but having had a little education, he disdained the *unlearned* pursuit of his master, and led an idle half-studious life in his father's cottage, on the Grimsthorpe domain; to which cottage, on the death of his father, he succeeded. By that time the recluse life of the man had occasioned some conversation, and he was regarded with a degree of terror by the children of the neighbouring villages.

He stood six feet in height, was remarkably erect and thin, with "eyes severe and coat of formal cut, full of wise saws he was and modern instances;" and his loins were usually girt with a belt, his waistcoat was of goat or dog-skin, and ever at the "witching time o'night" he prowled abroad! In a little while his fame became very general, and silly people from considerable distances resorted to his habitation, to have their difficulties dispelled, and take the benefit of his occult studies: almost innumerable are the instances adduced in which this cunning man hit upon expedients to relieve and satisfy his ignorant votaries. Being consulted by a man who had lost some traps for catching vermin in the purlieus of Grimsthorpe Park, the astrologer told him he would, by the *second sunrise*, discover the person who had stolen them! He employed the interval in making reasonable enquiries; and having suspicion of the offender, he went to a field in which the man was at work, and, accosting him with all the confidence and severity necessary for his purpose, "You stole——'s traps," said he. The appalled offender, smitten with his guilt, and with the *impossibility* of deceiving his accuser, confessed the fact, and told where he had secreted the stolen articles. "I charge you," concluded the conjuror, "move them not from the spot in which they lie, nor speak of the confession you have made to me, on pain of the most terrible torments my skill is able to inflict." The man who had sustained the loss, called again at the time appointed, and, by the direction of Sam Clay to a particular part of the offender's cottage, recovered his property. Of course the amazing skill of the conjuror was trumpeted in all quarters.

A few years ago, this Sam Clay, having, we suppose, misplaced one of his spells, was reduced to the dire necessity of declaring, by advertisement in a newspaper, that *he was no conjuror!* and of begging pardon of an innocent person whom he had charged with theft! This circumstance had but a slight and temporary effect upon his reputation, and he died in full feather as a magician, in the 80th year of his age.



## NORFOLK.

The anniversary of the Norfolk Agricultural Society was lately held at East Dereham, and attended by most of the surrounding gentlemen.

T. W. Coke, Esq. president. Amongst other important business, it was agreed that, besides the two general meetings in July and February, there should be another at Norwich upon some Friday in April; and that for shew at the two meetings, in February at Lynn and in April at Norwich, premiums should be offered for the best and second best pens of one-year-old wethers of the Norfolk, southdown, Leicester, and best-improved cross from the merino breeds, and also for the best and the second best bullocks not more than four-years old, which wethers and bullocks need not have been bred by the persons who produce them. Premiums were agreed to be offered for water meadows, crops of lucerne, hemp, Swedish turnips, and economy in feeding horses; and also to labourers, dairy maids, cottagers growing potatoes and vegetables, and to cottagers for keeping bees. Six claims were made by shepherds for producing the greatest number of lambs.—In the first class Mr. Wymer's shepherd, of Lannias, J. Clarke, gained the premium of 2*l.* for producing 326 lambs from 248 ewes, of which he lost five, against Mr. P. Bell's shepherd, who had 404 lambs from 328 ewes, of which he lost 6.—In the second class, Mr. Styleman's shepherd, J. Flood, received the premium of 3*l.* for 459 lambs from 400 ewes, of which he lost 24.—In the third class, Mr. Barber's shepherd, J. Boom, gained the premium of 4*l.* for 855 lambs from 606 ewes, of which he lost 16; against Mr. Styleman's shepherd, James Paimain, who had 644 lambs from 605 ewes, of which he lost 43.—In the fifth class was one claimant, who had 936 lambs from 987 ewes, of which he lost 15; but this was deemed not deserving of a premium.—Of the premiums for stock, Mr. Moseley (without competition) received that for the best southdown ram. Two pens of southdown theaves were shewn by Mr. E. Beck and Mr. W. M. Hill; the first premium was adjudged to the former, and the second to the latter.—Mr. Moseley gained the premium for the boar,

against Mr. E. Beck and Mr. Clarke, of Reymerstone.—One bull only was sent, but the judges deemed him undeserving of the premium.—It was recommended to the Society to consider the propriety of offering a premium for carrots, and also for the pure merino breed of sheep, as well as the cross, at a future period.

The corporation of Lynn are said to have it in contemplation to erect a new bridge leading to St. German's, Wisbech, &c. on the site of that now called Long Bridge, crossing the river Nar, which has long been in a dangerous dilapidated state.

Thetford Wool Fair this season was most numerous and respectably attended, but very little business was done. Mr. Coke offered his southdown wool at four guineas per tod, which did not, however, sell at that price: 3*l.* 17*s.* was given for a flock.

A short time since, as a benevolent friend, in the western part of this county, was walking over his estate, he perceived a poor woman breaking down his fences for fire-wood, and, addressing her, said "he would endeavour to find means for preventing it in future." The poor woman returned home, under the expectation of receiving a visit from the officers of justice; but, to her agreeable surprise, in a few hours afterwards, a chaldron of coals was sent by the orders of her injured reprover, who, meeting with her the following day, thus accosted her,—“I think, friend, I have found a preventative to your breaking down my fences in future; and when the means I have adopted are exhausted, I will try and find others to prevent a repetition thereof.” If this humane example were followed in every parish of the kingdom, there would be less cause for complaint against wood-stealers and fence-breakers.

*Did.*] At Norwich, Dr. Beckwith, the celebrated Organist.

Few men have commanded or deserved more universal admiration and respect than Dr. Beckwith, and to the lovers of music in this city in particular his loss may be pronounced irreparable. He displayed very early in life strong musical talents, and

received his education under Dr. Philip Hayes, then Professor of Music at Oxford: he was there distinguished no less for his uncommon and close application to the study of music as a science, than for his extraordinary powers as an organist. Here indeed, for the bold and striking genius with which he conceived, the correct and brilliant manner in which he executed, and the uncommonly rich, classical, original, and truly scientific style in which he performed his inimitable Voluntaries, he may be pronounced to be without a rival. His style of organ playing might be said to be peculiarly and thoroughly his own, and the delight which his performances on that instrument gave will long be remembered by those who have heard them. His compositions were not numerous. The principal of them were a collection of Voluntaries and a set of Anthems, both written when he was young. His last work was a collection of Chants, in which he had been long engaged, and which appeared this year. The same strong and masterly hand appeared in his written compositions as in his Voluntaries. His style was formed upon the best models, and many of his writings would have done honour to Purcell or Croft.—It must ever be a subject of regret to the lovers of sacred music, that Dr. Beckwith did not enjoy more leisure from the duties of a laborious profession to devote to composition. We have just enough to know what his mind was capable of.—Great as were Dr. Beckwith's powers, as a musician, and much as his time was occupied in his profession, he never neglected or forgot his duties as a man, and a member of society; on the contrary, he discharged them with an unusual degree of correctness and diligence. Several of the most useful charities in this city were partly indebted to him for their origin, and they never ceased to receive from him the most steady and active assistance. We might go on to enumerate his many and great qualities, but we feel it to be needless. Few men were better known than Dr. Beckwith—few were more sincerely beloved and admired—few will be more deeply lamented.

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In the prime of life, Mr. John Rivett, of East Dereham, formerly master of the academy at Wymondham, His abilities as a scholar entitled him to considerable respect amidst his numerous pupils; and the cheerfulness of his disposition, added to the integrity of his general conduct, will make his death lamented, and his memory revered by his relatives and friends.

#### NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

*Died.*] At Duddington, John Smith, M.D. He was of an ancient family in North Britain, and after serving several years as a surgeon in the Navy, settled at Eppingham, in Rutlandshire, in the same house where two of his immediate predecessors and countrymen, Drs. Fordyce and Garthshore, had been so successful as to establish themselves afterwards with eminence in London, as physicians. He was for many years in extensive and respectable practice in the principal families in the town and neighbourhood; punctual and indefatigable in his profession, and, in addition to his medical services, ever charitable to the poor.

#### SHROPSHIRE.

At Shrewsbury Fair, this season, pasture wool sold from 15s. to 21s. per stone; fine fleece ditto, from 30s. to 40s.: the first found ready purchasers, but of the latter the sale was not so brisk. Cheese sold from 63s. to 75s.

#### SUFFOLK.

Captain Barclay, who lately undertook, for a wager of 1000 guineas, to walk a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, completed his most astonishing performance on Wednesday afternoon, the 12th of July. He began his last mile about half past three o'clock, in high spirits, and performed it in about eighteen minutes. A silk flag was carried in triumph before him, with the inscription, "*Long live the man of a thousand*," followed by twelve persons decorated with cockades. The influx of company had so much increased on Sunday, that it was recommended that the ground should be roped in. To this, however, Captain Barclay objected, saying that he did not like such parade. The crowd, however,

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became so great on Monday, and he had experienced so much interruption, that he was prevailed upon to allow this precaution to be taken, and the last morning the workmen began to rope in the ground. For the last two days he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his mile with apparently more ease, and in shorter time than he had done for some days past. With the change of the weather, he had thrown off his loose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and on Wednesday performed in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes remarkably thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat? he said he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awakened twice or thrice in the night, to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of long repose. One hundred to one, and indeed any odds whatever, were offered on Wednesday morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success, that no bets could be obtained. The multitude of people who resorted to the scene of action, in the course of the concluding days, was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured at Newmarket, Cambridge, or any of the towns and villages in the vicinity, and every horse and every species of vehicle was engaged. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed, on Wednesday, the conclusion of this extraordinary feat, were—the Dukes of Argyll and St. Alban's; Earls Grosvenor, Besborough, and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, &c. &c. The Captain has won about 2000*l.* and the aggregate of betting may be computed at 15,000*l.*

The benefactions of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Mr. Myddleton, and Mrs. Ann Cam, to poor clergymen with good characters and large families, were this year distributed to 110 persons by the governors of the Sons of the Clergy, viz. to 97 of them 45*l.* each, and to 13 of them 10*l.* each.—Among whom thirty-four of these gentlemen had 320 children; and the highest income was one of 113*l.* (viz.

the Rev. William Betham, of Kenton and Aspal, in this county, who has fourteen children) of the rest none exceeded 90*l.* and some as low as only 25*l.* making an average of but 54 13*s.* for the maintenance of each child!!!  
*Died.*] At Framlingham, Miss Toms, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Isaac Toms, of Hadleigh, in the same county.

#### YORKSHIRE.

*Died.*] In his 80th year, Alexander Hunter, M.D. F.R.S. L. & E. and Physician to the York Lunatic Asylum. He practised nearly 50 years in this city, with the highest eminence and credit in his professional character; his knowledge of which was the result of science, skill, and well-founded experience. His goodness as a man,—his urbanity and gentlemanly manners,—his practice of every real and social virtue,—the manly and pleasing manner with which he gave his advice, whether as a physician, a friend, or a mentor,—his encouragement of the arts, or whatever appeared to be beneficial to mankind,—will ever embalm his memory in the hearts of his friends, and of all those who had an opportunity of knowing him, while his family and connections will long have to regret the loss of a tender husband, an affectionate parent, a kind relative, and an indulgent and liberal master. In the world of letters he was highly esteemed, being author and annotator of several works of great merit, among which were his editions of "Evelyn's Sylva," 2 vols. 4to.; "Georgical Essays," 6 vols. 8vo. &c. &c. In his leisure hours he used occasionally to amuse himself with composing miscellaneous pieces, such as "Essays on Cases of Insanity," on "Agriculture," &c. &c. and which were always well received by the public. His remains were interred in the church of St. Michael le Belfrey, attended by a numerous and very respectable body of his friends and fellow citizens.

#### WALES.

A woman of the name of Plosser, residing at Hay, Brecknockshire, who had been for some time in a very ill state of health, was lately supposed, by the persons in attendance on her, to have died, and the necessary prepa-

rations for the funeral had commenced. The body was laid out by a female usually employed on such occasions; who, on returning to the house about six hours afterwards, and observing the hands had been removed from the situation they had been placed in, concluded some person had been in the room: but, on going to close the window, was greatly alarmed by the supposed corpse exclaiming, "Do not close my mouth, for I am not yet dead," which threw her into fits. The sick person has since so far recovered as to be able to sit up in her room, is still living, although in a very languid state; and she declares that she heard all the conversation which passed relative to her funeral, but, from extreme weakness, had not the power of speech or motion.

## SCOTLAND.

The annual fair at Stobsmoor, in the vicinity of Dundee, was held on Tuesday, July 18. There was a greater show of cattle than usual, and they found a ready sale. Cattle in good condition were quickly bought up, at 15 to 20 per cent. above last year's prices.—In the evening an affray took place, which arose from the breaking of the head of a drum, belonging to a recruiting party of the 25th regiment of foot, in which the crowd and some soldiers of the artillery took one side, and the soldiers of the 25th took the other side. The soldiers used their swords and bayonets, and the populace stones and sticks. A young man was struck so violently on the head by a stone, that, though he had strength to go home, he expired the following morning. Two soldiers were carried to the barracks in a state of insensibility, and with many wounds. One Edmonstone, a porter, had his skull cleft with a sword, and numbers received dangerous blows; but they are all in the way of recovery.

*Ayr, July 20.*—We have waited for some time in expectation of hearing of some tremendous concussion of the terraqueous globe: but the immediate scene of the disaster may have been so distant, as to cause the lapse of some weeks before intelligence can reach us. Tuesday, the 15th inst. was a fine

day; the atmosphere betrayed no symptom of commotion; not a drop of rain fell; yet a noise, resembling that of thunder, was heard, at the same instant, on the western shore of Carrick, and in the interior of the island. By some it was compared to the firing of two or three pieces of cannon in rapid succession; to others it seemed the rattling of many chariots; and to others the falling of houses or other buildings, inasmuch that the labourer, for a moment, suspended his toil, and looked towards the nearest edifice to ascertain whether it was still standing, or hastened to an eminence to behold the expected cavalcade of carriages: but no object met his view, either to realise his fear, or gratify his curiosity. There was no tremor of the ground perceptible by human sensation: but the brute creation perceived it; for horses and cows, while at feed, with the utmost composure, were seized with a sudden startling, not to be accounted for from the annoyance of insects or any similar cause, and ran with marks of the greatest consternation from one end of the field to another. In short, from every account which we have been able to obtain, respecting this singular phenomenon, we are led to conclude that it was occasioned by the extreme vibration, the dying away of an earthquake.

*Died.*] Lately, at Locknaw Castle, at an advanced age, Sir Stair Agnew, Baronet.

At Manse of Aberdour, the Rev. Andrew Youngson, minister of that parish, in the 83d year of his age, and forty-third of his ministry. He was long and severely distressed, but bore his afflictions with the greatest fortitude.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

Marshal Lasnes, Duke of Montebello, mortally wounded on the 22d of May, at the village of Essling, like many other French Generals, had experienced great vicissitudes of fortune. Passing over, therefore, the parentage and birth of Lasnes, his plebeian condition occasioned him, when a revolutionary General of Division, to be suspected, by the aristocratic members of the Committee

of Public Safety, of having taken, in concert with Houchard, a bribe to allow the Duke of York to escape from Dunkirk. Houchard was guillotined, and Lasnes was imprisoned in the Madonnalletes, at Paris, where the writer of this article had the fate to be immured also, in consequence of the decree of the 15th of Sept. 1793, against the subjects of all states at war with France. Lasnes, faithful however to the republic, then the idol of all Frenchmen, so far from resenting on the new government the personal injuries he was sustaining, employed his time in teaching all his young fellow-prisoners to march in close order along the Corridor of that spacious prison, (once a convent) intimating to them that they would sooner or later be called upon to defend their country. The report of his loyalty, thus manifested, obtained him his liberty, and he was sent to join Pichegru's victorious army, from which period he continued to gain rank and esteem; and it has been said that, next to Murat and Angereau, Bonaparte has rated his merits as a soldier. He was nearly 35 years of age, about five feet ten inches high, and of a very becoming martial appearance.

At Cassel, the celebrated Swiss historian, Johannes Von Muller. In his great history of his native country, he asserted, with spirit and talent, republican principles, which he however found compatible with obedience to arbitrary monarchs. He had entered successively into the service of the Elector of Mainz and the Emperor of Germany, as librarian; of the King of Prussia, as historiographer; and lastly, of King Jerome of Westphalia, first as Secretary of State, and afterwards as Minister of Public Instruction.

At Bushire, from whence he was proceeding with the Embassy to the Court of Persia, as Persian and Latin translator, Charles Lechmere Coore, Esq. of the Bombay Civil Establishment, in the 21st year of his age.

At Roseau, Dominica, in consequence of the fatigue he underwent at the capture of Martinique, Captain M'Dougall, of the 46th regiment.

At New York, America, June 8, the celebrated Thomas Paine, author of the Rights of Man, Age of Reason, &c. one of the founders of American Independence. He was buried with great funeral pomp at New Rochelle.

At Gumpendorf, near Vienna, aged 76, the celebrated musical composer, Joseph Haydn, Maestro di Capella to his Serene Highness Prince Esterhazy. Was born at Rorau, in Lower Austria, in 1733. His father, a wheelwright by trade, played upon the harp without the least knowledge of music, which, however, excited the attention of his son, and first gave birth to his passion for music. In his early childhood he used to sing to his father's harp the simple tunes which he was able to play, and being sent to a small school in the neighbourhood, he there began to learn music regularly; after which he was placed under Reuter, Maestro di Capella of the cathedral at Vienna; and, having a voice of great compass, was received into the choir, where he was well taught, not only to sing, but to play on the harpsichord and violin. At the age of eighteen, on the breaking of his voice, he was dismissed from the cathedral. After this, he supported himself during eight years as well as he could by his talents, and began to study more seriously than ever. In 1759, he was received into the service of Count Marzin, as director of his music, whence, in 1761, he passed to the palace of Prince Esterhazy, to whose service he had been constantly attached ever since.

Besides his numerous pieces for instruments, he has composed many operas for the Esterhazy theatre, and church music that has established his reputation as a deep contrapuntist. His *Stabat Mater* has been performed and printed in England, and his oratorio of the *Creation*; his oratorio of *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, composed in 1773 for the benefit of the widows of musicians, has been annually performed at Vienna since, and is as high in favour there as Handel's *Messiah* in England. His instrumental *Passions*, in parts, is among his most exquisite productions. —It entirely consists of slow movements, on the subject of the last seven sentences of our Saviour, as recorded in the Evangelists. These strains are

so truly impassioned and full of heart-felt grief and dignified sorrow, that, though the movements are all slow, the subjects, keys, and effects are so new and so different, that a real lover of music will feel no lassitude or wish for lighter strains to stimulate attention.

His innumerable symphonies, quartets, and other instrumental pieces, which are so original and so difficult, have the advantage of being rehearsed and performed at Esterhazy, under his own direction, by a band of his own forming, who have apartments in the palace, and practice from morning to night, in the same room, according to Fischer's account, like the students in the conservatorios of Naples. Ideas so new and so varied were not at first so universally admired in Germany as at present. The critics in the northern parts of the empire were up in arms, condemning him for his eccentricities, and want of adherence to established rules: but this is a censure which the admirable Haydn long since silenced; for he is as much respected by professors for his science as invention. Indeed, his compositions are in general so new to the player and hearer, that they are equally unable, at first, to keep pace with his inspiration.

Dr. Burney, in his History of Music, observes that, "from the productions

of the admirable and matchless Haydn, he has received more pleasure late in his life, when tired of most other music, than he ever received in the most ignorant and rapturous part of his youth, when every thing was new, and the disposition to be pleased undiminished by criticism or satiety."

The Rev. Mr. Latrobe, in the preface to his Selection of Sacred Music, says, "Haydn is justly considered as the father of music in our day; for though, during his younger years, he diligently studied the works of every great master, ancient and modern, his transcendent genius, soaring above them all, soon called the attention of the whole musical world upon himself: all admiring him for the beauty, boldness, and originality of his works, and afterwards regarding him as the best pattern for study and imitation. Far from being actuated by the impulses of envy, so common among the sons of harmony, I never heard him speak of his numerous imitators, (whose airy productions, more suited to the indolence of some, and to the weak musical capacity of others, seemed even to supplant the original in the public esteem) without allowing them all the merit which they really possess. To enter into a description of his worth, both as the greatest master of the art and as a private character, would exceed my ability."

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JUNE 22, to JULY 22, 1809, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]-----The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

**A**TKINS J. Norwood, dealer in cattle, (Collett and Co. Chancery-lane).

Edlton J. R. John-street, Adelphi, wine-merchant, (Hanham, Great Piazza, Covent-garden). Butterworth J. Abchurch-lane, (Druce, Billiter-square). Bickford J. Brixham, shopkeeper, (Ballachy, Capel-court). Brodie O. South Shields, cord-wainer, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Brockbank T. Ulverston, Wilson D. Gillespy J. and Taylor J. Maryport, cotton-manufacturers, (Bacon, Southampton-street).

Cook J. Bristol, looking-glass manufacturer, (Bauford, Jamaica-row). Collyer J. Bolton, cotton-manufacturer, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Coulson S. T. and Cor-der J. K. Lynn Regis, seedmen, (James, White Lyon-street). McCulloch A. Upper Grosvenor-street, navy agent, (Eves, Chapel-street). Cogan T. Houndsditch, stationer, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-

street). Cowley E. Threadneedle-street, merchant, (Dawes, Angel-court). Crush W. Chelmsford, upholsterer, (Adams, Old Jewry).

Dewhurst J. Halifax, grocer, (Hodgson, Surrey-street). Dodds J. Aldersgate-street, goldsmith, (Higden and Co. Curriers-hall). Downs R. J. Maid-lane, baker, (Field and Co. Clifford's-Inn). Davis J. Holborn, trunk-maker, (Syddall, Aldersgate-street). Dunster T. Somerton, plumber and glazier, (Pearson, Pump-court). Dunage S. St. Paul's Church yard, trunk-maker, (Hall, Coleman-street).

Fuller J. J. Yoxford, shopkeeper, (Harr-rott and Co. Lincoln's Inn, New-square). Forrest J. King-street, baker, (Richardson, Bury-street). Fennel J. Bath, marble-mason, (Gabbell, Lincoln's-Inn). Farmer J. Hougham, dealer and chapman, (Blake-lock and Co. Elm-court, Temple).

Geddes A. Finsbury-place, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Gray J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, (Grev, Gray's Inn-square). Gibson G. Liverpool, pipe-maker, (Aron, Liverpool).

Hockly, A. M. Wickwar, cheese-factor, (James, Gray's Inn-square). Harris, E. Gulston-square, stationer, (Harman, Wine-office-court). Heywood W. and R. S. M. hester, linen-merchants, (Duckworth and Co. Manchester). Heywood J. Manchester, baker, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Hawke T. Great Yarmouth, mill-wright, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane). Humphreys T. Cheltenham-place, St George's Field's, horse-dealer, (Martin, Vintner's Hall, Upper Thames-street). Holland P. Leitch, tanner, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street). Horton R. Newport, Salop, timber-merchant, (Baxter and Co. Fennel's Inn). Jamill W. Chepstow money-scrivener, (Price and Co. Lincoln's Inn).

Israel I. jun. Gloucester-street, linen-dropper, (Osbaldeston, Little Tower-street). Ireland D. Portsea, tallow-chandler, (Naylor, Great Newport street). Isaacson J. S. New Road, Wellclose-square, money-scrivener, (Roche, Covent garden, Church-yard).

Johnson W. Hertford, coal-merchant, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden Church-yard).

Knight E. Horsleydown-lane, lighter-man, (Druce, Billiter-square).

Lake R. Plymouth, baker, (Twynnam and Co. Inner Temple). Lines J. Upper Queen-street, Rotherhithe, smith, (Robinson, Prospect-row). Lay W. Duval's-lane, victualler, (Robinson, Charterhouse-square).

Martin W. Homerton, broker, (Dowse, Gray's Inn square). Morris J. Chepstow, shopkeeper, (Platt, Tanfield-court, Temple). Matthews W. Brown's-lane, carpenter, (Williams, junior, Lord Mayor's Court-office). Manning R. Stock Exchange, stock-broker, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-

street). Moody C. Fiddit, Wilts, maltster, (Millott, Terrace, Gray's Inn-lane). Milliken T. Finsbury-place, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Neale T. St. Martin's-lane, dealer in spirituous liquors, (Robinson, Charterhouse-square). Norris P. Liverpool, iron-merchant, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings).

Oddy S. A. and H. Oxford-street, booksellers, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad street).

Pick R. Wakefield, grocer, (Sykes and Co. New-lun). Porter T. jun. Corsham, clothier, (Frowd and Co. Temple). Parsons J. and Daniel W. St. Martin's-lane, hair-merchants, (Cunningham, New North-street).

Russell W. Liverpool, merchant, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Rock J. Westmorland-buildings, tailor, (Lee, Three Crown-court).

Stephens J. Yeovil, gardener, (Blandford, King's-Bench-Walks). Stubbs G. Sheffield, edge-tool-maker, (Blagrove and Co. Symond's-Inn). Steedman W. Brimwell's-buildings, cabinet-maker, (Willoughby, Clifford's-Inn). Seaborne G. Hoxton, sacking-manufacturer, (Harding, Primrose-street). Silvester R. Reading, timber-merchant, (Holmes, Great James-street). Stumforth T. Sheffield, cutler, (Wilson, Greville-street). Swaine T. Birmingham, common-carrier, (Kinderley, and Co. Holborn-court). Squire W. Leeds, hosier, (Lumbert, Hatton-garden). Swaine R. Leeds, wool-stapler, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Stanley W. Manchester, innkeeper, (Lyon, Gray's Inn). Scott J. D. South Cadbury, Somersetshire, jobber, (Harvey, Lamb's-Conduit-place).

Thomas G. Pembroke, shopkeeper, (James, Gray's Inn-square). Tanner B. Dartmouth, shipbuilder, (Hurd, Temple). Taylor P. Sheffield, screw-manufacturer, (Wilson, Greville-street).

Walsh F. C. Strand, chemist, (J. and W. Richardson, New-Inn).

## PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

July 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 120*l.* per cent

West-India ditto, 175*l.* ditto.

East-India ditto, 1300*l.* ditto.

Commercial ditto, 17*l.* ditto

Grand Junction Canal Shares, 190*l.* per share

Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.

Grand Union ditto, 2*l.* per share prem.

Kennet and Avon ditto, 27*l.* per share

Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 118*l.* ditto.

Albion ditto, 58*l.* ditto.

Imperial Fire Assurance, 60*l.* per share

Kent ditto, 48*l.* per share.

Rock Life Assurance, 4*l.* to 5*l.* per share prem.

Commercial Road Stock, 123*l.* per cent.

London Institution, 54*l.* per share

Surrey ditto, par

South London Water Works, 155*l.* pr. share

East London ditto, 165*l.* ditto.

West Middlesex ditto, 111*l.* ditto.

Kent Water-Works, 17*l.* ditto.

L. WHITE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

**T**HE late rain and seasonable change of weather has produced a very favourable effect. The wheat crops, generally speaking, promise to average well. The pea and bean crops, though in some situations tolerably fair, have been found rather deficient in stem and pod in the more light and gravelly soils. Potatoes have answered the promise of turning out well in a remarkable manner.

Of the grass in the hay districts, it cannot be said the crops have been by any means so full as was expected, having been found rather light and shrinking in the making. The southern counties are rather an exception to this kind of failure. The fruit districts never wore a worse appearance than at present: of apples, comparatively speaking, there are scarcely any. Pears have succeeded the most favourably.

There has been very little alteration in the prices of grain; and the late embargo has been principally instrumental in causing a depression in the sale. Fine flour has been named at 80s. per sack.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 0d.;—Mutton, 5s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.;—Lamb, 0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.;—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 6s.;—Pork, 5s. 8d. to 6s.

*Middlesex, June 21.*

## AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 15, 1809.

## INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middsx.	90 2	50 9	40 9	34 8
Surrey	92 0	46 0	42 0	38 8
Hertford	82 10	49 0	40 0	39 4
Bedford	86 1		44 9	37 9
Huntin.	83 6		42 0	32 4
Northa.	85 4	54 0	43 8	32 0
Rutland	90 0	64 0	50 6	36 6
Leicest.	86 2	49 0	46 8	31 10
Notting	90 2	63 0	44 6	33 10
Derby	94 10			36 2
Stafford	91 5		49 10	34 0
Salop	87 4	65 8	50 6	34 0
Derfor	80 2	48 0	41 0	34 11
Wor'ist.	87 11		47 8	41 7
Warwic	96 2		51 10	40 11
Wilts	84 4		40 6	37 0
Berks	92 0		46 6	38 9
Oxford	87 9		42 8	34 1
Bucks	90 5		46 6	39 0
Brecon	96 0		49 0	25 8
Montgo.	92 0			30 1
Radnor	87 0		42 7	32 6

## MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Essex	83 4	40 0	41 6	34 10
Kent	80 0	58 0	38 3	34 6
Sussex	77 4			35 0
Suffolk	76 9		39 11	30 9
Cambridge	83 6		32 0	22 5
Norfolk	80 11	48 0	34 0	
Lincoln	87 5		46 0	25 0
York	80 5			25 10
Durham	101 4			37 1
Northumberland	88 8	66 10	43 9	34 2
Cumberland	94 8	67 4	47 4	31 8
Westmorland	104 0	76 0	51 2	34 1
Lancaster	93 10		43 10	28 7
Chester	83 7			
Flint	91 8		51 7	
Denbigh	95 6		46 10	28 9
Anglesea			36 0	19 0
Carmarvon	93 1		42 6	28 0
Merioneth	92 1		45 0	26 4
Cardigan	86 8			20 6
Pembroke	64 7		41 8	16 0
Carmarthen	90 0		52 0	
Glamorgan	94 0		52 0	28 7
Gloucester	91 8		45 8	
Somerset	87 0		36 8	23 6
Monmouth	89 7			
Devon	86 9		39 3	32 0
Cornwall	90 0		41 2	26 2
Dorset	82 8		42 0	
Hants	81 11		39 0	32 5

*Average of England and Wales.*

Wheat 87s. 11d.; Rye 56s. 4d.; Barley 49s. 9d.; Oats 31s. 8d.; Beans 58s. 11d.; Pease 55s. 2d.; Oatmeal 55s. 10d.

## BILL of MORTALITY, from JUNE 21, to JULY 25, 1809.

CHRISTENED. BURIAL.  
Males 928; 1819; Males, 669; 1533  
Females 885; 1819; Females 664  
Whereof have died under two years old 388

Pock Loaf, 4s. 5d. 4s. 5d. 4s. 5d. 4s. 5d.  
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4s. per lb.

Between  
2 and 5 - 165  
5 and 10 - 79  
10 and 20 - 47  
20 and 30 - 90  
30 and 40 - 130  
40 and 50 - 138  
50 and 60 - 104  
60 and 70 - 87  
70 and 80 - 85  
80 and 90 - 27  
90 and 100 - 7



# PRICE OF STOCKS, from JUNE 26, 1899, to JULY 25, 1899, both inclusive.

Days	Bank	5 p. Cent.	3 p. Cent.	4 p. Ct.	Navy	N. 5	Long	Om-	Imperial	Irish	S. Seas	India	India	Exche.	Lotter	Cons.		
1898	Stock.	Consols.	Reduc.	Cons.	5 p. Cent.	p. Ct.	Anns.	nium.	5 p. Cent.	bp.	Ann.	Ann.	Stock.	Bills	T. Keys	for		
Jan.																		
26		Shut	68½	82½	Shut			½ pm.						17s pm	10s. pm	21	11 69½	
27		Do.	68½	83½	Do.		18 11-16ths	½ pm.						17s pm	11s. pm	21	11 69½	
28		Do.	68½	82½	Do.		18 11-16ths	½ pm.	66½					17s. pm	11s. pm	21	11 69½	
29 holiday																		
30 260		Do.	68½	82½	Do.			½ pm.						1 ½ pm	11s. pm	21	11 69 ½	
July																		
1 260		Do.	68½	82½	Do.			½ pm.						18s. pm	12s. pm	21	11 69½	
2		Do.	68½	83½	Do.		18 11-16ths	½ pm.	66½					20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
3		Do.	68½	83½	Do.		18 11-16ths	½ pm.	66½					20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
4 260½		Do.	68½	83½	Do.		18 11-16ths	½ pm.						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
5		Do.	68½	84	Do.		18 11-16ths	1 pm.						19s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
6		67½	68½	84	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.	67					20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
7		67½	68½	84	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.						19½	21s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½
8		67½	68½	84	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.						19½	21s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½
9		67½	68½	84½	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.						19½	21s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½
10		67½	68½	84½	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.	67½					19½	21s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½
11 260½		67½	68½	84½	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.	67½					19½	21s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½
12		67½	68½	84½	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.	67½					19½	21s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½
13 260½		67½	68½	84½	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.	67½					19½	21s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½
14		68½	68½	84½	98½		18 13-16ths	1 ½ pm.						19½	21s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½
15		68½	68½	84½	98½		18 13-16ths	1 ½ pm.						19s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
16		68½	69	84½	99		18 13-16ths	1 ½ pm.						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
17 261½		68½	69	84½	98½		18 13-16ths	1 ½ pm.						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
18		68½	68½	84½	98½		18 13-16ths	1 ½ pm.						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
19		68½	68½	84½	98½		18 13-16ths	1 ½ pm.						19s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
20 261		68½	68½	84½	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
21 261		68½	68½	84½	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
22		67½	68½	84	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
23		67½	68½	84½	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
24		67½	68½	84½	98½		18 11-16ths	1 pm.						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 69½	
25 holiday																		

N.B. In the 2 per Cent Consols the highest and lowest Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the highest only.

City Freehold Tickets, 8/ 10s. FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.

# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N<sup>o</sup> LIX.—VOL. XII.]

For AUGUST, 1809.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—DR. JOHNSON.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

CAUSES of the OVERTHROW of the SPANISH MONARCHY. By the Rev. JOSEPH TOWNSEND, M. A. *Author of Travels in Spain.*

THE events which have recently occurred in Spain have excited universal astonishment. Every one is solicitous to trace their progress, and to ascertain the cause, which has produced them. A mighty empire overthrown in the space of a few days, and the reigning family carried captive by foreigners without resistance from the natives, are such events as are unparalleled in history.

What cause then can be assigned which is adequate to such effects? The cause is obvious:—bad government. This has ruined, in succession, all the mighty empires which have existed in the world, and will continue to do so till the end of time.

When a territory of contracted limits has been overrun by some powerful nation: this implies merely a physical inability to defend itself.—But when a widely extended country, well peopled, has been suddenly subdued, we have always been able to trace this ruin to its proper cause—bad government.

In Spain a former generation saw the country in the space of three years conquered by the Moors. It was at that time ill governed, disheartened, and disarmed: but, as the new comers governed well, it required more than seven hundred years of almost incessant war to drive them out. There can be no doubt, therefore, that to bad government we must ascribe this recent revolution.

The next question which occurs to be resolved is, how Spain came to be worse governed than the surrounding kingdoms.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XII.

This subject requires some retrospect, some short investigation.

When the intolerable abuses of the feudal system, oppressive at once to subjects and to sovereigns, required reformation, the sagacity of statesmen led them to different expedients for relief. In one point they all agreed: they humbled the proud vassals of the crown, but suffered the power of the people to increase. Such was the policy of Henry VII, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Ximenes, and of Richelieu. Thus far all was well. But whilst in England our Parliaments maintained their power, such national assemblies were laid aside in France and Spain. Indeed France retained her provincial Parliaments, but these formed a feeble barrier against the encroachments of the crown. In Spain, from the days of Charles V, the Cortes were never suffered to assemble; excepting only once at the commencement of a reign, to proclaim the title of the successor to the throne.

One additional cause of bad government was found in Spain.

When the reigning family was changed, and Louis XIV. forced his grandson upon a reluctant people, the Bourbon family thought it expedient to assemble the *Grandeess* round the throne, where, in fact, they were prisoners of state. Thus assembled, and divested of all power, they quickly degenerated and became perfectly useless to the state.

All these circumstances have been noticed in my Spanish travels.—Whilst Charles III. was living, the government, it must be confessed, was weak, but it was not oppressive. His understanding was such as to guide him well in the choice of his

M

ministers, and every one was satisfied of his benevolent intentions. His successor was not so highly favoured. Of his heart I can say nothing, but every thing demonstrates the deficiency of his intellectual powers. Whilst I resided at Madrid, I went every day to court, and, solicitous to form some judgment of the destined successor to the throne, I constantly attended in the circle; where he conversed with his friends and the foreign ministers after dinner. Here it was not possible to mistake his character in point of understanding. His education and his habits had no tendency to remedy this defect; for the greatest part of his time was spent in the diversions of the field, and none appeared to have been allotted to the improvements of the mind.

When he returned from hunting, and when the weather prevented his sport, his occupations were such only as were suited to infancy.

After his accession to the crown his principal amusement in the depth of winter, at Madrid, was a *Nacimiento*, or representation of the Nativity. For this purpose, in a saloon of three hundred and sixty feet long were seen a mountain, rocks, cascades, and verdant groves, Jerusalem and Babylon, a sea coast and ships, numerous images of angels, wise men, and shepherds, with the Virgin and the infant Jesus, all curiously wrought by the best artists of Italy and Spain. These were richly clad in modern style. The jewels of gold, silver, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, with which he adorned these figures, were of inestimable value, and the camels attendant on the wise men were loaded with treasures.

The whole of this saloon was lighted by hundreds of lamps, concealed from the spectators.

During the twelve days of Christmas the king always spent his nights in this saloon. And here the Grandees, ambassadors, ministers of state, and persons of distinction, were admitted to pay their compliments, each vying with the other in expressions of admiration at the wonders of his *Nacimiento*.

The principal artist was obliged every year to exhibit the powers of his imagination by some new plan.

When I was at Madrid I had the honour of being introduced to Sabatini, a distinguished architect, whose merit had been little noticed by the court; but this man, in the succeeding reign, having had the good fortune to give satisfaction to the sovereign, by the construction of a saloon for his *Nacimiento*, as a reward for his ingenuity he was made an admiral.

It must not, however, be imagined that Sabatini was to have the command of fleets upon the ocean. No: he was to be one of the admirals who commanded the little fleet upon the Tagus, with which the king amused himself during his vernal residence at Aranjuez.

From good authority I am informed that more than 30,000*l.* was every year expended on this childish plaything of the king.

Whilst he thus amused himself the cares of government devolved wholly on the queen, who immediately on his accession to the throne took her seat in council by his side, attended whenever the ministers were admitted to an audience, and prior to their admission was informed of the business on which they came.

As long as Florida Blanca retained his power, his whole attention was directed to the well being of the state. His virtue was rigid, his fidelity inflexible. Intent on the improvement of the country, he allotted great sums to canals and roads; but not finding the public revenue adequate to the demand for these important works, he suggested to the king that, for the public good, other expedients should be resorted to; and when the duchy of Alcudia escheated to the crown, he advised that the rents should be applied to expedite the finishing of the great canals.

His wise purposes were, however, frustrated, and this high dignity with its emoluments were given to a favourite of the court.

When I was in Spain this favourite was perfectly unknown. But soon after the death of the good old king, when a young Spaniard, a very intimate friend of mine, was about to visit England, and had taken leave of the royal family, his father, well acquainted with the secrets of the

court, inquired of him if he had called on Manuel Godoy. No. Go then immediately, and ask for his protection. My friend obeyed the mandate of his father, and was most graciously received. This handsome young Garde du Corps was at dinner with some of the Grandees, who doubtless foresaw his future greatness.

The house was his own, magnificently furnished, and the room in which he dined was decorated with the most elegant and costly trinkets. For some years this favourite of fortune was concealed from public view; he had shone hitherto in the small circle of his friends. But now the time arrived when, by his sudden elevation, he was to attract the notice of the world. When Florida Blanca had requested that the revenues of the duchy of Alcudia should be reserved for national improvements, he found himself thwarted in his purposes, and lamented to hear that this extensive territory was destined for a *Garde de Corps*, attendant on the queen, who was to be created a Grandee of Spain.

This he strenuously opposed in council, as illegal, and for a time prevailed. But finally, in spite of his remonstrances, the grant took place. To vindicate these grants the Count de la Canada was employed, who had no difficulty in proving to the satisfaction of the court, that the family of Godoy was most illustrious, and, as such, justly entitled to the Grandeeship in Spain. For this service he was created governor of the council of Castille, and thus the way was made plain for the triumph of the favourite. In the mean time the people openly expressed their dissatisfaction, and on the 26th Feb. 1792, at night, the mob marked their indignation by attacking the house of the *Guarde de Corps*, which they are said to have totally demolished.

The next day, at two o'clock in the morning, Count Florida Blanca received orders to depart immediately from Madrid, and to retire within the precincts of his own estate. He was, however, permitted, at his particular request, to take up his abode in a convent of monks at Ellin, a small village in Murcia, where he remained four months, at the end of which

term he was conveyed as a state prisoner to the castle of Pampeluna.

Thus every obstacle having been removed, Manuel Godoy was created a Grandee of the first class, and Duke de la Alcudia, with a territory of about twenty thousand a year to support his dignity. It was not thought expedient to make him the immediate successor to so intelligent a minister as Florida Blanca. Count d'Aranda was therefore recalled from Paris, where he had been some years in honourable banishment as ambassador from the court of Spain.

On his elevation to this office of high dignity and power, his sagacity soon discovered that he was only *locum tenens* to another; and that other he endeavoured to remove.—He took occasion, therefore, to extol the superior talents of his rival, lamented the disadvantages he had laboured under in his youth, and recommended that he should travel for some years in Europe, after which he would return with such a stock of political wisdom as might qualify him for the highest employments in the state. The confidential friends of the young man were too much practised in the intrigues of courtiers to let him fall into this snare. Count d'Aranda was dismissed, and the Duke of Alcudia became prime minister. Splendid honours were heaped upon his head, and every power of the state was put into his hands. He became *Sargento Mayor*, that is inspector of the Body Guard, chamberlain and private secretary to the queen, commander in chief of all the forces, &c. From royal munificence he received coaches, horses, and jewels, of inestimable value; and whenever the king had a child born to him, the Duke of Alcudia received some fresh token of his regard.

On one occasion, when the accoucher had delivered the queen, and was retiring, he saw displayed upon a table a quantity of gold, which filled him with astonishment, because he could scarcely conceive that such a recompence was designed for him. In fact it was not designed for him, but for the favourite, that he might participate in his sovereign's joy on this occasion. The sum was 80,000 ducats. At one of these seasons the

Duke received the Cortijo, or royal farm, near Aranjuez, which I have particularly described in my travels, and which cost the old king more than 200,000*l*. At the same time to this was added the best encomienda of Santiago, which required a vow of perpetual celibacy and chastity. Such gifts as these excited indignation, and the enraged multitude expressed the general sentiment in the subsequent placard, which was found on the walls of the palace at Madrid :—

*Si la Reyna tiene otro parto  
Se queda s'n corona Carlos quarto.*

Should the queen have another son, Charles IV. will remain without a crown. This indignation and disgust was not confined within the narrow limits of Madrid.

Whilst the Duke of Alcudia displayed his omnipotence at court, every department in the state was occupied by some one of his creatures, whose chief recommendation was attachment to his person.

[*To be continued.*]

#### SCHILLER on the *TRAGIC ART*.

[*Continued from p. 80.*]

THE former observations are sufficient to draw our attention to the sources of the pleasure which emotion in itself, and especially the mournful, imparts to us. It is greater as we have observed, in moral minds, and acts with greater force in proportion as the mind is independent of the selfish impulse. It is further more lively and strong in mournful emotions, in which self-love is wounded, than in happy emotions, which presupposes a satisfaction of self-love. But we are acquainted with only two sources of pleasure, the satisfaction of the impulse for happiness and the fulfilment of moral laws. If it have been therefore proved, that an enjoyment did not spring from the first source, it must necessarily take its origin from the second. From our moral nature therefore the pleasure arises by which painful affections delight us in the participation, and in certain cases are attended with agreeable emotions, even if the feelings be individual and original.

Various attempts have been made to define the pleasure of pity, but the most trifling definitions might appear satisfactory, as the foundation of the phenomenon is rather sought for in the attendant circumstances than in the nature of the emotion. To many the pleasure of pity is nothing more than the soul's enjoyment of its sensibility; to others, the pleasure in powers strongly exerted; others induce its origin from the discovery of characteristic traits morally beautiful, which display themselves in the struggle with misfortune and passion. It still, however, remains undefined, why the pain itself, or the individual suffering, attracts us the most powerfully in objects of pity, as, according to those definitions, a weaker degree of suffering must be manifestly more favourable to the already mentioned causes of our pleasure in the emotion. The vivacity and strength of the ideas awakened in our soul the moral excellence of the suffering persons; the retrospect of the compassionate subject to itself can indeed elevate the pleasure of emotions, but they are not the cause from which it springs. The suffering of an enervated soul, the pain of a villain, do not indeed grant us that enjoyment; but it is not to be accounted for, because our compassion is not excited in the same degree as with the suffering hero, or the virtuous man struggling under difficulties. We therefore always return to the prior question,—Why the degree of the suffering just determines the degree of the sympathetic pleasure in an emotion? and it can be answered in no other manner, than the attack on our sensuality is the condition by which that power of the mind is roused, the agency of which produces that enjoyment in sympathetic sufferings.

This power now is no other than reason; and in proportion as the free efficiency of it, as an absolute self agent, deserves in preference the appellation of action, in proportion as the mind feels itself perfectly independent and free in its moral actions; so is certainly the satisfied impulse of action the origin of the pleasure arising from mournful emotions. But also it is not the number, nor the vivacity of the ideas, nor in general

the efficiency of the power of desire ; but it is a determined species of the first, and a determined efficiency of the latter, produced by reason, on which that pleasure is founded.

The sympathetic affection bestows on us therefore a degree of delight, because it satisfies our impulse to action ; the mournful affection produces that effect in a higher degree, because it satisfies this impulse in a still higher degree. It is only in the state of its perfect freedom, only in the consciousness of its rational nature, that the mind displays its greatest activity, as it in that condition alone employs a power which is superior to all opposition. That state of the mind, therefore, which brings this power to its birth, which awakens this higher activity, is the most conducive to the aims of a rational being, and the most satisfactory to the impulse for action ; it must therefore be connected with a particular degree of pleasure. The mournful emotion places us in that situation, and the pleasure of it must surpass the pleasure of joyous emotions in the same degree as the moral power is elevated in us above the sensual.

What is in the whole system of designs merely a subordinate member, art can separate it from this connection and view it as a chief design. For nature, pleasure may be only a mediate design ; for art, it is in the highest. It therefore principally belongs to the design of the latter, not to neglect the great enjoyment which is contained in mournful emotions. That art, however, which makes the pleasure of pity its principal art, is called in the most general sense the tragic art.

The art fulfils its aim by imitation of nature, when it fulfils the conditions under which pleasure, in the reality, is possible, and unites the dispersed forms of nature to this aim, according to an intelligent plan, in order to attain to that as the final aim, which nature made only her secondary aim. The tragic art will therefore imitate nature in those actions which are most able to awaken the compassionate emotion.

In order to prescribe to the tragic art its conduct in general, it is, above all, necessary to know the conditions

under which, according to common experience, the pleasure of emotion is accustomed to be excited in the strongest and most certain manner, but at the same time to be attentive to those circumstances which confine or even destroy it.

Experience presents to us two opposite causes which impede the pleasure arising from emotions, when compassion is either too weakly or so strongly excited, that the sympathetic affection resolves itself into the vivacity of an original one. On the other hand, it can rest on the weakness of the impression, which we receive of the original sufferings ; in which case we say, that our heart remains cold, alive neither to pain nor pleasure, or it rests on stronger feelings, which oppose the impression received, and, by their superiority, weaken or wholly destroy the pleasure of compassion in the mind.

When the sorrow for a misfortune becomes too strong, our compassion for him who suffers it is weakened. Two wholly different feelings cannot exist at the same time in the mind in an high degree. The displeasure at the author of the evil becomes the reigning emotion, and every other feeling must yield to it. Thus our sympathy is always weakened, when the unfortunate person who attempts to excite our compassion, from his own unpardonable guilt, has plunged himself in ruin, or from weakness of understanding and cowardice knew not how to extricate himself from it, even when it was in his power. Our sympathy with the unfortunate Lear, so maltreated by his ungrateful daughters, is not a little diminished by the senseless manner in which he resigned his crown, and distributed his love so foolishly amongst his daughters. In the tragedy of Olin and Sophronia, even the most terrible sufferings to which we see these two martyrs of their faith exposed, can but weakly excite our compassion ; nor their sublime heroism our wonder, as insanity alone can commit the act by which Olin draws himself, and his whole people to the brink of destruction.

Our compassion will not be less weakened when the author of a misfortune, whose guilty victim we are to compassionate, fills our soul with

horror. It will always injure the perfection of his work, when the tragic poet cannot bring about his end without a villain, and when he is obliged to draw the greatness of the sufferings from the greatness of the villainy.—Shakspeare's Iago and Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra in Roxalana, Francis Moor in the Robbers, are proofs of that truth. A poet, who understands his true interest, will not cause the misfortune to spring from a degenerate will, whose sole view is misfortune, and much, still less, from a deficiency of the understanding, but from the real force of circumstances. If these do not spring from immoral sources, but from exterior things which have no will, nor are subject to any will, the compassion is more pure, and is not weakened at least by any representation of moral inconsistency. But then the beholder cannot be relieved from the disagreeable feeling of an inconsistency in nature, which, in this case, can alone save the moral consistency. Compassion rises to a still higher degree, when he who suffers, as well as he who caused the sufferings, are the objects of it. But this can only happen when the latter excites neither our hatred nor contempt, but is brought to be the author of the misfortune against his inclination. Thus it is a principal beauty in the German Iphigenia, that the Taurian king, the only one who opposes the wishes of Orestes and his sister, never loses our esteem, and in the end claims our love.

This species of emotion is still surpassed by that, when the cause of the misfortune is not only favourable to morality, but is only possible by morality, and in which the mutual sufferings arise from the idea of having been the cause of sufferings. Of this kind is the situation of Chimenes, and Roderic in the Cid of Peter Corneille, which, without dispute, in regard to the *dénouement*, is the master piece of the tragic art. Love of honour and filial duty arm the hand of Roderic against the father of his beloved, and bravery gives him the victory.—Love of honour and filial duty converts Chimenes, the daughter of the vanquished, into his most bitter accuser and prosecutor. Both act against the inclination of their hearts,

both gain our highest esteem, as they fulfil a moral duty at the expense of their affection; both excite our compassion to the highest, as they suffer willingly and from a motive which makes them estimable in the highest degree. In this case our compassion is so little disturbed by disagreeable feelings, that it rather burns with a greater force. It is merely the impossibility of combining the idea of misfortune with the highest claim to happiness, which could dim our sympathetic pleasure by a cloud of sorrow.

R. H.

[To be continued.]

On the IMPROPRIETY of not using the Letter "K" to certain Words.

SIR,

HAVING observed in your last number some remarks on the above subject by "Philo," I beg leave to submit to you and to your readers some additional remarks on the same subject.

I admit with Philo the impropriety of not using a letter which cannot be discarded from our language without considerable inconvenience and irregularity; but I think it important to suggest a *new* improvement, which, if generally adopted, would set the controversy at rest for ever respecting the long disputed claims of *c* and *k*. The absurdity, in my opinion, has always been that of shewing an undue partiality to the letter *c*; so that at one time our writers have inserted it before *k* unnecessarily, as in the old form of *drincke*, *thincke*, *marckes*, *remarckes*, &c. &c.; at other times, as at present, and for some time past, they seem to have thought the circular form of *c* more elegant than that of the angular letter *k*, and therefore to have adopted it with all the haste and levity of fashion and caprice, to the exclusion of the much injured *k*. Now, as I am an advocate for brevity and economy in speaking, writing, and printing, and see no reason for using *two* or more consonants when one will answer the purpose, I would, with your leave, Mr. Editor, suggest the substitution of *k* instead of *c* in such words as *pullik*, *traffik*, and even *Garrik*, *Merrick*, *Warwik*, *Limerik*, *Wood-*

*stok, Tavistok, &c.* No inconvenience or irregularity, I presume, could arise from this practice in writing the derivatives after the same manner—as *trafficking, &c.* and we should have not only *ancient* authority in our own language, for this distinction between the soft consonant *c* and the hard *k*, but also the *present* authority of the *Swedish* language, in which a greater progress appears to have been made in the refinement and regulation of orthography, than in any other language of modern Europe.

I have suggested these remarks, Mr. Editor, chiefly, because there are too many persons who think, with your correspondent "*Philo*," that from Dr. Johnson's decisions there seldom lies an appeal!—If so, adieu to all improvement, and let us become voluntary slaves to the authority of ONE GREAT NAME!

Yours, &c.

PHILELUTHEROS.

Chapter Coffee House,

Aug. 11, 1809.

THE LONG PACK. A Tale. By the  
*Elfrick Shepherd.*

IN the year 1723, Colonel Ridley returned from India, with what in those days was counted an immense fortune, and retired to a country seat on the banks of North Tyne, in Northumberland. The house was rebuilt, and furnished with every thing elegant and costly and amongst others, a service of plate supposed to be worth 1000*l.* He went to London annually with his family, during a few of the winter months, and at these times there were but few left at his country house. At the time we treat of there were only three domestics remained there; a maid servant, whose name was Alice, kept the house, and two men, who threshed the corn and took care of some cattle, for the two ploughmen were boarded in houses of their own.

One afternoon as Alice was sitting spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings, to herself, a pedlar entered the hall with a comical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack, and as broad a pack; but a pack equally as long, broad, and thick, she declared she never saw. It was about

the middle of winter, when the days were short, and the nights cold, long, and wearisome. The pedlar was a handsome well-dressed man, and very likely to be an agreeable companion for such a maid as Alice, on such a night as that; yet Alice declared, that from the very beginning she did not like him greatly, and though he introduced himself little ribaldry, and a great deal of flattery interlarded, yet when he came to ask a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal; he jested on the subject, said he believed she was in the right, for that it would be impossible for him to keep his own bed, and such a sweet creature lying alone under the same roof—took her on his knee, and ravished a kiss...: but all would not do. "No, she would not consent to his staying there." "But are you really going to put me away to-night?" "Yes." "Indeed, my dear girl, you must not be so unreasonable; I am come straight from Newcastle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around are all of the poorer sort, I will rather make you a present of the greatest shawl in my pack before I go further." At the mentioning of the shawl, the picture of deliberation was portrayed in lively colours in Alice's face for a little; but her prudence overcame. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbour no person about the house but such as came on business, nor they either unless well acquainted with them." What the worse can either your master, or you, or any other person, be, of suffering me to tarry until the morning?" "I intreat you do not insist, for here you cannot be." "But, indeed, I am not able to carry my goods further to-night." "Then you must leave them, or get a horse to carry them away." "Of all the inflexible beings ever I saw, thou art the first! But I cannot blame you, your resolution is just and right." Well, well, since no better may be, I must leave them, and go search for lodgings myself somewhere else, for, fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavour carrying them further."



Alice was rather taken at her word: she wanted nothing to do with his goods: the man was displeased at her, and might accuse her of stealing some of them; but it was an alternative she had proposed, and against which she could start no plausible objection, so she rather reluctantly consented. "But the pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer, if you will be so kind as lock it bye in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wishing Alice a good night.

When Alice and the pack were left in the large house by themselves, she could not, for her life, quit thinking of the pack one moment. What was in it which made it so heavy that its owner could not carry it? She would go and see what was in it. It was a very curious pack. At least she would go and handle it, and see what she *thought* was in it. She went into the parlour—opened a wall-press: she wanted nothing in the press: she never so much as looked into it: her eyes were fixed on the pack. "It was a very queer pack—it was square the one way, but not square the other way—it was a monstrous queer pack." It was now wearing late. She returned from the room in a sort of trepidation—sat down to her wheel, but could not spin one thread. "It is a droll pack you! What made the man so very earnest with me to tarry all night? Never was man so importunate. What in the world has he got in it? It's a confounded queer pack after all: it's so long and so thick. It's a *terrible* queer pack."

What surmises will fear not give rise to in the mind of a woman! She lighted a moulded candle, and went again into the parlour, closed the window shutters, and barred them; but before she came out, she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look of the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving as visibly as ever she saw any thing in her life. Every hair on her head stood upright. Every inch of flesh on her body crept like a nest of pigmires. She hastened into the kitchen as fast as she could, for her knees bent under the load of ter-

ror that had overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice. She puffed out the candle, lighted it again, and, not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf in the fore kitchen, she set it in a water-jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh, Richard! Oh, for mercy, Richard, make haste, and come into the house. Come away, Richard." "Why, what is the matter, Alice? What is wrong?" "Oh, Richard! a pedlar came into the hall, intreating for lodging. Well, I would not let him stay on any account, and behold he is gone off and left his pack." "And what is the great matter in that," said Richard. "I will wager a penny he will look after it before it shall look after him." "But, Oh, Richard, I tremble to tell you! We are all gone, for it is a living pack." "A living pack," said Richard, staring at Alice, and letting his chops fall down. Richard had just lifted the flail over his head to begin threshing a sheaf; but when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the hand-staff to the floor, and, leaning on the other, took such a look at Alice. He knew long before that Alice was beautiful: he knew that ten years before, but he never took such a look at her in his life. "A living pack!" said Richard. "Why the woman is mad without all doubts." "Oh, Richard! come away. Heaven knows what is in it! but I saw it moving as plainly as I see you at present. Make haste and come away, Richard." Richard did not stand to expostulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the house, assuring her by the way, that it was nothing but a whim, and of a piece with many of her phantasies. "But," added he, "of all the foolish ideas that ever possessed my brain, this is the most unfeasible, and unnatural, and impossible. How can a pack, made of napkins, and muslins, and corduroy breeches, perhaps, ever become alive? It is even worse than to suppose a horse's hair will turn an eel." So saying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and, turning about, never stopped till he had his hand upon the pack. He felt the bales that surrounded its edges to prevent

the goods being rumpled and spoiled, by carrying the cords that bound it, and the canvass in which it was wrapped. The pack was well enough. He found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was just like other packs made up of the same stuff. He saw nought that ailed it. And a good large pack it was. It would cost the honest man 200*l.* if not more. It would cost him more; but he would make it all up again by cheating fools, like Alice, with his gewgaws." Alice testified some little disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, even by ocular proof. She wished she had never seen either him or it howsoever, for she was convinced there was something mysterious about it; that they were stolen goods, or something that way; and she was terrified to stay in the house with it. But Richard assured her the pack was right enough.

During this conversation in comes Edward. He was a lad about 16 years of age, son to a coal-driver on the border—was possessed of a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged in his apparel. He was about this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds, of various kinds, that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated Copenhagen, and was continually thundering away at them. He seldom killed any, if ever, but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers, and, after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He was at this very moment come in a great haste for Copenhagen, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a Robin-red-breast, among them, feeding on the site of a corn rick, but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears, and became all attention. "Faith, Alice," said he, "if you will let me I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace, fool," said Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and gliding down the passage, edged up the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He then came back

with a spring, and with looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down. As sure as he had death to meet with he saw it stirring: "Hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. Edward swore again that he saw it stirring; but whether he really thought so, or only said so, is hard to determine. "Faith, Alice," said he again, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. "No," said Edward, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety; and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master's house is confided to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt some people to use stratagems. Now, if we open up this man's pack, he may pursue us for damages to any amount, but if I shoot at it, what amends can he get of me? If there is any thing that should not be there, Lord how I will pepper it, and if it is lawful goods, he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at valuation; so, if none of you will acquiesce, I will take all the blame myself, and ware a shot on it." Richard said, whatever was the consequence he would be blameless. A half delicious smile rather distorted than beautified Alice's pretty face; but Edward took it for an assent to what he had been advancing, so snatching up Copenhagen in one hand, and the candle in the other, he hasted down the passage, and without hesitating a moment, fired at the pack. Gracious God! the blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped Copenhagen upon the ground, and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish, for he had left the candle in the parlour; so taking to the door without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder as fast as he could turn his head from the one to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She was all the way sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space rather in a state of perturbation, but at length, after some

hasty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The whole floor flowed with blood. The pack had thrown itself on the ground; but the groans and cries were ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing that then something must be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had escaped a good way, and was still persevering on, yet, as he never took long time to consider of the utility of any thing, but acted from immediate impulse, he turned and came as fast back as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and was holding on his course; but, as he passed, she turned away her face, and called him a murderer. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak; but he only swallowed his spittle, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and, in no little terror and agitation of mind, loosed the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene, is impossible: he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor: the most of his employment consisted in swallowing his spittle, and staring at his two companions.

It is most generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack, he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the Colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar; and, besides, he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdashery ware Copenhagen would drive the drops through, so that when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a hu-

man being, Edward was certainly taken by surprise, and quite confounded; he indeed asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack, but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on seeing what he had done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, makes this asseveration rather doubtful. They made all possible expedition in extricating him, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late, the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas," said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer to have repented of this, for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was *somebody's* son, and, no doubt, dear to them, and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat: a thought of a tender nature shot through his heart. "Alas," said he, "if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor things!" said Richard, weeping outright. "Poor things! God pity them."

The way that he was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up parallel to his navel, and his feet and legs stuffed in a hat-box, another hat-box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvass around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him a villain," said he again, softening his tone, "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on

him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the false one. *We* can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind-maker and preserver that he was discovered, else it is *probable* that none of us would have seen the light of a new day." These moral reflections, from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raised the spirits of Edward: he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith, it was lucky that I shot," said Edward; but none of his companions answered either good or bad. Alice, though rather grown desperate, behaved and assisted better at this bloody affair than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith, it was a mercy that I shot, after all," said Edward, "for if we *had* loosed him out, we would have been all dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us and rob our master's house: there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through, and shift in the mind with as much ease and velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night. What devastation he would work amongst them with Copenhagen: how he would make some to lie with their guts in their arms, blow the netter jaws from one, and scatter the brains of another: how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and every thing would go on

like the work of a wind mill. Oh, if he had nothing to do but to shoot! but, the plaguy long time he always lost in loading, would subject him to a triple disadvantage in the battle. This immediately suggested the necessity of having assistance, two or three others to shoot and keep them at bay while he was loading. The impulse of the moment was Edward's monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel's retainers, whom he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had 25 men in the house, and 16 loaded pieces, including Copenhagen, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed amongst the front windows in the upper stories, and the rest, armed with pitch-forks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house, and now, backed as he was by such a strong party, grew quite impatient for another chance. All, however, remained quiet, until an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind-call, so, without warning any of the rest, he set himself out at the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance.

The state of anxiety into which this sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants in, is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their master's great wealth, and even their own fates, was soon to be decided, and none but he who surveys and overrules futurity, could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut and flustered by the palpitations of an adjoining heart, every gun was cocked, and pointed towards the court gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe; by the dim light of the starry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased, as they approached, to the noise of thunder, and, in due course, a body of men on horseback, according to their account exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court gate. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired Copenhagen in their faces; one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring toward the hall door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the bulk of the windows; it was, however, the watch-word to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds, the whole 10 guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled like fire, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception which they got. Edward and his comrade ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise, and galloped off without them; but the club below warmly protested against opening any of the doors until day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their birth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one: they saw and heard a part of their fellow creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprize. An hour or two after the great brush, Edward and his messmate descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which, after some disputes, was granted. They found only four men fallen, which appeared to them to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "here's the gentleman I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow their track farther, as the wind entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their posts without touching any thing.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almost frightened out of their wits, at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within side the gate, endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and Lologoblins entering their brains, they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision, and they all remained in anxious uncertainty, until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were all removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and that the morning's alarms, by the ghost and the noise of horses, had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crowds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some enquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The Colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood, so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices, which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evident. Dr. Herbert, the physician, who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the Colonel, by post, concerning the affair, but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Then indeed advertisements were issued, and posted up in all public

places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and a most extensive search made, but all to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured. Some indeed were missing, but plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done: but certain it is, sundry of these were never more seen nor heard of in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the park lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The Colonel then caused him to be buried at Billingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened, and his corpse taken away. In short, not one concerned in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The Colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham: and Edward was made the Colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold mounted gun given him. He afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenoy, but recovered; and returning on half-pay, took a small farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave, but rash officer: kind, generous, and open hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the *long pick*.

Alas! alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! He hath, now many years ago, submitted to the conqueror of all mankind. His brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs lie mixed with the cold gravel in the bowels of the earth.

VOYAGE from PORT JACKSON to PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—  
*Extracted from the Letters of a Latty.*

[Continued from p. 14.]

At Sea, 24th June, 1803.

ON Sunday, the 15th of May, we descried the extensive reef mentioned by Captain Cook, as lying off the south-east end of New Caledonia. During that and the following day we ran before a fresh breeze along the reef, which appeared to extend all along the western side of this large island. A very high mountain which we passed on the 16th received the name of Mount Buffalo. On Tuesday, the 17th, the master was sent to examine an opening in the reef. On his return he reported that it formed a safe entrance to a very extensive harbour. The following day it blew a strong gale, and we stood off and on at the entrance of the harbour. It continued blowing with great violence till the afternoon of the next day, when we bore up, and passed through the opening in the reef; and at six P.M. we anchored in the harbour in four fathoms water. The opening in the reef was afterwards ascertained to be one mile broad, and the channel into the harbour is four miles long, deep water and sandy bottom. The extent of the harbour, which could not be less than eighteen or twenty miles, struck us with astonishment, particularly after entering it through such a narrow passage.

A number of islands of various forms and sizes diversified this sheet of water. The whole was surrounded by chains of stupendous mountains, rising one behind the other as far as the eye could reach, and many of the tops of them were hid in the clouds. The vallies between them were covered with trees, and the verdure they exhibited, from their depth and distance, assumed a sombre shade, whilst the lighter tints and various shrubs that ornamented the bases of the islands were softened and improved by the setting sun. The whole was a solemn, silent, and majestic scene, and impressed the mind with the grandeur of sequestered na-

ture, and with feelings of tranquil enjoyment.

We came into the harbour for the purpose of watering, (the number of passengers and stock on board having consumed a great quantity of water in our passage to Norfolk Island) but finding so eligible a one, a survey was taken of it, which detained us a fortnight beyond the intended time of our departure.

At day-light the next morning a canoe was seen paddling towards a small island that lay about a mile from the ship, when two natives got out of it, and seated themselves on a rock; after gazing at the ship for some time, one of them stood up and repeatedly called out *Cone*, at which we were not a little surprised, it being the same word which the natives of Port Jackson make use of as a friendly invitation. Being answered from the ship they returned to their canoe, and were soon joined by two others. They were tall, stout, good looking men, with high foreheads and cheerful, open countenances, in colour nearly black. Some printed cottons and a few shewy articles being given to them from the cabin windows, they gave some fine mullet and some yams in return, but could not be prevailed upon to come on board, till a small piece of red serge was held up to view from one of the gangways, which they were so eager to possess, that three of them ventured up the side of the ship without further hesitation. One of them we supposed to be a chief, from the peculiarity of his head dress. This was a sort of cap, made of very fine bark, projecting very far behind from the head, bound tight round it with a fillet, and adorned on one side by a bunch of feathers, which appeared to be those of a heron. This man was of a lighter colour, and taller, than the others. I tied a broad pink sash across his shoulders, which pleased him so much that he sat by me all the time we were at breakfast, of which, however, he could not be persuaded to partake.

The pinnace and cutter, with the first lieutenant and the master, were sent to look for a watering place, but returned in the evening without having been successful. In attempting

to land they had had a skirmish with the natives, in which one of the crew of the pinnace was wounded in the thigh by a spear. The marines fired some small shot amongst the natives, which dispersed them with such precipitation, that our people were not able to ascertain whether any of them had been touched by the small shot.

Early in the ensuing morning the boats were again sent in search of water. Whilst we were at breakfast a number of canoes, containing about fifty natives, came round the ship. The man, who had the day before thrown the spear at the seaman, was observed in one of their canoes, sitting in a very thoughtful and dejected attitude. When his canoe came under the gangway, he caught hold of the rope, and was up the side of the ship in an instant, when he gave us to understand that he wished to see the man he had wounded. It being only a flesh wound, the man was able to come on deck to see him. When the dressing was taken off for him to see the wound, he seemed much agitated, wept exceedingly, and offered the sailor yams, fishing nets, and a variety of other things, as peace offerings. It is almost needless to say, that with a British tar this first concession on the part of the offender obliterated every trace of resentment.

As hostilities had commenced at so early a period of our stay, we had feared very unpleasant consequences, and we were proportionably satisfied with what we then hoped was their speedy termination in so amicable a manner. The greatest confidence now appeared to take place, and a barter was entered upon much to our advantage. Two very fine large green turtles were given to two of our seamen for the sleeve of an old blue jacket cut in two. At noon the boats returned, without having met with any molestation, and having discovered a lagoon of fine soft water.

On Saturday, the 21st, several canoes, of a considerably larger size than any we had yet seen, came off to us. The natives who came in them appeared to be of a larger make than those who had visited us before. Their projecting brows and ferocious countenances gave an idea of cannibalism; and they did not seem to be of

the same race, or, to inhabit the same part of the country with those that have already been described.

The pinnace returned from the watering place with the first lieutenant, by whom an account was received of a disturbance that had taken place on shore. A party of natives, who were standing on the beach when our men landed, had cut away a part of the boat's painter, and, when it was demanded back, had given it up with great reluctance, brandishing their spears and throwing themselves into menacing attitudes; and when the boat put off from the shore, several spears were thrown. A short time after the return of the pinnace, a much larger canoe than those along side, having thirteen natives in it, came off to the ship, and the first lieutenant immediately pointed out two of the men in it who had been most active in the late attack. One of them held the very spear that had first been thrown, but which fell short of the boat. This circumstance was known by the spear being a white one, whilst all the others were black. One of the natives from this canoe having come on board, he was given to understand that the white spear must be given up. He communicated this to his countrymen without leaving the ship; but they refused to deliver it up, and upon their persisting one of the large guns on the quarter-deck was fired over their heads, in order to intimidate them, and to deter them from committing further hostilities. At this they appeared more enraged than frightened. Having paddled off to a little distance, one of them, who we supposed was a chief, harangued them for some time, distorting his features and making strange gestures. They appeared to pay great attention to what he said, and at the conclusion of his speech they all set up a loud shout. This was considered as a war-whoop, and a shower of spears was expected to follow. A musquet was presented to the breast of the native who was on board, with threats of firing it, unless he caused the white spear to be given up. He was permitted to return to the canoe to effect this, which, after some further altercation, was accomplished. Soon after

this they began to paddle off, all of them exclaiming in the same words, and pointing to the shore; but whether it was a threat of revenge or an offer of reconciliation which they uttered, we were then at a loss to determine.—The next morning, however, proved it to be the latter; for several of the same canoes, and some other large ones, containing ten or twelve natives in each, slowly advanced towards the ship. The men in them held their fingers to their ears, to intimate that they were afraid of, or annoyed by, the noise of the great gun which they had heard the preceding day. Their heads were decorated with green boughs, which we concluded was a symbol of peace. As soon as they reached the ship's side the white spear was returned to them, and they immediately begun, as formerly, to barter their spears and *bagos* for trifles. Several of them came on board, and two of them had their beards shaved off.

*Bagos* is the name they give to their clubs, which are of a large size, of various forms, and made of various materials. They shew great ingenuity in the manufacture of these weapons, considering they have no tools but sharp stones and shells.

In the afternoon of that day a little excursion was planned by the officers and passengers to a beautiful little island, about a mile from the ship; but a very heavy rain coming on, just as they had landed, spoiled their expected amusement. In the evening a double canoe, which was the first of the kind that had been seen, came alongside, with sundry articles to barter. Several of the men who had paid us a visit on the 19th were in her. A complete platform was laid across the two hulls, on which were their fires. The most curious thing about her consisted in two round holes in a plank, fixed at each end of the platform, through each of which a paddle was introduced, with which they sculled in a perpendicular direction.

During the ensuing week several canoes came alongside every day. The natives remained on board for many hours, and appeared pleased with every thing they saw. They bartered their spears and *bagos*, as



likewise yams, sugarcanes, and fish, for small pieces of cloth and linen, mostly blue, though scarlet and crimson being their favourite colours, they were eager to obtain the least shred that bore those dyes. Unfortunately, and in result fatally for them, the signal flag, that was hoisted at one end of an island, which we had named Skull island, on account of several human skulls being found upon it, for the purpose of serving as a station to assist in the survey then taking of the harbour, had a great deal of scarlet in it, being the union-jack. About noon, on the 29th of May, four canoes that had been round the ship all the morning, put off from her all together, and made towards the point where the flag was flying. From the ship they were observed to land and to seize upon the colours. Upon this the first lieutenant, with one of the mates and four men, went after them in the jollyboat. The natives stopped on the point till our people arrived, when, appearing to comprehend the cause of their leaving the ship, they made signs that they only wanted to examine the flag. They stepped quietly into their canoes, and paddled away to the side of the island opposite to that abreast of which the ship lay. But the boat had no sooner returned on board than they resumed their purpose, pulled the colours down, and hurried in their canoes towards a large island, which lay about a mile off. The first lieutenant instantly pursued them, taking the boatswain and serjeant of marines, with two musquets and some ammunition. They were nearly in shore before the jollyboat got within musquet shot, when two musquets were fired over their heads, upon which they threw overboard a small piece of the flag, and renewed their efforts to reach the shore. Another musquet was then fired, after which they threw several spears. Upon this, at the command of the lieutenant, the boatswain and serjeant loaded with ball, and fired at the same instant. One of the natives was killed and fell across a canoe, the ball entering his breast on the left side. Another was wounded, yet not so much as to prevent his jumping out of the canoe and getting on shore, as all the others did,

whence they threw a volley of stones. Notwithstanding their hurry and alarm they collected together, and carried off all the pieces of the flag. The canoe was brought away by our people. It was a source of much uneasiness on board when we were informed of the poor fellow's death. He was a fine, stout, cheerful young man, who had been jumping and dancing on the quarter-deck all the morning. He was unarmed, and not in the same canoe by which the flag, which was the object of contention, had been carried away; nor did he appear to have taken any active part in their proceedings. We had no opportunity of observing whether they fetched the body away, or whether they performed any funeral obsequies. The only circumstance which we took notice of during our stay, relative to their mode of disposing of their dead, was, that on one part of Skull island an entire human skeleton was found, under a slight frame of wood work, in which there was likewise found inclosed a calabash for holding water.

For several days after this melancholy occurrence no canoes came off; and the weather being perfectly calm, without a ripple on the water, or any thing to disturb the death-like stillness that reigned around us, the gloom that hung over us augmented the regret we felt for the recent event.

Various schemes were resorted to to entice the natives to renew their visits. Their canoe was taken back to the spot whence it had been brought, and left there with some green boughs in it. Three or four days more elapsed without our perceiving any signs of inhabitants. At length we observed one of their largest double canoes making towards the ship. Every thing that could be collected of their favourite colour was held up to entice them on board, which, as their canoe came alongside, several of them did, without shewing any symptoms of fear or distrust. There were sixteen men, two girls, and a boy in the canoe. In return for our presents they offered some of their cloth, a few bags, and some baskets. Six of them passed almost the whole of the day in the cabin,

and behaved with great propriety and decorum. We left nothing undone that we thought could please and amuse them. Some of our seamen danced under the orlop-deck to the sound of a violin, but the natives much preferred the flute, on which, to their great delight, the captain and one of the officers performed several tunes. They listened attentively to the songs which a lady on board sang to that accompaniment, and joined chorus with her in the tune of "tink-a-tink." Their voices were reckoned soft and melodious. They partook of no sustenance all the day, excepting some ship's biscuit and water, yet towards evening their spirits were very much exhilarated. The canoe being made fast under the stern, those in the ship kept looking out, and pressing their friends to come on board. At length all of them, except two or three men and the two girls, who were not permitted to enter the ship, left the canoe. They got up the stern ladders, and in at the cabin-windows. The faces, forms, and gestures of the group now assembled in the cabin, who were destitute of all covering, intermixed with the Europeans, and the distinct view from the cabin-windows of the wild scenery of the country, by the light of a full moon, then rising from behind the lofty peaked mountains, would have given ample scope for the abilities of a painter; and much regret was expressed at the want of a good artist on board, who might have taken a characteristic sketch of the strange but interesting scene.

The boats being all employed in making a survey of the harbour, few opportunities occurred for excursions of pleasure or instruction. On the evening of the next day the seine was hauled on the fine sandy beach of an island at a little distance from the ship, but with very indifferent success. Sometimes caught very fine snappers with hooks and lines. The colours of these fish were beautiful beyond description: some of them were covered with circles of a bright lilac colour, with a black spot in the centre of each circle, and their fins and tails of a deep yellow; others were of a fine pink colour, with purple undulatory lines, and purple and

yellow fins; various other tints, most fancifully and beautifully contrasted, adorned other individuals of this species of fish. Water snakes were also seen in abundance, and very handsome, being of a delicate white, with jet black spots or rings.

At times the heat was very oppressive, and none of the passengers or crew were sorry when the anchor was weighed, on the morning of the 18th of June.

After leaving the harbour we continued our course as near the coast as we could with safety. Some parts of it seemed more mountainous than what has before been described, and the reef appeared a formidable barrier the whole way. It was not till the 22d that, not a little to our satisfaction, we passed the extreme point of it, as we had had several very unpleasant alarms, the man at the mast-head having called out three or four times that we were in the midst of the breakers. At one time rocks above water were thought to be discerned, but upon nearing the supposed danger, it was found to arise from the reflection of the clouds passing the sun. This reef, so fraught with danger, extends for three hundred miles along the south-west coast of New Caledonia. W.

[To be continued.]

#### On the Management of the Affairs of the Poor.

A PLAN has lately been adopted by the guardians and overseers of the poor, of large districts and towns, to send a printed account of their yearly receipts and expenditures to each other, to shew how the money has been applied; but there is generally something omitted in each of them, to prevent a stranger from deriving the information he could wish from their statements. If the different articles of provision, clothing, medicine, wages, and gratuities for encouraging and rewarding industry, were given with their respective sums under separate heads, and the average number of the poor either occasionally or permanently relieved, both within and out of the house, were correctly mentioned, it might then be calculated how much each

person cost in the year; the proportion between the population and the poor of the town or the district might be obtained; and in short, by comparing the account of one town with another, considerable knowledge would be acquired, by a person seeking after the method of conducting the affairs of the poor in different places.

While examining these yearly accounts, I selected one for the county and town of Kingston upon Hull, from the 2d day of February, 1808, to the 2d day of February, 1809: and I now propose to offer a few observations on some of the principal articles therein mentioned.

I find they expended, under the different heads of provisions, about 3385*l.* 14*s.* and that the average number of the paupers did not exceed 370; and that the rate of expence for each pauper was 3*s.* 3*d.* a week. By the returns of the overseers for the county and town of Kingston upon Hull, A.D. 1803, they had no more than 206 poor persons in their house; and how does it happen that, in the short space of six years, there should be an increase of 164 in poor? Surely something extraordinary must have occurred, or there must have been some error in the return. If the poor are so rapidly increasing, the cause of it ought to be seriously investigated, and a remedy applied to prevent or check the progress of such an alarming evil.

If we may judge from some of the articles in the annual account, there appears to be a liberal establishment in the house at Kingston upon Hull, which may have been continued from one guardian to another, till it is fixed by custom, and any innovation may cause murmurings and complaints by those who are fed by the public bounty; but this ought not to influence the conduct of the present governors.

Where young children are put out of the house to nurse, is not 330*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* a large sum for milk? Such an indulgence seems unnecessary, when butcher's meat to the amount of 864*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* is consumed in the course of a year, and as rich a soup might have been made for breakfast and supper, as is brought to a

gentleman's table. I have known, in some workhouses, that it hath been found an exceedingly nourishing and healthy diet: As the number of young children nursed out of the house is not mentioned, it is impossible to judge how many there were of them, or whether they were separated from their parents.

It appears by the last year's account, that they paid 429*l.* 16*s.* for young children, after they had deducted 357*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* they had received for bastards. To a stranger 787*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* appears a large sum for nursing young children; and it further shews us, that the Rev. Mr. Malthus's plan for preventing the poor from marrying, would avail but little in checking the progress of population. As such young children as are left to be brought up by the parish are generally put out to nurse at Kingston upon Hull to poor women, who have a living to get, it cannot be expected that they can shew them all the care and attention they require, and it is a desirable thing to know whether there are not more of them die in proportion to their number, than there are of those in a well-regulated workhouse.

Before Mr. Whitbread attempts to bring in his bill to regulate the affairs of the poor, it is much to be wished that he would endeavour to collect a little real information from facts, before he changes old laws for new projects. If the guardians and the overseers of the poor were obliged, by act of parliament, to answer a set of pertinent questions, many important truths might be established to counteract opinions founded upon prejudices, errors, and mismanagement, and we might then expect to see remedies provided for such existing evils as are proved, without hazarding the further burdening of the public with fruitless expences.

But there is another article in the annual accounts of the establishment at Kingston upon Hull, of 4485*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* for relieving the out-poor, in money, bread, potatoes, and rice, but the number is not mentioned, either of those who are occasionally or permanently assisted; and, for want of further information, many may think this a large sum.

If we reckon the number of out-

poor at 520, then the average sum paid to each pauper will be 8*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* which is a large contribution to so many individuals; but the sum must have been much larger to many of them, as it is very probable, that they who were occasionally relieved, received only a few shillings. The spirit of industry appears very languid in the house, as there is no more charged for the amount of the earnings of the in-poor than 12*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* which will average about one penny three farthings weekly for each person. From this trifling sum of 12*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* there are deductions for the clerk, the master, the spinning master, the spinners, and others, to the amount of 77*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* which leaves only 43*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.* to their institution, for the labour of the whole year.

It is difficult to say for what reason so many persons receive such deductions from the earnings of the paupers, as it cannot be for keeping them to work; and they appear to be liberally paid: for there is the sum of 412*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* charged for medical attendance, medicine, and wages. The paupers who act as servants in the house, and of course have provisions, clothing, and lodging, found them, have also wages to the amount of 65*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* They who are able to work, yet throw themselves upon the public, ought to give up their time and their labour to those who support them, receiving at the same time some little gratuity, weekly, as an encouragement. In times like the present, parochial and other taxes are, with difficulty, collected, and they ought to be expended with a careful and a frugal hand.

There are many other articles in this annual account, which appear to a stranger to require the attention of the guardians, and especially those which relate to militia-men's wives, as many gross impositions have been practised by them, where magistrates have been ready to make orders without much examination. Under every head of the parochial expenditure, as much economy ought to be introduced as is consistent with a liberal provision for the sober and industrious poor, who are worn down with hard labour, age, and infirmi-

ties. But an economical system is the last thing to be thought of in every department, where the public are to pay the expence.

If a person steps forward to reform abuses in privileged jurisdictions, the Messrs. Justice, Butcher, Grocer, and Draper, who preside as chairmen at public-houses, generally endeavour to prejudice the minds of their evening associates with insinuations unfavourable to reformers. This is continued week after week, month after month, and year after year, till those who have exerted themselves for the good of the whole community are driven with disgust from their office.

Our legislators may think that they shall be able to provide remedies for every existing evil, by passing acts to build schools; but when they have imposed additional burthens, they will find the evils complained of still remaining.

There never will be any thing done to lessen the expences for maintaining the poor, till the business is taken out of the hands of the trading part of the community, and the overseers, and the guardians of workhouses, are compelled to buy such articles as they require for the poor at the cheapest rate, and till they are further prevented from spending any of the public money illegally.

But abuses must not be corrected even in parochial affairs, lest the people should be clamorous for extending the reforming hand a little further. There are some candid persons who will acknowledge that there are many public evils both seen and felt; but they ask, how are they to be prevented? Tell us how it is to be done, and we will do it. To which it may be answered, Let the idle, the drunken, the worthless, and the noisy petitioner for parochial relief be put to hard labour, and, if they are able, let them have no more to eat than they will earn, and they will soon quit you, and provide for themselves, and you will be relieved of the burden of maintaining many of the present inhabitants of workhouses. Let those who have brought up their families with credit, and cannot work any longer, by reason of their age and infirmities, be treated with ten-

derness, and give them every reasonable indulgence; and let each of them know what they have to trust to, in case they should want, and let abuses of every kind be cut up from the root.

A marked distinction in the treatment of the two classes of the poor, will encourage those who are sober and industrious to continue so, knowing that, if sickness or misfortune should assail them, they have an asylum to which they can retreat, where care will be taken of them, while the idle and the drunken will dread the correcting hand, when they are certain that hard labour will be their portion.

Common affairs will always be best regulated by common sense; but in general we look above it, and soar into the regions of speculation, to search after expensive methods, which are not calculated to check the present existing evils, but may raise up others which are not foreseen.

There are new laws wanted to place the affairs of the poor in proper hands, to establish some certain rules as fixed points, to guide each person in his official capacity in the management of the affairs of the poor, from the magistrate down to the overseer; and if either of them wilfully neglect their duty, or step beyond their authority, when they have no power to relieve or to command, but ought to inflict hard labour, let each of them be fined proportionably to the offence.

It is not to be expected in times like the present, when corruption is declared to be necessary for carrying on public business, that men will give up their time, and their trouble, without having their vanity gratified and their interest promoted, and therefore it requires great caution in appointing even parish officers.

It is childish to talk of easing our burdens, unless we first reform abuses; and if we are afraid to face the evils which are so rapidly increasing upon us, and fix no boundaries to them, necessity will, in time, compel us to do what prudence cannot persuade us to attempt at present.

*AN ANALYSIS of a DIALOGUE of ÆSCHINES, entitled "AXIOCHUS, on the FEAR of DEATH." By Dr. TOULMIN.*

THIS dialogue is a conversation with Axiochus. This person had been in the government of the Republic, and, in a sickness which he thought would prove mortal, could not reconcile himself to the prospect of death. There is less subtlety in this than in the other dialogues of Æschines, because Socrates only has the chief share in the conversation; but it is not inferior in point of composition, and is more agreeable to read, especially by those who are not accustomed to follow a chain of rather remote reasoning.

Socrates begins with a mild censure of Axiochus, for his failure in that fortitude at the approach of death, which he had shewn through life. The old man ingenuously grants it, and owns that the fine discourses of Socrates were lost upon him at the moment of trial, and that he revolted at the thought of going to a place where he should petrify and become the food of worms. Socrates shews that his reluctance proceeded from not reasoning justly, and from joining together two things totally incompatible with each other, sensation and insensibility; for, after death, men feel nothing that befalls the body, any more than they are conscious of what took place before they were born. This ought to prevent their fear of it. Death is, notwithstanding, spoken of as the greatest evil, as if a man would have in the grave that sense and feeling which renders evils the source of infelicity. The carcase which lieth in the tomb is not the man. This name belongs to the immortal spirit, which weary with the evils it hath experienced in the body, wishes to depart, and to go to a place where it will be no longer exposed to the same troubles.

Socrates had no sooner expressed himself thus, than Axiochus asked him, from whence was it then that he who knew all this, and entertained more elevated sentiments than did the multitude, was content to continue in life. The philosopher

assumes his usual modest air, and replies, that though he had searched into the truth on many points, he was ignorant on common subjects, and on this knew nothing. He added, that he spoke only what he had learnt of the wise Prodicus, whose lectures he had purchased with money: he insinuates, at the same time, a censure on that sophist, who required a pecuniary recompence from his disciples, whereas Socrates took none from his; he perceived, perhaps, that the mind of Axiochus could be more easily composed by a rhetorical harangue, than by philosophic reasonings.

This, probably, led him to say, that ever since he had heard a particular lecture of Prodicus, he had put no value on life, and wished for death. Axiochus asks, what the Sophist said; and Socrates, without much importunity, begins to tell him. It was an enumeration of the inconveniences and calamities of life, from infancy to old age, and of the evils to which men are exposed through every period. This enumeration is well drawn up, and expressed in lively and appropriate terms, as will be allowed by those who shall read the original. Among the evils of childhood, he reckons not only the fatigues children must endure to strengthen the body, but the vexation and disgust to which they are obnoxious, from critics, geometricians, and teachers of tactics, whom he regards as so many rigorous task masters. By critics must be understood the interpreters of the poets, who were as pedantic formerly as they are at this day. It proceeds to describe the vexations and difficulties that arise from the Grecian modes of life, till he comes to old age, in which he finds every incurable infirmity, and adds, if life be not instantaneously demanded as a debt, nature, like an usurer, exacts its pledges; it takes sight from some, hearing from others, and sometimes both together. If life still holds out, they who delay the surrender of it, become paralytic and lame, and lose the use of their limbs. Socrates continues to expatiate on the troubles of old age, and cites examples from historians and poets, to prove that they who have been the most acceptable to the Gods have

died young. He touches also on the unhappy end of some illustrious generals among the Athenians, and reminds Axiochus of the injustice of the Athenians, which, though assisted by Eurypylomus, Axiochus himself had in vain opposed.

On this Axiochus laments the infelicity of those who interfere in the affairs of the state of Athens, and describes the vices of the people. Socrates takes occasion from hence to observe, that if the science of government, which is the noblest of all, renders them who engage in it unhappy, the state of other men must be much worse.

He then reasons after the manner which he attributes to Prodicus; that death affects neither those who are living, nor those who are deceased; the former having not fallen under its power, and the latter being void of all feeling. Axiochus ridicules this reasoning, and observes that the sick are not healed by sophisms; but want arguments that reach the mind. Socrates replies, that he was always deceiving himself by blending together things that are incompatible; namely, perception and feeling, with the loss and privation of all the capacities of sensation.

He afterwards argues for the immortality of the soul from human discoveries and inventions; for instance, astronomy, by which men calculate, for as many years as they please, the position of the stars, and their different aspects. Socrates subjoins, that the soul of Axiochus, on leaving the body, would remove to a happy place, where it would be exposed to no trouble, and would be at liberty to philosophize, not according to the taste of the multitude and of the theatre, but agreeably to truth. Axiochus appears to be entirely gained over by this conversation, and says, that so far from any fear of death, he wished it: he adds, that he began to entertain more elevated reflections, and to run that eternal and divine course of which Socrates spoke, and, in a word, that he "was become a new man." Socrates, who perceived that Axiochus yielded himself more to the impressions produced by eloquence than philosophy, begins to relate what he said he had

heard reported from Gobryas, concerning another life, and which was found written on copper-plates, discovered in the Isle of Delos, in the times of Xerxes. These are fables concerning the different regions into which the gods had divided the invisible world, and of the allotment of hell to Pluto, where Minos and Rhadamanthus preside as judges of the dead. He described also, in five languages, the beautiful scenes where the righteous reside, in which he promises Axiochus, who had lived virtuously, an abode; he refers, however, what he declares he had learnt from Gobryas, to the judgment of Axiochus, adding, that he was well persuaded that the soul was immortal, and that it would suffer nothing by an exchange of worlds, speaking, as he did, concerning the souls of the virtuous.

Axiochus is so charmed with this discourse, that he appears disposed to meet death with joy: he promises to reflect on what had been offered, and requests Socrates to renew his visit.\*

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*On the SUPERIORITY of our ETHICS  
over those of the ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.*

**T**HE doctrine of morality which is taught in our days, by which I understand the system of the truths of theology and of natural law, has a very great superiority over that of the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers, and which must be evident to every one, who is not under the influence of an extreme prejudice for antiquity.

The ideas which the majority of the ancient philosophers entertained of the divinity were either imperfect and obscure, or superstitious and dreadful. At one time they peopled Olympus with a multitude of divinities; at another, they only admitted gods who were entirely passive,†

sometimes it was an irrevocable destiny by which the world was governed,\* or that nature alone was God;† at another time they acknow-

gods had not created this universe, nor exercised any controul over it, but that they enjoyed a perfect repose in the habitation assigned to them by the Epicureans, which was the space which separated the worlds. They pretended that honour was due to them, but solely on account of the excellence of their nature, being susceptible neither of benevolence nor indignation.

\* This is the opinion of Zeno, chief of the sect of the stoics. He not only subjected the inferior gods to destiny or fatum, but also the supreme god, from whom the lower gods emanated, and to whom they were one day to be re-united. Seneca says, —The author and the moderator of all things wrote, it is true, the laws of fate, but he is himself subject to them. He always obeys them, after having once ordained them.

† This may be imputed to different philosophers of the Ionian sect, of which Thales was the founder. He allowed that God was the intelligence, by which every thing was formed of water, which he established as the principle of all things; but he expressed himself so obscurely, that he made himself suspected of atheism. Anaximander, who succeeded him, believed that the principle and element of all things was an infinite unique, and invariable in its totality; the parts of which, however, were subject to change, that every thing has its origin and its end in it, that the gods received their being from it, that they were born and died at a great distance from each other, and that the worlds were innumerable.—Anaximenes, his disciple, established air as the universal principle, that every thing was born in it and returned to it, that it was infinite, and consequently every thing was infinite which drew its origin from it; and that God was air, and in constant motion. At least these philosophers have so incorporated matter with their divinity, that they leave us in doubt whether they did not believe their divinity to be nature itself, or the

\* *Bibliothèque Choisie par le Clerc, tom. xxii. p. 153—160.*

† This is a part of the Epicurean philosophy, which, as it made the gods similar to man, exempted them from all cares of this lower world, from a fear of disturbing their felicity: also, according to their system, these

ledged no God at all, and attributed every thing to chance.\* Socrates even, who appeared to possess the soundest ideas of the divinity, still considered it to be no dereliction of moral duty to sacrifice to the gods of his country. And who are the gods whom antiquity adored? Homer, this prince of poets, sings the power of Jupiter, whom he calls the father of men and of gods. "But who is this god? He is one whom I would not wish to resemble; and, notwithstanding the manner in which he is adorned by the pomp of poesy, I should be ashamed to be his friend."†

soul of the world extended over all nature. Xenophane, chief of the Eleatic sect, reasoned still worse on the divinity. He made it eternal; sole and similar in all points, in regard to space and extension of a round form, and sensible in all its parts. The divine virtue which he admits is nothing than a property of matter, nor made a particular substance of it different from the universal substance. His successor, Parmenides, made God a circle of air and fire, which he says encircles the heavens and incloses the world. It is a circumstance not very favourable to Zeno, of the Eleatic sect, that it cannot be decided of his principle, that there is but one being, who is God, can or cannot be understood in the sense of Spinoza.

\* This is the opinion of Strato, of the Peripatetic sect. According to Cicero, he expressly declares, that the assistance of the gods was not necessary to the formation of the universe, that all the divine virtue was comprehended in insensible matter, which included in itself the principle of all production, augmentation, and diminution.—*Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. 1, c. 13. Quæst. Acad. lib. iv. c. 38.*

† Vide Garves Geschichte Gellerts Leben und Werke.

Cic. Quæst. Tuscul. cap. 9. He finishes his enumeration of the different sentiments of the ancient philosophers, on the nature of the soul, in a truly sceptical manner. "There is but one God, he says, who can determine which of these opinions be true, and at the same time it is not easy to decide which has the greatest probability."

False principles of morality are inevitably the result of false notions of the divinity. Almost all the ancient philosophers made to themselves a god, according to their own fantasy and particular character, and attributed to him those qualities and inclinations, which their own temperament and the nature of the education which they had received led them especially to approve. At one time, severe and mild; at another, sensual and magnanimous: this god was every thing, which the philosophers were themselves.

Their doctrine concerning the nature of the soul is a labyrinth of opinions, some of which are more chimerical than others. Who does not feel contempt and disgust with all the subtle definitions and the endless disputes of the Grecian philosophers, concerning the nature of the soul? Not all the eloquence of Cicero, who transmits them to us, can make them palatable. The wisest among them suspected more the immortality of the soul, than established the certainty of it. Warburton has demonstrated, that all the philosophers of Greece were not persuaded of the immortality of the soul, and of another life of rewards and punishments, although they have spoken of it as a point of doctrine in which society is interested. At least they knew no other immortality than that which results from the principle approaching so near to atheism, that God is the soul of the world, and that the human soul is an emanation of it \*

\* The Stoics were divided on the immortality of the soul, but they all concurred in regarding it as a part of the divinity or of the soul of the world. They who were advocates for immortality pretended that it was only the lot of virtuous men, whilst the souls of the wicked were dissolved soon after death. The immortality which they admitted, and which Cicero calls ironically a *life of crows*, lasted only to the general conflagration, which is an end of the world, very different to that which is represented to us by the Christian religion, besides the whole felicity of the souls consisted in contemplating the course of the stars.



The ideas which they entertained of virtue were often imperfect and unnatural: and how could they be otherwise? as they extracted them from their manner of conceiving the divinity and the nature of the soul. What is virtue when its essence is not made to consist in the conformity of our actions with the will of the Creator, considered as our sovereign Lord, and from whom we have received our laws? But did Plato, Aristotle, or Zeno ever establish virtue on this great truth, that God is our legislator and our judge? \* What was the Stoic with his imaginary virtue but his own divinity? He pretended not to stand in need either of God or of his assistance to become virtuous. † Therefore whatever difference they admitted between good and evil morals, they did not acknowledge it to be founded on the will of God, and his empire over men, as being his creatures and his subjects, and they deduced their principles of virtue, not from the obedience due to God, but solely from the beauty of virtue and from the natural deformity of vice. Plato, by the extenuation of the body and the mortification of the senses, elevates the soul near to the father of spirits: such is his virtue, and it must

\* Plato established it as a principle of virtue, that the body was the prison of the soul, that it would be set at liberty to reach the sovereign good, to the contemplation of its original ideas, and the patterns of all things which emanated from the divine intelligence, and that it had an individual existence.

† The Stoics maintained the principle, that a good and just mind was the divinity in the human body, and moreover, that the soul is a free agent, provided there is nothing exterior to it which can constrain it; and they, in consequence, maintained that men did indeed receive the advantages and necessities of life from the divinity, but that they were not indebted for their virtue to it. Seneca even dares to assert, that in this point the sage is elevated above God, that God is indebted to his nature for his deliverance from all fear, whereas the sage is indebted for it to his own efforts.

be allowed that there is something very imposing in the manner in which he expresses himself. Zeno teaches us to stifle our natural propensities, and not to estimate that, as a pain or a pleasure, which inflicts on us painful or agreeable sensations. According to his doctrine, we shall become virtuous when we cease to be men. In regard to Epicurus, he makes virtue to consist in preserving ourselves from every thing which can give uneasiness to the soul and pain to the body; whilst, according to Aristotle, he is virtuous who regulates his manners according to the wisest opinions and the laws of the country.\*

The enumeration which they present to us of virtues and particular duties is incomplete and defective. Although the Pagan sage is so far advanced as to admit this negative precept,—“*Do not do to others what you would not wish should be done unto you;*” yet he is not elevated to this positive precept, which religion teaches us,—“*Do unto others what you wish they should do unto you.*” Every thing which you could wish should be done unto you, according to the rules of justice, benevolence, and of a reasonable indulgence, do you practice in regard to others, supposing them in your place and you in theirs. This precept is not the same as the first, but it comprehends it without being contained in it. I can indeed abstain from doing a person an injury, without rendering him any service. I can see his misfortune with an indifferent eye, without attempting to deliver him from it, or promoting his happiness. This great rule of duty was never prescribed by reason abandoned to itself. The ancient philosophers did not confine temperance and chastity, in regard to men, within bounds sufficiently narrow. The rigid Cato recommended lewdness as a mean of

\* His moral was imperfect in this point, that it had seldom any other object than happiness in relation to the state of society. It was the moral of a courtesan, who often accommodates her virtue to the maxims of the great world.

preventing adultery.\* Drunkenness was not; in the opinion of some, a capital vice. Hatred and persecution of the enemies of a family were in Rome, considered a virtue. Cicero himself declares in favour of revenge,† Suicide was permitted, and the most pompous eulogiums made it an heroic virtue. Patriotism, so extolled amongst the ancients, what is it often but enthusiasm and a spirit of party, which leads us to sacrifice the liberty and the happiness of the people with a view to eternise the glory of our nation? Where is the universal benevolence? Where are the works of charity in the morals of the ancients? Commiseration, according to Seneca, is an infirmity of the soul and the fault of a little mind, which is depressed and discouraged at the view of the woes of others.‡. Aristotle considers kindness to be a weakness of the soul; and patience, after inju-

ries received, a servile disposition.\* In what part of their ethics do the ancients teach humility? The presumption of erecting himself into a little divinity, is the great stumbling block of Stoic morality.

In general the ethics of the ancients offer no certain mean of tranquillising ourselves under the various sufferings of life: nor do they grant any true consolation, which can only be found in an humble subjection to the will of God, in the assurance that every thing conspires to the happiness of those who obey him and confide in him, and in the persuasion that he, from eternity, has ordered every thing, and directed with admirable wisdom and goodness all the events of our life. The ethics of the present day are exempt from those imperfections: they give us great and sublime ideas of God; just and noble sentiments of humanity, and moderation, in regard to our desires. They possess a greater certainty of the immortality of the soul, of the recompense of virtue, and the punishment of vice. Whence have we derived these advantages? Were the ancient philosophers deficient in penetration?—Are not they our superiors in depth of thought and elocution? Why were their ethics not more true and exact? Did they not apply themselves with sufficient care and diligence? Are we greater geniuses than Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Epictetus, Aristotle, Cicero, or Seneca, because we have extended our moral speculation further than they? Whence does it proceed, that in regard to the adoration of an only God, the duties of universal benevolence, the love of our enemies, the origin of good and evil, and the immortality of the soul, the Pagan philosophers and poets, are so far removed from that degree of certitude which we possess at this day on all those important points?

R. H.

\* Horace mentions this, speaking of Cato the censor, and it accords with what Plutarch recites at the close of his life, of a circumstance not very honourable to him, which made him resolve on a second marriage, although far advanced in years. Hor. *Serm. lib. i. l. stat. 2, ver. 31. seq.* It will be found less becoming in Cicero, in his defence of Cælius, to undertake the defence of lewdness with the sophistical restriction, that the indulgence of it ought to be permitted only with moderation and decency. Cic. *Orat. pro Cælius, cap. 20 et seq.* Dicaarches, from the report of Cicero, reproached Plato, that zealous partisan of virtue, of having spoken in favour of a criminal love. Cic. *Quæst. Tusc. lib. iv. cap. 30.*

† He does not declare it in one of his orations, where it might be supposed that he sacrificed the interests of virtue and the exact truth to the circumstances of his situation; but it is in a letter to an intimate friend, in which he opens his heart, that he expresses so ardently his desire for revenge. "I hate this man, and shall for ever hate him: would to heaven that I could revenge myself on him." Ad. *Attic. lib. 9, ep. 12.*

‡ Clementiam mansuetudinemque omnes boni præstabant misericordiam autem vitabant. Et enim vitium pusilli animi, ad speciem alienorum ma-

lorum succidentis. Sen. A. *Clomt. lib. 11 c. 5.*

\* Δουκὲ γὰρ (ἐπ' αὐτῶν) οὐκ ἀσθάνεσθαι, οὐδ' ἀπεισεῖσθαι μοι, ὅτι γινώσκοντες τι οὐκ ἐνὸς ἀμυντικός, τὸ δὲ προπαικίζονται ἀνιχεῖσθαι, καὶ τοὺς αἰκίους, τερνιστοῦ ἀνδραποδιστῆς, — Arist. *Ethi. lib. iv. cap. 5.*

[To be continued.]

MR. BURDON TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

**L**ET me request you to rectify two errors of the press in your last number. Page 20, for "remains," read "work." The fault, I believe, is my own.—Page 22, for "Moyer," read "Roger."—Page 33, for "excited," read "exalted." I only wonder the errors of the press are not more frequent.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,  
Aug. 10, 1809.

ON THE PROPRIETY OF ESTABLISHING  
PAROCHIAL SHOPS IN COUNTRY  
DISTRICTS.

Sir,

**A**S the internal economy of labouring parishes cannot fail to be an object of general interest, permit me to mention one particular, in which, it appears, a considerable improvement might be introduced to rural districts.

Those who are in habits of familiarity with reclusal parts of the country must be aware of the very great difficulty the peasant finds in procuring, with tolerable advantage, even the humble necessities to which his earnings are equivalent. In many instances a town is at several miles distance. A frequent journey to this mart would evidently occupy too much of the husband's time to be practicable; and the wife, surrounded in all probability by a numerous family, is equally incapable of the undertaking. Very small shops are, consequently, opened in the scattered hamlet; and thither the scanty stipend of the peasant family uniformly goes. As these shops are supplied with the various articles in which they deal from no better a source than the largest retailer of the neighbouring country town, and as nothing bordering on competition can be supposed to exist in the seclusion of a confined village, it naturally occurs that the peasant pays nearly fifty per cent. more for his homely commodities than the mechanic, who possesses the advantage of purchasing of more extensive dealers at a market, rendered ad-

vantageous by a spirit of rivalry. The countryman's ten shillings a week, therefore, undergo a most afflictive reduction, in point of absolute value:—an evil, that requires little illustration, and which falls with particular severity on the man, whose nominal remuneration for labour has not kept pace with the actual decrease evident in the value of money.\* In consequence of this local deterioration of the labourer's income, he gradually incurs a debt which binds him more firmly to the necessity of expending his earnings with the village trader, and compels him to purchase, without a murmur, indifferent articles at a price still more exorbitant than before. The situation of a hopeless debtor is evidently unfavourable to the exercise of industry.—Whether a debt, which there is no rational prospect of discharging, be five pounds or five shillings, is a matter of small moment among those who have not learned honour through the mean of education. The peasant flies to drinking, and his family experience the severe misery of receiving the necessities procured by daily labour from the hands of a man who never transmits the adulterated pittance without alarming and degrading taunts.

It appears that this grievance, really formidable to the most useful class of men possessed by the empire, might be totally remedied without any great exertion or inconvenience. I would propose a shop to be opened by the parish officers of every country neighbourhood, at which the poor might be served with unadulterated articles, at a profit just sufficient to defray the expenses of the undertaking. The comparatively extensive capital arising from the rates of a parish at large would enable the proprietors to purchase goods at a desirable market. The charge of the establishment

\* The village labourer's pay has not experienced an increase of above one-third within the last fifty years. The price of the common articles of life has more than doubled in the same period. The increase of the poor-rates is a sufficient voucher for the inadequacy of the peasant's remuneration.

would be trivial. Some minor officer of the parish would be willing and able, for a small salary, to superintend the sale of articles in so limited and unembarrassed a concern; and the whole might be periodically inspected, with little additional trouble, by the churchwarden or overseer.

The benefits that must accrue to the humble purchaser are obvious. Without any compulsion, he would possess the opportunity of expending his earnings in an advantageous manner. The impossibility of acquiring goods on trust (as the parish shop would of course sell only for ready money) is a circumstance that must be ultimately beneficial to him. Admitting that the profits of the institution might not, from the superficial accounts of the purchase and sale, altogether defray the expenses; the parish would certainly be gainers in the aggregate, independently of the amendment of manners likely to take place from the system; for the debt of the pauper generally becomes an indirect burthen on the payers to the poor rate, under the present order of things.

This project is not entirely chimerical. A shop, in its essential point resembling that which I recommend to general adoption, has been established by a most amiable character in Oxfordshire,—the Bishop of Durham, whose seat, named Mungwell, is situated in the vicinity of Wallingford. The institution of this philanthropic Prelate is in every desirable shape successful. The peasantry of England will have reason to repeat his Lordship's name with gratitude, should his private example find parochial imitators.

The shops instituted by the proprietors of iron-works in the reclusive parts of Wales, likewise exhibit the propriety of the plan. These little marts are established for local accommodation, but they sufficiently prove the efficacy of public shops in neighbourhoods where a competition of sellers is unattainable.

Wishing that these hints may obtain notice through the extensive circulation of your miscellany,

I remain, Sir,

Your's, &c.

J. N. B.

10th August, 1809.

WALTER MAPES and the LATIN  
POETRY of the MIDDLE AGES.

SIR,

IN "Remaines concerning Brittain," 1629, folio, the following curious specimen of the Latin jingling poetry of the middle ages occurs. I thought it worthy of transcription, as you perhaps may do of republication: considering the manners of the age, less astonishment will arise from the levity, both of the subject and of the manner, in a churchman, than that an Archdeacon of Oxenforde, which the author was, should so openly impugn a decree of the Pope.

Walter Mapes, in the reign of Henry II, "filled England with his merriments; when the Pope forbade the clergy their wives, became procurator for himself and them with these verses; desiring only for his fee that every priest with his sweetheart would say a paternoster together for him."

Prisciani regula penitus cassatur,  
Sacerdos per *hic* et *hæc* olim declinatur;  
Sed per *hæc* solummodo nunc articulatur,  
Cum per nostrum præsulem *hæc* amor eat.

Ita quidem presbyter cœpit allegare,  
Pœcat criminaliter qui vult separare  
Quod Deus injunxerat, feminam amare:  
Tales dignum duximus fures appellare.

O quam dolor anxius, quam tormentum  
grave,  
Nobis est dimittere quoniam suave!  
O Romane pontifex, statuisti prave,  
Ne in tanto crimine moraris, cave.

Non est Innocentius\*, imo nocens vere,  
Qui quod facio docuit. studet abolere,  
Et quod olim juvenis voluit habere,  
Modo vetus pontifex studet prohibere.

Gignere nos præcepit vetus testamen-  
tum,  
Ubi novem prohibet nusquam est inven-  
tum:  
Præsul qui contrarium donat documentum,  
Nullum necessarium his dat argumentum.

Dedit enim Dominus maledictionem  
Viro qui non fecerit generationem;  
Ergo tibi consulo, per hanc rationem,  
Gignere ut habeas benedictionem.

Nonne de militibus milites procedunt  
Et reges a regibus, qui sibi succedunt?  
Per locum à simili omnes jura lædunt,  
Clericos qui gignere crimen esse credunt.

\* Nomen Pape:

Zacharias habuit prolem et uxorem,  
Per virum quem genuit adeptus honorem;  
Baptizavit enim nostrum Salvatorem:  
Pereat qui teneat novum hunc errorem.

Paulus coslos rapitur ad superiores,  
Ubi multas didicit res secretiores;  
Ad nos tandem redens, misrensque mores,  
Suas, inquit, habeat quidlibet uxores.

Propter hæc et alia dogmata Doctorum,  
heor esse melius, et magis decorum,  
Quisque suam habet, et non proximorum,  
Ne incurrat odium et iram eorum.

Proximorum feminas, filias, et nepotes  
Violare nefas est, quar nihil discipules:  
Vere tuam habeas, et in hac delectes,  
Idem ut sic ultimum tutius expectes.

Ecce jam pro clericis multum allegavi,  
Necnon pro presbyteris plura comprobavi:  
Paternoster nunc pro me quamvis peccavi,  
Dicat quisque presbyter cum sua suavi.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

S. H. W.

Reygate, 2d June, 1809.

A WEEK IN PARIS. By LIEUT.  
COLONEL PINKNEY.

For the Universal Magazine.

**T**HERE is no place in the world, perhaps, more distinguished for literary eminence, in every part of art and science, than Paris. The literary institutions of Paris, therefore, were the objects of my first visit. Every capital has its theatres, public gardens, and palaces; but Paris alone has its public libraries on a scale of equal utility and magnificence. In Paris alone, science seems to be considered as an object of importance to mankind, and therefore as a suitable object for the protection of government. In Paris alone, to say all in a word, the poorest student, the most ragged philosopher, has all the treasures of princes at his command; the National Library opens at his call, and the most expensive books are delivered for his use.

On the morning following my arrival, Mr. Younge accompanied me to the National Library. On entering it, we ascended a most superb staircase painted by Pellegrine, by which

we were led to the library on the first floor. It consists of a suit of spacious and magnificent apartments, extending round three sides of a quadrang. The books are ranged round the sides, according to the order of the respective subjects, and are said to amount to nearly half a million. Each division has an attending librarian, of whom every one may require the book he wishes, and which is immediately delivered to him. Being themselves gentlemen, there is no apprehension that they will accept any pecuniary remuneration; but there is likewise a strict order that no money shall be given to any of the inferior attendants. There are tables and chairs in numbers, and nothing seemed neglected, which could conduce even to the comfort of the readers.

The most complete department of the library is that of the manuscripts. This collection amounts to nearly fifty thousand volumes, and amongst them innumerable letters and even treatises, by the early kings of France. A manuscript is shewn as written by Louis the Fourteenth: it is entitled, "Memoirs of his own Time, written by the king himself." I much doubt, however, the authenticity of this production. Louis the Fourteenth had other more immediate concerns than writing the history of France. France is full of these literary forgeries. Every king of France, if the titles of the books may be received as a proof of their authenticity, has not only written his life, but written it like a philosopher and historian, candidly confessing his errors and abusing his ministers.

The second floor of the building contains the genealogies of the French families. They are deposited in boxes, which are labelled with the several family names. They are considered as public records, and are only producible in courts of justice, in order to determine the titles to real property. No one is allowed to copy them except by the most special permission, which is never granted but to histrigraphers of established name and reputation. The cabinet of antiques is stated to be very rich, and, to judge by appearances, is not inferior to its reputation. The collection was made by Caylus. It chiefly consists of vases, busts, and articles of domestic use amongst the

Romans. The greater part of them have been already copied as models, in the ornamenting of furniture, by the Parisian artists. This fashion indeed is carried almost to a mania.—Every thing must be Greek and Roman without any reference to nature or propriety. For example, what could be so absurd as the natural realization of some of these capricious ornaments? What lady would choose to sleep in a bed, up the pillars of which serpents were crawling. Yet is such a realization the only criterion of taste and propriety.

The cabinet of engravings detained us nearly two hours. The portefeuilles containing the prints are distributed into twelve classes. Some of these divisions invited us to a minute inspection. Such was the class containing the French fashions from the age of Clovis to Louis the Sixteenth. In another class was the costume of every nation in the world; in a third, portraits of eminent persons of all ages and nations, and in a fourth, a collection of prints relating to public festivals, cavalcades, tournaments, coronations, royal funerals, &c. France is the only kingdom in the world which possesses a treasure like this, and which knows how to estimate it at its proper value.

From the National Library we drove to the Athenée, a library and lecture institution, supported by voluntary subscription. It is much of the same nature as an institution of a similar kind in London, termed the British Institute; but the French Athenæum has infinitely the advantage. The subscription is cheaper, being about four Louis annually, and the lectures are more elegant, if not more scientific. There are usually three lectures daily; the first on sciences, and the other two on belles lettres. The lecture on science is considered as very able, but those on the belles lettres were merely suited, as I understood, to French frivolity. The rooms were so full as to render our stay unpleasant, and we thereby lost an anatomy lecture, which was about to commence. I should not forget to mention, that all the Parisian journals and magazines, and many of the German periodical works, were lying on the tables, and the library seemed altogether as

complete as it was comfortable. The subscribers are numerous, and the institution itself in fashion. How long it will so last, no one will venture to predict.

The library of the Pantheon and that of the Institute finished our morning's occupation. They are both on the same scale and nearly on the same general plan as the National Library. The library of the Institute, however, is only open to foreigners and the members of the Institute. The Institute holds its sitting every month, and, according to all report, is then frivolous enough. I had not an opportunity of being present at one of these sittings, but from what I heard, I did not much regret my disappointment.

We returned home to dress for dinner. Mr. Younge informed me, that he expected a very large party in the evening, chiefly French, and as his lady herself was a French woman, and had arranged her domestic establishment accordingly, I felt some curiosity.

About eight, or nearer nine, Mr. Younge and myself, with two or three other of the dinner company, were summoned up to the drawing-room. The summons itself had something peculiar. The doors of the parlour, which were folding, were thrown open, and two female attendants, dressed like vestals, and holding touches of white wax, summoned us by a low curtsy, and preceded us up the great staircase to the doors of the anti-chamber, where they made another salutation, and took their station on each side. The anti-chamber was filled with servants, who were seated on benches fixed to the wall, but who did not rise on our entry. Some of them were even playing at cards, others at dominos, and all of them seemed perfectly at their ease. The anti-chamber opened by an arched door-way into an handsome room, lighted by a chandelier of the most brilliant cut glass; the panels of the room were very tastily painted, and the glasses on each side very large, and in magnificent frames. The further extremity of this room opened by folding doors into the principal drawing-room, where the company were collected. It was brilliantly lighted, as well by patent lamps, as by a chandelier in the middle. The fur-

niture had a resemblance to what I had seen in fashionable houses in England. The carpet was of red baize with a Turkish border, and figured in the middle like a harlequin's jacket. The principal novelty was a blue ribbon which divided the room lengthways, the one side of it being for the dancers, the other for the card-players. The ribbon was supported at proper distances by white staves, similar to those of the court ushers.

The ball had little to distinguish it from the balls of England and America, except that the ladies danced with infinitely more skill, and therefore with more grace. The fashionable French dancing is exactly that of our operas. They are all figurantes, and care not what they exhibit, so that they exhibit their skill. I could not but figure to myself the confusion of an English girl, were she even present at a French assembly. Yet so powerful is habit, that not only did the ladies seem insensible, but even the gentlemen, such as did not dance, regarded them with indifference.

Cotillons and waltzes were the only dances of the evening. The waltzes were danced in couples, twenty or thirty at a time. The measure was quick, and all the parties seemed animated. I cannot say that I saw any thing indecorous in the embraces of the ladies and their partners, except in the mere act itself; but the waltz will never become a current fashion in England or America.

There is no precedence in a French assembly except amongst the Military. This is managed with much delicacy. Every group is thrown as much as possible into a circle. The tables are all circular, and cotillons are chiefly preferred from having this quality.

I did not join the card-players: there were about half a dozen tables, and the several parties appeared to play very high. When the game, or a certain number of games were over, the parties rose from their seats, and bowing to any whom they saw near them, invited them to succeed them in their seats. These invitations were sometimes accepted, but more frequently declined. The division of the drawing-room set apart for the card-players served rather as a promenade for the company who did not dance; they

here ranged themselves in a line along the ribbon, and criticised the several dancers. Some of these spectators seemed most egregious fops. One of them, with the exception of his linen, was dressed completely in purple silk or satin, and another in a rose-coloured silk coat, with white satin waistcoat and small clothes, and white silk stockings. The greater part of the ladies were dressed in fancy habits from the antique. Some were sphinxes, some vestals, some Dians, half a dozen Minervas, and a score of Junos and Cleopatras. One girl was pointed out to me as being perfectly *à l'Anglaise*.—Her hair, perfectly undressed, was combed off her forehead, and hung down her back in its full length behind. She reminded me only of a school-boy playing without his hat.

We were summoned to the supper-table about three in the morning.—This repast was a perfect English dinner. Soup, fish, poultry, and ragouts, succeeded each other in almost endless variety. A fruit-basket was served round by the servants together with the bread-basket, and a small case of liqueurs was placed at every third plate. Some of these were contained in glass figures of Cupids, in which case, in order to get at the liqueur, it was necessary to break off a small globule affixed to the breast of the figure. The French confectioners are more ingenious than delicate in these contrivances; but the French ladies seemed better pleased with such conceit in proportion to their intelligible references. Some of these naked Cupids, which were perfect in all their parts, were handed from the gentlemen to the ladies, and from the ladies to each other, and as freely examined and criticised, as if they had been paintings of birds. The gentlemen, upon their parts, were equally as facetious upon the naked Venuses; and a swan affixed to a Leda, was the lucky source of innumerable pleasant questions and answers. Every thing, in a word, is tolerated which can in any way be passed into an equivocal. Their conversation in this respect resembles their dress—no matter how thin that covering may be, so that there be one.

So much for a French assembly or fashionable rout, which certainly ex-

cells an English one in elegance and fancy, as much as it falls short of it in substantial mirth. The French, it must be confessed, infinitely excel every other nation in all things connected with spectacle, and more or less this spectacle pervades all their parties. They dance, they converse, they sing, for exhibition, and as if they were on the stage. Their conversation, therefore, has frequently more wit than interest, and their dancing more vanity than mirth. They seem in both respects to want that happy carelessness which pleases by being pleased. A Frenchwoman is a figurante even in her chit-chat.

It may be expected that I did not omit to visit the theatres. Mr. Younge accompanied me successively to nearly all of them—two or three in an evening. Upon this subject, however, I shall say nothing, as every book of travels has so fully described some or other of them, that nothing in fact is further required.

I had resolved not to leave Paris without seeing the emperor, and being informed that he was to hold an audience on the following day, I applied to Mr. Younge to procure my formal introduction. With this purpose we waited upon General Armstrong, who sent my name to the Grand Chamberlain with the necessary formalities.—This formality is a certificate under the hand of the Ambassador, that the person soliciting the introduction has been introduced at his own court, or that, according to the best knowledge of the Ambassador, he is not a Merchant—a *Negociant actuel*. It may be briefly observed, however, that the French *Negotiant* answers better to the English Mechanic, than to the honourable appellation, Merchant.—General Armstrong promised me a very interesting spectacle in the Imperial audience. "It's the most splendid Court in Europe," said he: "the Court of London, and even of Vienna, will not bear a comparison with it." Every one agreed in the justice of this remark, and my curiosity was strongly excited.

On the day appointed, about three o'clock, Mr. Younge accompanied me to the Palace, where we were immediately conducted to a splendid saloon, which is termed the Ambassadors' hall.

Refreshments were here handed round to the company, which was very numerous, and amongst them many German Princes in their grand court dress.—The conversation became very general; those who had seen Bonaparte describing him to those who were about to be introduced. Every one agreed that he was the most extraordinary man that Europe had produced in many centuries, and that even his appearance was in no slight degree indicative of his character. "He possesses an eye," said one gentleman, "in which Lavater might have understood an hero." Mr. Younge confirmed this observation, and prepared me to regard him with more than common attention.

The doors of the saloon were at length thrown open, and some of the officers of the Grand Chamberlain, with white wands and embroidered robes and scarfs, bowing low to the company, invited us, by waving their staves, to follow them up the grand staircase.—Every one now arranged themselves, in pairs, behind their respective Ambassadors, and followed the ushers in procession, according to the precedence of their respective countries, the Imperial, Spanish, and Neapolitan Ambassadors forming the van. The staircase was lined on both sides with grenadiers of the Legion of Honour, most of whom, privates as well as officers, were arrayed in the order. The officers, as we passed, exchanged salutes with the Ambassadors; and as the Imperial Ambassador, who led the procession, reached the door of the anti-chamber, two trumpeters on each side played a congratulatory flourish. The ushers who had led us so far, now took their stations on each side the door, and others, in more splendid habits, succeeded them in the office of conducting us.

We now entered the anti-chamber, in which was stationed the regular guard of the palace. We were here saluted both by privates and officers, the Imperial Guard being considered as part of the household. From the anti-chamber we passed onwards through nearly a dozen most splendid apartments, and at length reached the presence chamber.

My eyes were instantly in search of the Emperor, who was at the farther



extremity, surrounded by a numerous circle of officers and counsellors. The circle opened on our arrival, and withdrew behind the Emperor. The whole of our company now ranged themselves, the Ambassadors in front, and their several countrymen behind their respective Ministers.

Bonaparte now advanced to the Imperial Ambassador, with whom, when present, he always begins the audience. I had now an opportunity to regard him attentively. His person is below the middle size, but well composed; his features regular, but in their *tout ensemble* stern and commanding; his complexion sallow, and his general mien military. He was dressed very splendidly in purple velvet, the coat and waistcoat embroidered with gold bees, and with the grand star of the Legion of Honour worked into the coat.

He passed no one without notice, and to all the Ambassadors he spoke once or twice. When he reached General Armstrong, he asked him, whether America could not live without foreign commerce as well as France? and then added, without waiting for his answer, "There is one nation in the world which must be taught by experience, that her Merchants are not necessary to the existence of all other nations, and that she cannot

hold us all in commercial slavery:—England is only sensible in her computers."

The audience took up little less than two hours, after which the Emperor withdrew into an adjoining apartment; and the company departed in the same order, and with the same appendages, as upon their entrance.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

I MUST beg leave to say, through your repository, that I laboured under a misapprehension, to whatever cause it was owing, when, in my Memoir of the excellent Mr. Lindsey, which appeared in the Magazine for May, I referred to "a fortune falling to him by the death of a friend;" as I am informed since, on the best authority, that "no such circumstance ever took place."

"Considerations on the Expediency of revising the Liturgy," mentioned in the enumeration of Mr. Lindsey's works, I understand did not proceed from his pen, but that of Dr. Watson Bishop of Landaff.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOSHUA TOULMIN.

Birmingham, 5th August, 1809.

## CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

**NUBILIA** in SEARCH of a HUSBAND; including *Sketches of Modern Society, and interspersed with Moral and Literary Disquisitions.* 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. pp. 460. Sherwood & Co. 1809.

[Concluded from p. 38.]

THE tranquillity and happiness which Nubilia so particularly enjoyed were, at length, interrupted by the death of her father, which opened to her a sphere of action at once new and important. She was now to exchange the placid enjoyments of a country life for the busy turmoil of the city. She was to leave the spot endeared to her by her infant sports and infant happiness, and

to enter upon a scene beset with dangers and with difficulties; but it was in this scene that the falsity or validity of the principles under which she had been educated was to be tried. A short time before her father breathed his last, he informed her of the place in which he had deposited his papers, amongst which she would find two letters on the subject of a platonic affection, which he entertained for the wife of a friend. Without entering into the merits of the case, or disputing the possibility of mere platonic love, we do not hesitate to pronounce the letter of Nubilia's father to be the most exceptionable part of the work, at the same time that it possesses truths which ought to be

engraven on the minds of every married couple. The picture which he draws of marriage is beautiful, but it is a picture existing only in the brain of the theorist; for we look for it in vain in our intercourse with the world. We will transcribe the part, for the benefit of those who are not so fortunate as to possess the work:—

“ Marriage has appeared to me a deity of enchanting loveliness: her eye effused the mildness of innocence, her tongue spoke the language of perfect harmony and peace; her breast treasured up the liberal virtues, and her thoughts were spotless as the bosom of a summer sky; her conduct was the visible language of her heart; her brow shewed no insulting taunt; the mean passions of our nature never dimmed the lustre of her countenance; her mind, generous as the hand of warm benevolence, disdained to harbour low suspicions, blushed to exact a servile devotion, abhorred the foulness of jealousy; in her bosom dwelt enshrined the precious pledge she had given at the altar; daily and hourly she turned to it, and revered its mandates; it was her pride, her happiness, her joy. In that bosom dwelt, too, a living source of human love, whence darted rays to various points, as warm, as glowing, as those that centre now in one beloved object; but they wanted that nameless energy which then informed them. Conscious of purity, she honoured the human heart too much to fix insidious doubts on all its movements; pleased to think nobly of the object she had selected for her especial love, she delighted only to see in it all that dignifies and elevates our nature—oh, my friend, there is *my* idol! I call upon you, upon the world, to do homage: discard the painted image that has so long deluded you; see here a chaste and pure one: for myself I could kneel with unfeigned devotion before a deity so propitious to human happiness: I can do reverence to any thing that robs us of our vices, our prejudices, and our errors, and gives us peace and virtue in their stead!

“ But let me be more explicit. I am deeply interested in this question: it has occupied my thoughts since I have had the power of thought; and

I am anxious to be clearly understood, because I have already suffered some odium from my strict adherence to my own opinions upon it.

“ It is a low and sordid idea, that marriage ought to place a bar between the intercourse of the sexes; I mean between that intercourse which exists within the boundaries of personal contamination. The wish of such a restriction must have arisen, *first*, in the mind of some degraded being, who drew his maxims of morality from the corrupted volume of his own breast. Besides, it is demanding an impossibility; it is enforcing the necessity of systematical deception: it is torturing the heart with a perpetual conflict between bigotted duty and unsophisticated nature. What! does the moral system sustain a complete revolution the moment a priest has pronounced a few words; have we no longer eyes; are our senses obscured; do we cease to be human? If we are none of these, how then can we perform what implies the existence of all? Believe it not. Though thousands may discharge this bitter task, yet, would they speak the solemn language of truth, they would tell you that it has been a task of horror: tears would gush forth at the very recollection of what they had endured. Can it be otherwise while the selfish system is maintained, which appropriates human nature like the beast of the field, and chains, with despotic force, the sympathies of the heart?

“ I own I am at a loss to conceive why this should be so. The duties of the married state are of a plain and simple nature: they demand no extraordinary energy of character to fulfil. They are sometimes enough to occupy the meanest of our faculties, while the higher are left undirected. Is the sphere of human affection necessarily so contracted that it can embrace only one object? and will it be said, that a married person is incapacitated from discharging the duties of his station, if he suffer a new passion to possess his heart? It will be answered—yes: but they who answer thus, answer from the impulse of unworthy feelings.

“ Why is marriage a state so proverbially unhappy, than even children learn to jeer it? Because it

set in opposition to nature. Men have hemmed it in with thorns and briars; they have, to a certain degree, disunited it from the world; every step within the pale, is agony; every step beyond, is infamy. Suspicion, envy, jealousy, and all the rankling passions of little minds rear their horrid crests in the van: behind, sorrow, tears, and anguish walk an eternal round. Injustice, too, has laid her cruel hand upon it: man, as the lawgiver, has been lenient to himself; but he has been a sanguinary tyrant to the other sex: he claims exemptions and immunities, which he denies to them: he disdains himself to wear the fetters he has forged for his companion."

This letter has been censured as containing principles subversive of morality and the established interests of society. We have heard it quoted as of the most dangerous tendency, and advocating the cause of marriage infidelity. Were that opinion founded on truth, we should be the first to expose it in its hideous colours, and "seek the hidden monster to his den." But, notwithstanding the latitudinarian principles which it inculcates, it glows with beauties, which cannot fail to excite the admiration and applause of every enlarged and liberal mind. Unfortunately, to some minds truth is a poison of the most deleterious kind, and they turn from the view of it with horror. Every detection of error, every innovation of principles, with the basis of which they are unacquainted, and for which they dare not search, as it might on a sudden expose to them the egregious errors under which they labour, is decryed and pointed out by them, as tending to introduce a laxity of morals and contempt of religion and virtue. Thus many are afraid to search for the causes of the misery, which is now so often the attendant on the married state; for a secret voice proclaims that they would find those causes in themselves, and in the unnatural shackles which are now imposed on the married state. We would particularly recommended the following passage to the perusal of our female readers. It will prove an useful lesson both to the married and the unmarried. It will teach the former not to render her husband miserable

by her constant suspicions of his infidelity, if he dare to converse with another female on terms of friendship; and it will teach the latter the rocks on which conjugal felicity is wrecked.

"And will it be said, that if this new object be cherished with love and affection, there must necessarily be a falling off in the sincerity of the conjugal duties? If it be so, the cause is to be sought in a radical defect of the moral system of the delinquent, not in the feelings now excited. A man or woman of real honour, of delicate and refined principles, is incapable of vice; they view it with horror and disgust. They are neither so volatile nor so depraved as to quit the path of strict integrity, and follow every wandering meteor that happens to cross their steps; but neither are they so self-debased as to shrink from the reception and nurture of all honourable, interesting, and consolatory feelings. What may be termed *love* is a sort of aerial existence; it lives in sighs and looks, that are full of imaginary meanings; its hopes and fears, its half-suppressed delights, form a source of exquisite enjoyment to elevated, and only to elevated minds; its highest raptures are those which are farthest removed from sense; its most exalted charms are but visionary dreams that hover round the infected mind; its most precious gifts are words of dubious kindness where the heated fancy has full room to act and point their application. This mental, this spiritual passion is capable of imparting such joys to the life of man, that the full heart rests satiated with indefinable delights. And I ask you most seriously, my friend, what prejudice to the marriage state can arise from the existence of such a passion in conjunction with every legitimate and just feeling that belongs to this state? What is detracted from it? Nothing. What duty is impeded by its presence? None. It is only a secondary inmate of the heart, in which a superior dwells enshrined, and must for ever dwell unless the sanctuary be already corrupted. With the latter it never can contend, for its wishes and desires are opposite. It serves to embellish and enliven the road of life, by opening new opportunities for

pleasure; it improves and enlarges the sphere of affection, and it serves to generate a feeling of ourselves, a decent and a laudable pride in viewing ourselves esteemed and beloved without even the apprehension of an interested motive.

"I know you will say that this pure and immaculate picture can rarely be found, or, if found, it must be in very exalted and liberal bosoms: and that the dissemination of such a principle would lead to injury, because only a chosen few are capable of receiving it in a proper way. I do not deny all this. Corrupt and degraded minds will extract poison from any thing: but this has nothing to do with the possibility of such a passion taking place in purer natures. Shall we hate the sun because he breeds maggots in carrion as well as spreads the smiling harvest o'er the land?

"'But,' you say, 'what return can I expect? Here seems to you all the difficulty and all the danger.'—What return can I expect! The equivalent of what I give—purity and honour. Step forth, stern moralist, and level all your thunders here, they will fall in vain: shew, if you can, that God or nature has ordained one object only to the feeling heart; that love, chaste and spotless as the hopes of consanguinity, pure as the pleasures of kindred minds, cannot build its throne within the precincts of wedded faith and duty. Do you not think, my friend, that when you would thus contract the circle of human affection, when you would establish the impossibility of such virtue as I here speak of, you pronounce a bitter and unmerited reproach upon mankind? What is there so saintly or so holy, what is there so austere sanctimonious in such connections, that you should suppose them either chimerical or dangerous? Heavens! have we then sunk so despicably low that moderate virtue is to be gazed at as a phenomenon, or derided as an imposture? Is the age for ever passed, in which honour, and integrity, and purity, and worth, may mingle with the deeds of man and find a generous confidence in human kind? Labour not so industriously to degrade your fellow creatures. More harm has been done to the cause of morals by

the cynical declamations and peevish doubts of those who exhort to the practice of virtue, than by the most open and wanton incentives to vice that debased minds can fabricate. It can hardly be conceived, with what a noble energy a man is incited to the pursuit of all that is great and noble, who is already believed to be sincere and successful in his endeavours: but the bursting flame is most certain to be extinguished by cold and sullen doubts, by morose prognostics of failure and by subtle insinuations of insincerity. Suspicion is a baleful canker that undermines with deadly force: a generous mind, caught in its toils, shrinks from the contest, and disdains a vindication: nor is this all; disgusted with a world in which the garb of innocence is no protection from wrongs and insult, it abandons the hopeless career, and, in order to be social, becomes depraved. There cannot be a situation more hateful, or more attractive to a truly liberal and ingenuous person, than to be suspected of equivocal or disgraceful conduct, at the very moment when every impulse of his heart; when every thought and every feeling is sacred to virtue. Stung with indignation to be so pestered by the gross conceptions of vulgar minds, he scorns to explain, and rather chooses to walk his road, upheld by the proud consciousness of his own integrity, dignified and unbending amid the gathering taunts of ignorance and malevolence, than stoop to soothe the causeless rancour by what might be deemed a compulsory justification. Even so my friend I might have disdained to appeal from my own heart to your judgment; and if, in this case, I have shewn a docility not native to me, ascribe it to that fervid friendship for you which animates my heart and ever must animate it while I remain sensible of my own existence. But I exhort you to discard, what I cannot but consider as a prejudice of no common magnitude: think nobly of your species when you can: believe me, it were better and more honourable to confess that successful villainy had practised on your generous and manly confidence, than to boast with what expert collusion you have foiled knaves at their own game, while you have, at the same

time perhaps, planted a thorn in the breast of innocence and truth. "Remember, there is no virtue really unattainable to an ardent mind engaged in the pursuit."

At the close of the eighth book we find Nubilia and her uncle discoursing on the respective merits of some of the English poets: but we cannot assent to the position, that a poet cannot write a pastoral, because he has not been brought up in the country. Thomson, to whose judgment in poetic matters we certainly bow with deference, held the same opinion; and when he was informed that Glover, a citizen of London, was engaged in an epic poem, he exclaimed, "He write an epic poem, who never saw a mountain?" But Leonidas appeared, and Thomson acknowledged his error.

On the arrival of Nubilia in London she is introduced to the follies of fashionable life, and is condemned to listen to the senseless and unmeaning rant of fops, loungers, and members of the Whip Club, who are lashed with a severity due to such an exalted situation. At last she is introduced to a Mr. Vaughan, who, by the cool and irresistible force of simple argument, overcame Mr. Thomson in polemics; and by a force of argument, perhaps not quite so cool, but equally irresistible, overcame every argument which Nubilia could adduce against the passion of love. In the enumeration of his virtues, Nubilia says, "Where there is dignity of mind, there cannot be frivolity of character." Were not the whole work thickly strewn with specimens of a deep and extended knowledge of man, were it not evidently the labour of a well stored and penetrating mind, we should be apt to ascribe the sentiment of the passage just quoted to a superficial knowledge of mankind. It unfortunately happens, and it is a phenomenon in the human character, that where the greatest dignity of mind exists, it is generally attended with the greatest frivolity of character. Montaigne spent often an hour at a time in playing with a kitten, and Buffon took a pleasure in preserving the clippings of his finger nails; Arbuthnot amused himself in pinning pieces of paper to

the coats of his companions, and sending them forth into the street to be laughed at. The late Lord Momboddo possessed a dignity of mind superlatively great, but in many respects he was the most frivolous character that ever existed. A living divine, to whom England is indebted for the instruction of two of its greatest ornaments, who, in the scale of deep erudition and science, stands the foremost in his country, is but the prototype of Lord Momboddo in frivolity of character. We do not dispute that dignity of mind may exist without frivolity of character; but we have adduced instances sufficient to prove that they are not heterogeneous.

In an argument on suicide the opinions of Mr. Vaughan deserve particular notice, and it is with pleasure we offer to our readers the following extract:—

" 'Do you then think suicide a crime?' asked Sir William Stanley.

" 'Without referring to religion,' answered Mr. Vaughan, 'I will answer your question by another. Is there any man, so insulated from his fellow creatures, as to be wholly unconnected with them in any respect whatsoever? If such a contradiction could exist, self-murder might admit of palliation perhaps. But as this contradiction *cannot* exist, as every man is connected with other human beings in some relation or other; as he has duties to perform; and as his neglect of those duties would not be a virtue, it is impossible that it can be otherwise than a crime, to do that which renders this neglect inevitable and eternal. If too there is a general chain of being, and every man, when he is born into the world, is born into it for the performance of certain actions, necessary, it may be, to the universal system of existence, how can he snap that chain asunder without being criminal? The disorder which may be occasioned in the plan of creation by the premature destruction of one of its parts, may be great, though not known to us, because a finite intellect cannot comprehend an infinite design: and the miseries which we endure may be a necessary part of the whole. No one, in my

opinion, can defend self-murder, who admits the existence of a deity and his attributes. Human wisdom, as derived from human actions, will serve us here. We admit that the Almighty has placed us in this world for purposes, of which part is known to us and part is concealed. It is allowed that we are his creatures; and it is known that he has assigned a particular limitation, an appointed period, in which we shall be called away from the discharge of those functions which are allotted to us here. This period is natural death, as arising from physical or other causes, produced by God. Let us now imagine that a man hires a servant to do certain work, and that a contract is entered into between the master and this servant, that a certain time shall elapse before the latter shall be at liberty to renounce his office—

"Aye," interrupted Mr. Thomson, "but the case is not in point. There is no contract between man and the Almighty."

"There certainly is a virtual contract," replied Mr. Vaughan, "between the Creator and the created, and a contract of far greater obligation and of higher import, than any that can take place between man and man.—The efficacy of this contract is admitted as often as we admit the attributes of God; and he who does *not* admit these attributes has no right to be considered as a rational being. The case, therefore, as I stated it, though 'comparing great things with small,' appears to me to be sufficiently analogous for my purpose. The company, I dare say, can anticipate what will be my application. It will not, surely, be said that this servant, having made this contract, has a right to abrogate it by his own act; for, to a condition which is established by two persons, it is requisite that the same two (or some other two invested with adequate powers by the original parties) should concur to its repeal. It is evident, also, that much inconvenience, and perhaps injury, would result to the master by the desertion of the servant."

"But you forget," replied Mr. Thomson, "that the servant might consider ill treatment as a sufficient plea for annulling the contract,"

"By that, you mean to insinuate, that the misfortunes of life, as proceeding from the Author of all, are analogous to ill treatment from the master to the servant. But here the comparison will not hold. Actions between man and man, are known to be good or bad by their immediate effects. If one man strike another and fracture a limb; or if he deprives him of food, of clothing, or abridges him in any of his comforts, such actions are acknowledged and felt to be wrong, because they are injurious, and because we have no reason to expect ultimate benefit, or to attribute, to the perpetrator, other motives than such as are bad. But, in all that proceeds from God, we may without offence to reason, and we ought, in the conviction of our own ignorance, to believe that perfect wisdom and justice are the motives; that nothing can be wrong in reference to him, and that, consequently, none of his dispensations can be considered as a justification of our destroying that tacit covenant which we enter into. These reasonings, which have for their foundation no other basis than that of nature, have, I confess, always appeared to me sufficiently cogent to overthrow the flimsy sophistry which some have urged in support of the propriety of suicide. But, beyond these, there is a positive inhibition from the mouth of God himself; at least I shall always think so, till I can be convinced that the fifth commandment of the decalogue is meant to apply only to the destruction of others; and, were I tempted to commit so mad and guilty a deed, I hope I should rather exclaim with Shakspeare,—

Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand."

"I am wholly of your opinion," replied my uncle, "and I have always considered suicide as an act which is warranted neither by nature nor by religion."

"It is a favourite doctrine with its abettors," said Mr. Vaughan, "to consider life as an intended blessing, and as a state into which they have been forced. They then argue, that if the blessing be withdrawn, and if that state into which they have been forced be rendered insupportable from

calamity, there is no reason why they should continue it. But there is so much impiety in this, that it deserves no refutation.\*

" 'Nay,' added Captain Tornington, 'they even go so far as to maintain that Providence never meant his creatures to be unhappy; and that, when they become so, it is an acceptable act to the deity to avoid it by voluntary death.'

" 'That,' said my uncle, 'arises from a very common fallacy. Men are apt to regard only single attributes of the Almighty. They consider his mercy, but forget his justice; and infinite mercy, they think, cannot cause misery.'

" 'And they think rightly,' rejoined Mr. Thomson, in a triumphant tone.

" 'The perversions of our reason are so numerous,' said Mr. Vaughan, 'and so easy, that when a man is resolved to cavil, what is there that cannot be disputed? The plainest duties of life may be obscured by misrepresentation. But he who seeks for truth with a mind willing to find it, and a heart humble enough to hear its voice, will never seek in vain. The pride of reason is a fruitful source of error, inconsistency, and guilt. I pity those, whose minds are like a sieve, that lets through the grains of gold, and keeps only the chaff. And there is nothing more easy than this sort of opposition to truth; for,\*

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,  
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.' "

During the course of Nubilia's career, we have ever considered her as gifted with peculiar intellectual powers; we regret, therefore, that at the close of it she should give us any cause to alter that opinion. Sophocles says, *ἡνελπίσθαι ἁπορροῦ νοῦν*. But Nubilia differs from that opinion, and is *not* resolved to speak on a subject which she is evidently not conversant. We allude to her remarks on German literature; nor is Mr. Vaughan (who *en passant* appears to have been first struck with the shaft of love, when he discovered that Nubilia was a proficient in the German language) nor Mr. Carson more happy in their strictures. In the Picco-

lomini,\* Nubilia admires the silliest song which was ever penned by the hand of a genius, like Schiller, and quotes a line, the rhythm of which she calls expressive, but which, we believe, has been more ridiculed in the native country of the author than the famous line of Thomson in *Tancred and Sigismunda*. Even in this country, it has been justly burlesqued in the following line:—

"The dumplings they tumble, and up and up."

We, however, agree with Mr. Vaughan, that the translation of the German authors has been, in general, undertaken by persons inadequate to the task: but we are afraid that, had Nubilia favoured us with her version of the speech of Maximilian Piccolomini, it would have pleased us as little, as it did herself; and we will say to Mr. Vaughan, for his compliance to the opinions of Nubilia,—

Welch wunderwerk hat oft ein schöner  
blick gethan,  
Wie manches richters herz der fur kein  
geld betrogen,  
Hat eine Phryne brust zum falschen sprach  
bewogen.

By means of a letter, in which we suppose Mr. Vaughan's irresistible arguments were expressed, he discloses his passion for Nubilia; and Nubilia finds in him the husband of whom she was in search.

Having minutely examined the respective parts of the work, we have only to pass our general opinion of it. It evidently flows from an enlightened and philosophic mind. It abounds with glowing sentiments of virtue and morality, at the same same that it shines with the more dazzling light of science and philosophy. We do not find in it the cant of religion, though it warmly inculcates those principles on which true religion is founded. It does not picture religion a bugbear, nor shew a God of mercy with a sword of terror in his hand. It shows us the path which leads to happiness, not set with thorns, but spread with roses of the brightest hues. No person, we af-

\* Nubilia calls the play *Wallenstein*; whereas it is *Die Piccolomini oder Wallensteins Tod*.

firm, can rise from the perusal of Nubilia without advantage to himself. But let not the mere novelist take up the book with the hope of finding a series of adventures, from which all probability is banished, and which poison the mind by depicting the world different than it is. In Nubilia, man is depicted as he is. Perfection is not given to imperfection: and if man be drawn in a gloomy character, the cause is to be sought for in the depravity of his nature, and in a dereliction from the established principles of virtue. We have risen from the perusal of the work with peculiar gratification. Instruction is blended with amusement, and Nubilia is well entitled to rank with the best productions of the day.

Although the language is, in some places, stiff and bombastic, yet on the whole it is animated and elegant. But we noticed the following inaccuracies, which, however, may, in some degree perhaps, be attributed to the short space of time in which the work was composed.

As a specimen of tautology we select the following,—

“Or wish to *recollect* with solemn *reminiscence*.”—p. 22.

The following is a gross deviation from grammar,—

“It was a mournful and yet a pleasing spectacle to behold the groupe of young and old, male and female, that *was* assembled in the church-yard to pay the testimony of *their* tears,” &c. —p. 163.

Again,—

“For no persuasion *or* entreaty.” —p. 356.

“To observe, that where virtue, truth, and liberty erect their standard, there arts, science, knowledge, polished life, ascend in gradual progress to the *highest*.”—p. 556.

*Cum multis aliis.*

R. H.

**THE LASH; a Satire, without Notes.**  
pp. 48. 1809.

**I**F there is not much vigour in this satire, there is, at least, good intention; and no one will deny that the *lash* is properly applied in the following lines:—

“From whose pert quill our daily insults fall,  
Senseless and foul as B—d—n’s weekly scrawl;  
That literary quack so debonnaire,  
Born of the Lord knows whom,—the Lord knows where;  
(Save that his *Patriot* has proclaim’d him sprung  
From some proud *Phoenix* ashes,—or its dung!  
Perchance some mongrel union gave him life,  
Some printer’s devil on some newsman’s wife!)  
Ready he stands, fair virtue to attack,  
Of all his crew the veriest hackney’d hack;  
By *his* foul pen our heroes fame must smart,  
—Nay, such the baseness of his vip’rous heart,  
Before he’d spare the truly just and good,  
He’d spit his venom on a Saviour’s blood!”

The above lines are not without force: but they are the best in the poem.

**THE ITINERANT; or, MEMOIRS of an ACTOR.** By S. W. RYLEY.  
3 vols. 1808.

**W**E have seldom perused a work of more amusement than this. If we allow Mr. Ryley to have seen only half what he relates, he has seen enough. We cannot, indeed, assent unconditionally to the assurance in the preface, that the “incidents are founded on *facts*”; for we consider the episode of Camelford and his associates as altogether improbable, though highly amusing and interesting as a narrative. Several other parts too of the work, bear the impress of invention: yet, with all these deductions, there remains enough of reality to give zest to the whole.

We consider Mr. Ryley as possessing very considerable powers of lively narration. His language is easy and natural, and his delineation of character is often excellent. His morality too is good, and his humanity is unequivocally displayed.

The following narrative will exhibit our author’s manner:—

“As we reclined on a bank, close by the pathway, an old soldier, whose silver hair, and cleanly appearance, commanded respect, and who had lost a leg and an eye in the service of his country, limped along, and as he pass-



ed, requested our honors would bestow a copper, to purchase tobacco; with an irresistible impulse, I dropped my last sixpence into his hat, whilst my prudent friend, whose father presided as head of the parish, examined the veteran on points of parochial import. "Why did he beg? the laws of this country made ample provision for the poor; and for the disabled soldier, a pension might be obtained by proper application." "Why, I'll tell your honours. As to Chelsea, I've got that, but seven pounds a year won't go far now a days; and as to the parish, damme if ever I trouble it again.—That is the place," looking back at the village, whilst the tear stood in his eye, "which gave me birth; with an intention to end my days there, about a month since, I took a garret, and said to myself, 'Jerome, thou mayst rest thy old bones, for with the assistance of a trifle from the parish, thy small fragment of life will pass in comfort.'—But, gentlemen, I was reckoning without my host—the heart of a parish officer is as hard as the butt end of a musket.—They've kill'd poor Bibo, and old Jerome's turn'd out to beg his bread."

"The old soldier seem'd much agitated in uttering the last sentence, and as we were at a loss to understand what was meant by "killing Bibo," I requested him to be more explicit.—"Why thus it is your honors,—it's damn'd foolish for an old soldier to stand whimpering like a woman, but when I think of Bibo, though he was but a brute, and had not a soul to be saved, I can't help chuckling.—I believe there's one quid left in the corner of my box"—saying this, he cram'd the tobacco into his mouth, wiped his eye, squirted out a quantity of saliva, and proceeded.—"Twenty-four years I served under the brave Captain Howard, in the 5th regiment of foot, and a better gentleman—God rest his soul—never lived—the last six years of his life, he took me into his house as a kind of *valued sham*; he had no family except Bibo, a Newfoundland dog, which he lov'd like a child; for when the noble captain served abroad, he ~~once~~ fell overboard, and Bibo saved his life. His honor was not very rich, he was ~~too~~ generous to be rich, it was ~~as much~~ as he could do to make both

ends meet; however, he took care to keep Bibo, as fat as a pig; and I've often heard him say, if he died first, he'd leave Bibo a fortune; but Lord help him, he had no fortune to leave, for when he lay on his death bed, he ordered me to sell his gold watch to buy nourishment. 'Jerome,' said he, 'take care of my dog, the life that he once sav'd I am going to resign into the hands of him that made us both.' He soon after died, and Bibo was left to my care. I had some regard for gentlemen, you will think, for the poor animal, for you know the old saying, 'love me, love my dog,' and though I had nothing left but my pension, I thought if I retired to my own village, I might be able to live, as I said before, with a little help from the parish; so after the funeral, I set off with Bibo at my heels, determined to beg as soon as my money was done, which could not last long, being only a new crown piece, the captain gave me, and sixpenny-worth of copper, to travel 70 miles. Perhaps, gentlemen, you are tired,—I'd better be hobbling on—it will do *you* no good to *hear* my story, and it grieves *me* to *tell* it."

"We assured him we were much interested, and begg'd he would proceed. "Well then, thus it is,—but if you please I'll sit down, because you know your honors, when a man has but one leg, he can't stand so well as if he had two! Ah I shall never forget the day I lost the fellow to this; it was taken off by a shot at Bunker's Hill.—As I lay on the ground, the captain passing by me as he left the field, (for you *see* our forces were on the retreat, and it was as much as his life was worth to stay a minute) got me by the hand, and said, 'Jerome, God bless thee,'—and may God bless *him*—and he *will* bless him too;—for I can tell your honors—"

"We now reminded him, that in his affection for his master, he seemed to have forgotten the sequel to Bibo.—"Very true, very true"—running his finger round his empty box, in hopes of finding another quid.—"very true, I had got a little out of the road to be sure, Bunker's Hill is not the way to Saddleworth.—Well then, gentlemen, thus it is—Old Jerome hobbled on pretty stoutly, and Bibo waddled after, at the rate of about one mile an hour."

to make short of my story—the crown piece lasted till we reached Manchester—there I began to beg for the first time—but I can't tell how it was—whether, not being used to the *trade*, I set about it *clumsily*, I don't know, but—no one would give me a farthing. It's very hard thought I, that an old soldier, who has lost a leg and an eye in defence of his country, should find no one willing to give him a trifle, to help him on the road—at length an old lady approached, and was in the act of presenting something, when Bibo caught her eye—she ask'd "whose dog he was?" "mine, an' please your ladyship"—"indeed!" said she, drawing her hand away, "if you can afford to keep a dog, you can't want my assistance."—"Poor Bibo!" said I—Bibo heard me—look'd up, and wag'd his tail—"aye aye, poor fellow! wag away" thought I, "if I can get thee to my own parish, thou shalt be safely laid up for life.—Would you believe it Gemmen? I did not get one halfpenny the whole day—some talk'd a *pass*—others threaten'd the *New Bailey*—neither Bibo or myself had tasted since morning—night was coming on, no place of shelter appeared ready to receive our weary limbs—as I lean'd on my crutch, debating—Bibo shook himself, as much as to say, "Jerome it's very cold—when the noise of a new brass collar, the captain bought just before he died, put a thought in my head, that procured us meat, drink, and lodging. That collar, said I to myself, is of no use—better for Bibo to be without *collar*, than without *meat*; so I took it off—went to a shop, and sold it for fifteen pence—though it had cost five shillings not a month before—with this money I purchased the following articles; four pennyworth of cheese, a pint of beer, a twopenny straw bed, and three pennyworth of tobacco."

"Refreshed, and praising God for all things, we set off at five o'clock the next morning, and by night reached my native place. Twenty-five years ago, I took on to be a soldier; during that time, nearly all my friends were dead; those who remained, not knowing me, would render me no assistance, except a night's lodging; and advised an immediate application to the parish. Seeing how matters were, I waited on

the *commanding officer*, and made known my situation. Says I, 'Your Honor—for I thought I'd honor him, though he was but a tailor—so, 'your Honor,' says I, 'my name is Jerome Antrobus; my father was sexton of this parish for forty years; I've been twenty-five years in the army—lost a leg and an eye, as you see—and am laid by as useless, with a pension of seven pounds a year; but that, you know, is not enough to keep soul and body together; so I'm come to your Honor for a little relief, to help out with.' Now it rain'd very hard, gemmen, and standing with my hat off, almost bald, as you see, I a'd leave to walk in; for he peep'd out at a little wicket casement, which, I a'd told, goes by the name of the *Duch's Picture-frame* amongst the poor—However, I was not admitted; but he held out his hand, and dropp'd into my hat eighteen pennyworth of bad copper, saying, 'he knew nothing about me, but would call at my quarters.' I am told he makes a pretty penny of these bad halfpence; for he buys them in at ten shillings in the pound, and makes the poor take them for their full value.

"Next day, this d—n'd tailor call'd: God forgive me, I can't help swearing when I think of him—the curse of the poor will follow him to the grave—I say, gemmen, he came to my quarters, and the churchwarden with him. I had just breakfasted on three parts of a basin of milk and bread, and Bibo was eating up the fourth, when the tailor, as stiff as buckram, came into the cellar. As soon as he saw the dog, he exclaimed, 'What! a pauper keep a dog at the expense of the parish!' With these words, he up with his stick and gave the poor brute such a blow under the ear, that he dropp'd, and never rose again.

"You may think, gemmen, an old soldier would not sit long quiet in a situation of this kind; so I made shift to shoulder my stick, and, with the first volley, brought down the tailor's hat and wig; but before I could rally my forces, for another attack, they beat a *retreat*, and it would have done your heart good, to have heard the churchwarden, and the overseer calling for assistance, against a poor cripple, who had but one leg to stand upon. A mob

was soon collected, who, being properly informed how matters stood, cursed the hard-hearted village tyrant—made a grave for my poor Bibb, which I soaked with my tears—and am now, as you see, tracing my weary way back to Manchester."

"The veteran drew his hand across his eyes, rose up, and prepared for his departure. My friend rose at the same time—'Stop, honest Jerome!—perhaps we may have it in our power to serve you; all oversters are not cursed with the disposition of neighbour Stay-tape.' By this time, my companion had torn a leaf out of his pocket-book, and hastily sketched a few lines with a pencil.—'About a mile hence, at the foot of yonder hill, you see a white house—take this note as directed, and in an hour I shall be there myself.'—The old soldier placed the note in his empty tobacco-box, and, with 'God bless your Honors,' slowly hobbled on his way.

"After a pause, my friend William said, with a sigh, 'Here is another proof of the depravity of human nature. I believe this poor man's story; for I know the tailor well—he is a wretch! Constant in all the *outward forms of religion*, he turns over the leaves of his prayer-book, and is louder than any of the congregation in vociferating its contents; yet, the first of all Christian virtues, *Charity*, he is as much a stranger to, as if he had never heard the name.'"

The following presents a different kind of writing:—

"Many of my theatrical readers will remember PENN with some degree of pleasure; for he was an actor above the common stamp. He had the grand requisites—an expressive eye—features well calculated to pourtray the passions, and a strong, articulate voice. In opposition to these advantages, his person was awkward, and his deportment ungraceful; he had neither the appearance nor the gait of a gentleman; in consequence of being brought up a school-master, he was pedantic in the extreme. Could these disadvantages have been corrected or overlooked, Penn would have been in high estimation, and ranked before many first-rate actors of his day. He was, however, a great favorite in the country—made good benefits, and might

have done very well, had not that destructive companion, dissipation, robb'd him of the comforts enjoyed by those who take prudence for their guide. Seldom had he a decent coat; in lieu of which, he generally wore a great coat, button'd to the chin, which served to conceal the forlorn state of his linen. His slow, methodical mode of speaking, gained him the appellation of *Podo*. Regularly every morning, at twelve o'clock, he entered the doors of a small public house in the vicinity of the theatre, and, with folded arms, knit brows, and a side-look at the landlady, he beckon'd three distinct times; then, pointing, to his mouth, gave full intimation of his wants. A glass of real Nantz, followed by an approving smack of the lips—gave a rich sparkle to his eye, and a firmness to his nerves, which, before this application, were languid and relaxed; then, turning slowly, and pointing to the cupboard-door—behind which his account was kept—he march'd out, nor utter'd a syllable during the whole negotiation.

Some people there are, who cannot pronounce the *r*, others misplace the *v* and *w*; the *l* is sometimes substituted for the *n*, which gives an articulation similar to that of a person who has, by some calamity, lost the roof of his mouth. Of this latter description was *Podo's* landlady. I had heard of his long score behind the cupboard door, and call'd to give her a caution.

"Does Mr. Penn ever talk of paying you?" said I.

"Lo, sir," she replied, "he lever talks at all."

"I then advis'd her to chalk no more till the other was rubb'd out.

"Penn went the next day, as usual—beckon'd—pointed to his mouth; but it would not do.

"I'll tell you what, Master Pell," said this dealer in drama, "it siglifies lothilg talkilg—you ald me must have a reckolilg—eighteel shillilgs ald eight pelce halfpelce is your score; ald Master Romley, the malager of your compaly, has beel here, ald he says, I must lot score alother luggil of gil, till the other's rubb'd off."

"Penn, on hearing this, utter'd the interjection, 'Oh!' turn'd upon his heel, and walk'd away."

We occasionally noticed some negligences of composition, but they were not numerous or important enough to be animadverted upon. The author himself will doubtless see and remove them in a subsequent edition.

**WILLIAM TELL, or SWISSERLAND DELIVERED.** *By the CHEVALIER DE FLORIAN, Member of the Royal Academies of Paris, Madrid, Florence, &c. A Posthumous Work. To which is prefixed, The Life of the Author, by JAUFFRET, translated from the French by WILLIAM B. HEWETSON, Author of "The Blind Boy," "The Fallen Minister," &c. &c.*

WE consider this posthumous production of Florian, as excell-ing all his other writings. It is more vigorous in composition, more interesting in incident, and more powerful in sentiment. It is removed from that insipid mediocrity of pastoral inanity which is to be found in *Estelle* and *Galatea*. The character of Tell is well drawn.

A Life of Florian is prefixed, translated from Jauffret; and which, as it can be read with more advantage, than an extract from the work itself, we will subjoin.

"Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian was born in 1755, at the Castle of Florian in the Lower Cevennes, at some distance from Anduza and Saint Hypolite. Although these particulars were not known to us, it would be easy to supply them. In fact, we read them at the opening of his Pastoral of *Estelle*: 'I wish to celebrate my native land—to describe those delightful climates where the green olive, the vermillion mulberry, the gilded grape, grow up together beneath an azure sky—where upon smiling hills, sprinkled with violets and daffodils, bound numerous flocks and herds—where a sprightly yet a feeling people, laborious but yet cheerful, escape from want by toil, and from vice by cheerfulness.'—And a few lines lower: 'On the borders of the Gardon, at the foot of the lofty mountains of Cevennes, between the town of Anduza and the village of Massanne, lies a

valley where nature seems to have collected all her treasures.'

"The castle in which Florian was born, was built by his grandfather; a Counsellor of the Chamber of Accounts at Montpellier; who ruined himself by building a superb mansion on a very small estate, and who, when he died, left two sons, and many debts:—from the second son, Florian derived his birth. It appears that his grandfather had conceived a great affection for his grandson; and it afforded him real pleasure to see him grow up under his own eye. Sensible to this tenderness, and penetrated both with respect and love, the young Florian joyfully accompanied him in his rural excursions, and procured to the old man a satisfaction with which he was highly flattered—that of admiring his plantations:—hence arose that respect and veneration which Florian always evinced for old age, and that pleasing melancholy which he contracted a habit of, although he was naturally of a gay and lively disposition.

"One of the causes which contributed to instil into Florian's heart that pleasing melancholy which constitutes the powerful charm of his writings, was his having from his childhood to bewail a tender mother whom he had never the happiness to know, and who was highly deserving of the regret which he experienced for her. The idea that he never enjoyed the presence, the caresses, and the fostering cares, of her who gave him birth, was to Florian ever a source of painful recollection; it was always foremost in his thoughts:—and in the course of time, the more he obtained success, the more did he regret his mother could not share his feelings. He well knew that no person would have been more sensible. His father, a worthy, honest man, was more intent on the cultivation of his land than on his understanding. His mother, on the contrary, naturally intelligent, had always enjoyed the pleasure derived from letters: it was from her that Florian believed he inherited his literary talents. From the descriptions given him by those who had known, he had a portrait of her painted, for which he always shewed the most profound veneration.

"After the death of his grandfather, young Florian was sent to a school at St. Uypolite: he learned but little there; but his natural genius and his witty sallies were soon remarked;—and the favourable reports which his relations received of his happy dispositions, determined them to give him an education capable of assisting his talent.

"His father's elder brother had married the niece of Voltaire. That great man was spoken to in behalf of young Florian, and was informed of the rising genius he displayed. Voltaire was anxious to see him. Florian was sent to him, and his first introduction into the world was at Ferney.

"Voltaire was singularly amused with his gaiety, his gentleness of manner, his lively repartees, and conceived a great friendship for him: this is evident from his letters to Florian; the friendly familiar name he gave him:—indeed it was said, and even mentioned in some of the periodical works of the day, that he was his near relation;—but he was no other way allied to him than as the nephew of the man who had married his niece.

"From Ferney, Florian went to Paris, where they procured him several masters to cultivate and improve his rising talents. He passed some years there; and during that period made several journeys to Hornoy, a country seat of his aunt's, in Picardy. Destined from that time for the profession of arms, he thought it his duty to adopt the spirit of it: all his sports savoured of combats. The perusal of some old romances on the subject of knight errantry heated his imagination; and the prowess of the knights and deeds of chivalry became so much to his taste, that having then, for the first time, read Don Quixotte, which he afterwards translated, far from deriving pleasure from the work, he was almost disgusted with it. He looked upon Michael Cervantes as an absurd, impertinent blockhead, for having dared to attack with the arms of ridicule, heroes who were the objects of his admiration.

"As his family was not rich, in the year 1769 he entered into the ser-

vice of the Duke de Penthièvre, as his Page: his friends hoped by this means he would be enabled to finish his education, and, in the end, might obtain some honourable employment: but the education of Pages was not the most excellent, and, without the resources which he had within himself, would have availed him little.

"The Duke, who attended to his own household, and who possessed a sound judgment, soon distinguished him from among his companions. His frankness, his pleasantries, and jokes, always within the strictest bounds of decency, and his lively witticisms, frequently amused that virtuous personage, who, spite of his wealth, of his goodness, and benevolence, was of all men in France perhaps the one who was less happy.

"It was during the period that young Florian was Page (he was then about fifteen) that he composed the first lines which came from his pen. The occasion which gave rise to them, and the subject he chose out of preference, equally contributed to give an idea of his character, which, as I have already said, was a *mélange* of mirth and melancholy.—The conversation one day at the Duke's was rather grave, and turned upon religious discourses and sermons. Florian suddenly engaged in it, and maintained that a sermon was by no means difficult to compose; and added, that he thought he was capable of composing one, if it was necessary. The Prince took him at his word, and betted a wager of fifty louis that he would not succeed. The Curate of St. Eustache, who was present, was to be the judge. Florian immediately set to work, and in the course of a few days produced the fruits of his labour.

"The astonishment of the Prince and of the Curate was extreme, to hear a youth recite a sermon upon death, which was worthy of being submitted to the public eye. The *first* agreed that he had lost his wager, adding that he experienced much real pleasure in having lost it; and immediately paid down the amount. The other (the Curate) got possession of the sermon, took it away, and preached it at his parish church.

"When Florian had fulfilled the du-

ties of a Page, which only continued till a certain age, he was a long time doubtful what line of life he should adopt, and his relations partook of his uncertainty. Some advised him to solicit a place of Gentleman of Honour in the Prince's household, as that place offered a certain and quiet life; others (and his father was of the number) wished that he should pursue the career of arms. As he had not entirely lost all his ideas of chivalry, he inclined strongly to that side. The "*pomp and pageantry of war*" appeared to him in a more seducing light than all the advantages of the sedentary life they wished him to adopt; and he remarked pleasantly enough, on the subject of the place of Gentleman to the Prince, which had been solicited for and offered to him, '*I have been too long a footman, to become a valet de-chambre.*'

"He therefore chose the service, and entered into what was then called the Corps of Royal Artillery. He went to Bapaume, where the military college was: he applied himself to the study of mathematics, and succeeded, as he possessed an aptness at every branch of learning. But the science of calculation was by no means analogous with the turn of his mind: he soon discovered it had no attractions for him. Born with a lively, brilliant imagination, Florian conceived that the science of calculation served but to restrain its flights, and he consequently forgot it almost as soon as he had learned it.

"The academy at Bapaume, where Florian then was, was composed of young men, who almost all possessed considerable talents, but with whom reason was a very rare guest. We should suppose that they were occupied with their different studies, since many clever persons have come from it; but we may pretty well judge what must be the life of a great number of young men, hurried away by the impetuosity of youth, and yielding to all the extravagancies of their fancies. Nothing could keep them in restraint: one quarrel gave rise to another, and these daily disputes always ended in duels. Florian was wounded several times. At length, the want of discipline in the pupils

became so great, that they were obliged to suppress the establishment. —Who could have ever supposed that from such a school should come the author of *Estelle and Galatea*?

"Much about this time Florian obtained a troop of cavalry in the regiment of Penthievre, then in garrison at Maubeuge. Soon after his arrival in that city, he became so violently enamoured with a canoness as amiable as she was virtuous, that he absolutely wished to marry her. His friends and relations wished to dissuade him from a match which was no way suitable to his years or his fortune, and they at last succeeded.

"His family, from whom he had but little to expect, resolved to attach him to a man of power and interest, by procuring for him, notwithstanding his opposition, the place which he had before refused; but Florian wished to serve, and the Prince did not wish any gentleman to be employed about his person who was attached to the service. Anxious, however, to fix the wavering resolution of a man whose society he loved, he even began to smoothe the difficulties which might interfere with the inclinations of Florian. It was agreed, then, that he should retire upon half pay; that his rank should still continue; and that he should be wholly at liberty to remain in his new situation. He settled, therefore, at Paris; and this sedentary life, which he had so great a dread of, contributed not a little to his launching into the career of letters.

"It was then, in fact, that in order to remove the *ennui* which sometimes seized him, and of which he said himself he was too susceptible, he began to write. The fondness which he always had for the Spanish language, revived; he applied himself to the study of it, and formed the plan of translating into French every Spanish work which might appear to please the general taste of the people. After a long hesitation, divided in his opinions on several authors, he made choice of Cervantes; and, finding his *Galatea* possessed of much interest, spite of its imperfections, he resolved to set about it. The happy alterations which he made in that poem—the entire scenes he has added

to it—the rustic fete—the story of the doves—the farewell to Elicio's dog—the last canto entirely, which he thought necessary to finish the poem which Cervantes never finished—the elegant and delicate stanzas which he has scattered through the work—all contributed to the success of *Galatea*, which determined Florian to give himself up entirely to this species of composition, the Pastoral Romance, so long fallen into absolute discredit.

“He published *Estelle*, and obtained fresh success, the glory of which was exclusively his own: *Estelle*, in fact, was solely his own invention, and pleased as much as *Galatea*. There are those who even prefer it to the latter; but the greatest number regard *Estelle* and *Galatea* as two sisters, equally amiable, and between whom it is difficult to make a choice.

“It is needless to speak of his other works; they are in the hands of almost every person. The custom he had contracted of studying and writing had become in him a real want: he never passed a day without this kind of labour, and he frequently toiled from morning till night.

“‘Try to write fables,’ said the Duke de Penthièvre one day to him. Florian followed his advice; he wrote fables: many years passed away before he published any of them, and only gave them to the world three or four years before his death. This collection, the most perfect which has appeared since La Fontaine, is of all Florian's works that which posterity will admire the most: at the head of this work he had his portrait engraved.

“Few authors were admitted at so early an age into the French Academy: he was only thirty-three, the day he was appointed a member. But he did not look upon this place as a place of idleness, or as a privilege for doing nothing: his new title, far from diminishing, increased his love of toil; and, if a premature death had not stopped him in his career, he had planned what was sufficient to have kept him employed for many years.

“Amongst his projects, was that of writing the lives of eminent and illustrious characters of modern history, and comparing them with each other, after the manner of Plu-

tarch. He waited, he said, to undertake these different works till the fire of his imagination should be cooled: “that,” said he, “shall be the employment of my latter years.”

“The affection which he had conceived for Spain and the Spanish people was not exclusive: there was another people who shared it; one would not easily guess who—It was the Jews. He had a perfect knowledge of their history, and frequently applied it most happily. He had always a strong desire to compose a Jewish work; and he wrote one in four books, which forms a neat small volume about the size of his *Galatea*: it is entitled ‘*Eliezer and Nephthali*.’ It is entirely a work of imagination, but possesses the most lively interest. At the very moment I am now writing a search is making for this precious manuscript, which cannot be found among the author's papers. \* Nothing shall be neglected to discover it, and to hasten the period when the public may enjoy this interesting production.

“The last work of Florian is his translation of *Don Quixotte*:—he worked at it, he said, in order to rest and unbend his mind, and to prove to Cervantes that he had entirely forgotten the aversion he conceived against him in his youth. When a friend observed to him that *Don Quixotte* had been read by all the world; that the passion he attacked not being now the fashion, would excite but little interest; he replied that Cervantes being the best writer, that Spain ever had, he should be better known; that those who had only read the translation of Fillau de Saint Martin knew him not at all; and that he hoped they would read his, which on the whole was only a free translation. As few writers have been more read than Florian, we trust his hopes will not be deceived. His translation will be brought forward with all possible dispatch.†

\* Since the above was written, the MS. has been discovered, and printed at Paris:—it is a beautiful tale, and, if possible, surpasses the *Death of Abel*.

† Florian's *Don Quixotte* has since appeared from the stereotype of Di-

"The 'private life of Florian,' like the generality of men of letters, affords no incidents of any striking nature:—he wrote it himself; it must have been interesting, for he related every thing in a pleasing manner, and knew how to stamp a value even upon trifles;—but this Life most probably was destroyed, and there is only one person to whom it was ever read.

"Those who are not intimately acquainted with him, can form no idea of the difference between Florian in company and Florian in his study. When he found himself in a society of persons who were known to him, and amongst whom he was perfectly at ease, he yielded to the charms of conversation; and there was none more lively, more agreeable, more entertaining, than his own. When his spirits were a little elevated, he would make the melancholy laugh; on the other hand, where he was unacquainted with those present, or had no intimate acquaintance with them, he always appeared grave and serious:—but even this very gravity, with those who knew him well, formed a singular contrast with his natural gaiety.

"Such was Florian;—such was the man, amiable in his conduct as in his writings; dividing his time equally between friendship and study; ever ready to oblige; incapable of giving a denial; a stranger to every species of animosity.—He retired to Seaux at the commencement of the revolution; and, solely employed in his solitude in literary pursuits, could it be supposed that envy would disturb the tranquillity of his days? would tear him from his peaceful thickets, and drag him to a prison? He had so little an idea of it, that his arrest came upon him like a thunderbolt:—he felt uneasy when they said to him, 'You are not at liberty;' and from that moment felt that this trait of man's injustice would conduct him to the tomb.

"Posterity will with difficulty credit, that the author of *Estelle* and

dot, of Paris:—it is in six neat volumes, with twenty-four plates, exquisite though small. It is about to be translated into English.

Galatea, living in rural retirement, surrounded by his books, should have given sufficient cause for his being hurried to a prison.

"Amongst those various features which historians will cite, in order to characterize the epocha of the revolutionary Régimé, they will not fail to remember the arrest of Florian. There is something so very strange in it, and the consequences were so deadly, that it may not be unpleasant to detail the incidents. I find them stated in the rough copy of a memorial or petition in the shape of a letter, which Florian wrote in prison to one of the Deputies of his acquaintance. When I read it, I could scarcely check my tears:—those who will read it after me will shed some too, if they are not quite destitute of feeling. I well know that many people will blame Florian for not having evinced more firmness, and suffering himself in some measure to be overwhelmed and weighed down by the weight of the injustice; but if weakness of character is a fault, it is not always a crime. It springs from sensibility, and claims indulgence.

#### THE LETTER.

"Citizen Representative!

"You cherish, you cultivate, letters; but Liberty and your Country still more. You require that the Arts, to whom you were a friend from infancy, should be made useful to the cause of the people for whom you wish to die. 'Tis on that title alone I address you."

"Meditating for a long time back on amending the ancient history for a national education, I acquainted the Committee of Public Safety of my intentions, by a memorial I addressed to them. I spoke of myself in a moment when a timid man, who had the slightest reproach to charge himself with, would have been only anxious that he should be forgotten. Calm and tranquil as to this step, I laboured on in my retirement, and had already finished several articles upon Egypt, when a sudden order of the Committee of Public Safety caused me to be put under a state of arrest in the prison of Port Libre. I have now continued twenty days; to say nothing of the long nights, which



suffer only from the days from the want of light, without books, almost without paper ;—in the midst of six hundred persons ;—in vain calling to my assistance the imagination I formerly possessed, and finding nothing in its place but sorrow and dejection.

" I wish, however, to be employed. I have conceived the plan of a work\* which I think useful to the public morals : even in my prison I have celebrated the Hero of Liberty. I send you my first Book : I ask your opinion of it.

" If you are not of opinion that the Poem may strengthen in the breasts of the youthful part of the French nation the love of the Republic, and the respect for simple manners, do not answer me ; let me die here. The alteration in my state of health gives me hopes that will soon be the case.

" If your civism and your taste, abstracted from all interest for me, persuade you that my work should be finished, speak to your colleagues Members of the Committee of Public Safety, and say to them,—

" 'Of what can that man be guilty who dreaded being shut up in the Bastille for the first verses which he wrote in the *'Vassal of Mount Jura?'*—who wrote before the Revolution the eleventh Book of *Numa?'*—and who since the Revolution, free, unincumbered, without other fortune than his talents, which he could transport to any clime, has not for an instant quitted his country ; commanded three years in the National Guards ; written many books ; and, in his collection of Fables, printed that of the *Monkies and the Leopard?'*

" 'Can a writer of fables, a simple shepherd, he who sang the loves of Galatea and Estelle, can he be guilty of a crime ? The Lyre of Phœdra—the Pipe of Gessner—too soft, no doubt, in the midst of warlike sounds, can they be displeasing to those who wish to establish freedom on the basis of morality ? The linnœt which warbled forth its notes near the Lernian Marsh, when Hercules engaged the Hydra, excited not the hero's wrath ; nay, perhaps, when the victory was gained, he listened to it with the greater pleasure.'

" To these few words, do I now and shall reduce my sole defence. If they believe me guilty, let them judge me ; but, if I am innocent, let them restore me to my liberty, to my writings, to my works now ready for the press, and which my confinement has prevented my putting the finishing hand to ; let them restore me to my pure and harmless life, and the desire of being still useful to my country.'

" It was thus that the mild and soothing voice of Florian sought to strike the ears of those odious tyrants, who then held France in base subjection. The *ninth of Thermidor* hastened the effect of the solicitations of Florian and his friends : he left the prison some time after that memorable day ; and he hastened to leave Paris, to go and live quietly in the country. His chief object was to breathe a purer air, and make himself be forgotten. He had imbibed a degree of melancholy which rendered solitude more dear to him than ever. Whether it was that the idea of the injustice he had experienced had preyed upon his mind so as to affect his health ; whether it was that the foul air and coarse food of the prison left the seeds of a dangerous malady : it was not long before he took to his bed, from which he never arose.

" The tenor of Florian's life indicated a long career : his temperance and sobriety gave hopes that he would be a long time preserved to Friendship and to Letters. Although rather below the middle size, he was strongly made. His face was not handsome ; but the serenity, the gaiety, which shone in it ; his full black eyes, sparkling with fire, which gave an expression of animation to the *toute ensemble* of his countenance ; rendered it striking and agreeable. He died at Seaux, in a small apartment which he occupied, at the Oran-gery, before he reached his fortieth year.

" At any other time, the death of the author of Estelle, Galatea, Numa, Gonzalvo, and William Tell, would have been ranked amongst the most particular occurrences of the day : poets would have written elegies upon his untimely fate, and the literary societies would have resounded with

\* His Poem of William Tell.

his eulogies, and bewailed the loss which learning had sustained. But, at the period when Florian died, men were wholly occupied with politics and grief: each had some personal tears shed to the memory of murdered

friends or kinsmen; and the death of Florian, scarcely noticed in a few of the journals of the day, was, with them, forgotten."

The translation seems to be executed with fidelity and spirit.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE DREAM.

**L**OUDLY roar'd the furious gale  
Along the gloom-surrounded vale;  
Dark spirits moan'd on every side,  
And blood was mixt with Avon's tide.  
Beneath the lightning's sulph'rous beam  
I saw Cecilia's spirit gleam!  
While from its breast of whitest snow  
I view'd the crimson torrent flow.  
Amid the black tormented air  
Were heard the groans of wild Despair;  
The sickly stars confounded fled,  
And ghosts were seen the waves to tread.  
"Oh Henry! base, unfeeling youth,  
"Whose words I fondly took for truth,  
"Arouse thee from thy harden'd sleep,  
"And o'er Cecilia's relics weep."  
Affrighted with the charge I fled,  
The spirits wheeling round my head!  
And as beside the wood I pass'd,  
Loud shrieks of "murder" fill'd the blast!  
Still hurrying over bog and mire,  
And still pursued by visions dire,  
The pitying moon diffused her beam  
To light me o'er the roaring stream!  
The spectres seiz'd me by the hair,  
Who bore me through the lurid air!  
Convey'd me to the churchyard's gloom,  
And laid me prostrate in a tomb!  
Within its poisonous jaws enthrall'd,  
Ten thousand worms around me crawl'd!  
But, forc'd with agony to scream,  
I woke, and lo! 'twas all a dream!

Grafton-street, July 1809.

J. G.

### EPITAPH ON THOMAS PAINE.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

**T**O future times this monumental stone  
Need not be spar'd to make thy value known;  
For future times will in each bosom raise  
An altar, sacred to thy worth and praise;  
And sound with general voice, when envy dies,  
Thee and thy works with plaudits to the skies.

This tomb is simply rais'd by friends sincere  
To point the spot and tell that PAINE lies here:

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Their high respect and gratitude to prove;  
Who dar'd insulted excellence to love;  
Who leave to future times and better days  
Thy worth t' appreciate, and proclaim thy praise:

For future ages must, with loud acclaim,  
When man will live to Reason, Truth, and Fame,  
When Freedom, Virtue, Love, shall reign below,  
Hail Him, to whom their happy state they owe!

STANZAS most respectfully inscribed to  
MR. PRATT.

**SWEET** Flower! that deck'st the river's brink,

Bending to every boist'rous gale,  
Array'd in summer's likely pink,  
From whom the bees existence drink,  
As on thy bosom they regale,

Why dost thou here in silence dwell,  
Secluded from the garden flow'rs?  
Why leave the tribes of yonder dell,  
Whose glaring tints profusely swell,  
And spend alone the lingering hours?

When storms deface the laughing sky,  
And thunders shake the vaulted air,  
When lightnings thro' the welkin fly,  
No friend my charming Flow'r! is nigh,  
Thy matchless properties to spare!

Then vain indeed thy graceful mien,  
And all thy attributes will prove!  
In vain shall sorrow intervene,  
Thy charms so modestly serene,  
To shelter from the storms above!

Then tell me, Flower, why thus alone  
Thou lov'st in solitude to shroud!  
Does malice on thy features frown,  
Because they're chaster than her own,  
Or dost thou hate the crowd?

"Alas! my friend! this lonely spot  
"Has long my favorite station been;  
"Here to the garden-tribe forgot,  
"Their joys incestuously hot,  
"I breathe the air of health serene!

"Besides, the splendour of their dress,  
"Outshines too much my languid hue;  
"Nor will the moans of weak distress,  
"Excite in them one fond caress,  
"How'er my friend they may in you."

S

Then since 'tis thus, my sweetest Flow'r !

Come ! let me bear thee far away,  
Where neither haughty pride nor power,  
Can on thy matchless beauties low'r,\*  
Or spurn thy indigent array.

Thus genius blest with every grace,  
To triumph o'er the human heart,  
Withdraws to some sequester'd place,  
The mighty works of time to trace,  
Unknown to all the schemes of art.

Thus PRATT with kind parental care,  
Smiles on the pure poetic Flow'r\* ;  
Retrieves it from the desert bare,  
To thrive in more salubrious air,  
And flourish with the circling hour !

Grafton-street, August 1809. J. G.

LOVE LETTERS to my WIFE. By  
JAMES WOODHOUSE.

For the Universal Magazine.

SIR,

THE following letters are a sequel to some which I printed in the year 1803, and which I intended for publication, but the war commencing shortly after, I was discouraged from proceeding with the undertaking. I now transmit the continuation to you, leaving it to your judgment to insert them at such times and in such portions as you may think best.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES WOODHOUSE.

London, Aug. 14, 1809.

LETTER X.

DEAR HANNAH,

In my last I strove to give  
A partial sketch how peccant courtiers live.  
To shew while we, dull duteous peasants,  
plod

In serving man, or glorifying God,  
How they their days idolatrously pass  
In glorifying self before their glass,  
Or, adding phrenzy to that foolish crime,  
In dissipation spend their precious time.

No bended knee, no lifted hand, or eye,  
Salutes the Sovereign of the earth and sky.  
For him no altars in their hearts arise,  
For offering incense, or clean sacrifice.  
No sounds of thanks or praise the Saviour  
share—

No prayer the Spirit's register declares ;  
Nor can their conscience one right act re-  
cord, [Lord.

That help'd man's happiness, or pleas'd the

When morning's precious time is past  
away,

And Death is nearer by full half a day,  
Still two hours more in mad amusements  
roll,

That neither charm their sense or cheer  
their soul. [full,

Tho' Fancies freights are fine, her soul are  
Amidst their mighty din they're always dull ;  
Their frothy talk and fulsome sentiment  
Ne'er stores the heart with joy or yields  
content.

Mark their blank faces as they roll along ;  
Amid the thousands that compose the  
throng,

They look like convicts who expect a rope,  
More than the friends of happiness or hope.

In plots and plans, tho' ever on the scout,  
And busier than on embassies throughout ;  
Yet when, at length, their destin'd goal is  
gain'd,

And all the prizes of pursuit attain'd,  
Still disappointment dogs them thro' the  
rounds

And all the hopes of happiness confounds.

The wittiest sayings and the wisest saws,  
With which they meant to win much  
proud applause,

Turn-out such chaffy, childish, eloquence,  
They scarce afford one scrap of common  
sense ;

While all their other empty hopes of pride,  
And pomp, and vanity, are null and void.

But think not I at every courtier strike,  
Or deem the individuals all alike ;

I might enumerate some of high degree,  
Humane and bounteous both to thee and  
me. [grace,

Some, bless'd with virtue's gifts or heav'nly  
Afford full proofs of far superior race ;  
And shew by symptoms of true faith and  
love,

They look and long for better things above.  
Nor are my best affections all confin'd

To self and fellows of inferior kind,  
But can most simply and sincerely call

On that great God who gives and governs all,  
That He would mercy and meet grace  
bestow,

To guide them all in paths of peace below ;  
And, when compell'd to feel the pow'r of  
fate,

Plant all their spirits in still happier state.  
But none whose view surveys the courtly  
class,

And marks the conduct of the crafty mass ;  
Their vain idolatry and devilish pride,

Can warmth withhold, or virtuous blame  
avoid ;

Can think that souls, train'd up in every vice,  
Could test one hour in earthly Paradise,

Or, borne to heav'n by sovereign grace,  
could taste

One perfect relish of its pure repast.

[To be continued.]

\* Joseph Blacket, for an account of whose beautiful Ode, "The Times," see Universal Magazine for last Feb. p. 126.

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

*Important Discoveries respecting the Stone in the Bladder.*

**M**R. HOME, in reviewing the labours and accurate observations of Mr. Brande, on the structure, &c. of calculi, and of the effects that are produced upon them by the use of internal medicines, says he had long been of the opinion, that they were of no avail, but the grounds of failure he had not discovered. The circumstance of the exterior laminæ of calculi, extracted from patients who had persevered in a long course of alkaline preparations, having been found softer than the parts towards the centre, had been regarded as a proof of the action of the medicines upon the calculus, and led to the belief, that where the stone was small it might be wholly dissolved; but it now appears, that the soft part is not a portion of the original calculus, but a newly-formed substance, in which the uric acid is not deposited in crystals, but mechanically mixed with phosphates, and the animal mucus in the urine.

The opinion that calculi in the human bladder have been entirely dissolved has received its principal support from instances having occurred, where the symptoms went entirely away, while the patients were using alkaline medicines, and never afterwards returned. The fallacy of this opinion has been detected, by examining the subjects after death; in one case, the patient was 68, and had been long taking the saline draught, when all symptoms vanished, and the case was published in proof of its efficacy; but when he died, 20 calculi were found in his bladder; and it appeared, that the symptoms went off, on account of the posterior lobe of the prostate gland having become enlarged (a change which frequently occurs in that period of life), and having formed a barrier between the calculi and the orifice of the bladder, so that they no longer irritated that part, either in making water, or in the different movements of the body, but lay in the lower posterior part of the bladder, without producing any painful effects. Their number, (says Mr.

Home), prevented the pressure from being great on one part of the intestine, immediately behind the bladder, and their motion on one another rendered their external surface smooth, and probably prevented their increase. In another case of the same kind, 14 calculi were found, which were similarly situated by means of the same sort of enlargement of the posterior gland. In some cases calculi have been found enclosed in cysts, formed between the fasciculi of the muscular coat of the bladder, so as to be entirely excluded from the general cavity, and therefore had not produced any of the common symptoms of stone. To prove that calculi do sometimes increase, while the patient is using alkaline medicines, the following facts are adduced:

A gentleman, having voided a small calculus, persisted in the use of alkaline medicines, and passed no more calculi; but on his death, at the age of 75, the whole cavity of the bladder was found completely full of soft, light, spongy calculi, 350 in number. They were analyzed, and found to consist of uric acid, the phosphates and animal mucus, and differed so much from the calculus voided soon after he began the use of alkalis, that they appear to have been formed after that period.

Another person, having taken the alkali three months, finding the symptoms still more violent, submitted to an operation. The calculus, for the thickness of  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch, was entirely composed of triple phosphate, in a state of perfect spiculated crystals, so as to present a very rough irritating surface to the internal membrane of the bladder, while the inner parts of the calculus were made up of a mixture of uric acid and phosphates, so that the alkali had prevented the formation of uric acid, but the phosphates were deposited more rapidly than before.

A gentleman, in whose urine the uric acid appears in a solid form, immediately after it is voided, has the same appearance in the urine, even when nine drachms of soda dissolved in water, impregnated with carbonic

acid, are taken in twenty-four hours; so that the alkali does not even counteract the formation of uric acid.

#### FRENCH

##### *Scientific Improvements.*

THESE proceedings from small beginnings and opposed by unprecedented obstacles, have at length arisen to that magnitude and importance as to threaten the present *Bellum Mercatorius*, mercantile war, with the powerful reaction of all its own consequences; and thus a contest continued for the sake of monopoly, may end in the extinction of trade itself.

What we have ruined by the exercise of a superior naval force, the French are rapidly recovering by superior ingenuity: satisfied with the genius, the astonishing good fortune and abilities of the French Emperor, the ingenuity, labour, and talents of the people of France, are therefore employed in endeavours to invent, to fabricate, or to discover, substitutes for many of those commodities, previously imported into France, from Asia, or from the West Indies. It is not without concern we observe that they have already succeeded in many of these exertions, beyond belief or expectation. Cotton, it appears, of no mean quality, is grown in Languedoc, Gascony, and in some of the provinces of Spain; a country which they regard as not less a part of Napoleon's empire, than France. Indigo may be, as they conceive, replaced by other substances, capable of supplying its place. Bourdier and Caillard, the one a Professor of Pharmacy, the other a physician at Paris, have discovered, as they assert, specifics against intermitting fevers, which will render the purchase of Peruvian bark unnecessary in future. Experiments, made by order of government, in the hospitals, are said to establish the proof of these *succedanea*, which may be procured, and are produced in Europe. But the most important, and by far the most alarming discovery, which the French pretend to have recently made, is that of a substitute for sugar. It is not possible to

peruse the long, accurate, and able account given of this matter, without admiration or concern. If France, already deprived of all her sugar colonies, except Guadaloupe, for the Islands of Mauritius and Bourbon scarcely export any, can produce any thing to supply that object of consumption among a considerable part of her population, the injurious consequences to Great Britain are incalculable.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

*On the Management of the Sweet or Spanish Chesnut. By the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks.*

IN all the northern parts of Europe, where chesnuts are used for food, the practice of grafting the trees that bear them, has been known from time immemorial; the wild, or ungrafted chesnut is called in French, *Châtaignier*, and the grafted or cultivated sort, *Marenmier*.

At present the nurserymen in Devonshire and other western counties, deal in grafted chesnut trees, and some gentlemen have introduced them into their gardens.

At Spring Grove, they were long neglected, owing to the disinclination that gardeners have to novelties; but within the last six or seven years, they have increased in size, and every crop has become more abundant; they are much smaller than the Spanish imported fruit, but they are beyond comparison much sweeter to the taste. The crops are little subject to injury, except from very late frosts; and the trees are in general covered with blossoms so as to retard their annual increase. They require very little care or attendance on the part of the gardener, gathering excepted. When the usage of grafting chesnuts becomes common, there can be no doubt, grafts of all other sorts will be procured from the continent.

The kernels of these chesnuts, and of all others ripened in England, are more liable to shrivel and dry up than those imported; owing to a deficiency of summer-heat in our climate to ripen the fruit. This may be obviated by keeping the nuts always in a cool

place, rather damp than dry: the vessel best suited to preserve them, is an earthen-ware jar, with a cover; which will not only keep them cool, but restrain the loss of moisture without en-

tirely preventing perspiration, and thus endangering the loss of vitality, the immediate consequence of which is, the appearance of must and mouldiness.

## VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

**J**AMES MOORE, Esq. brother to the late Lieut.-General John Moore, has in the press a Vindication of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain.

Dr. Clarke's Travels through Russia, and the territories of the Don Cossacks, Kuban Tartary, the Crimea, &c. will very shortly be published; as will also a complete collection of Voyages and Travels from Columbus to the present time.

Mr. Bentham has two works of considerable promise in the press; one entitled *Elements of the Art of Packing, as applied to Juries*; and the other *The Perils of the Press*.

A society of gentlemen at Plymouth, intend publishing the Origin and Progress of the Town, together with the siege in the reign of Charles I. which will be minutely attended to.

The Rev. D. T. Fosbrooke is preparing for publication a Dictionary of Antiquities, general and local, on the plan of the French Dictionary in the *Encyclopédie Methodique*, to include the antiquities of all nations as well as Great Britain.

Mr. Douglas intends to publish An Enquiry into the present State of the Elements of Mathematics, or Euclid's Elements, pointing out and confuting various absurdities and inaccuracies introduced into them by some modern writers.

The Chronicle of Grafton is nearly reprinted in two volumes quarto, to correspond with those of Hollinshed and Hall. This will soon be followed by that of Fabian.

A View of the ancient and present State of Shetland Island, by Dr. Edmon-ton, is in the press, embracing the history of every thing connected with that country, in two volumes in quarto.

Mr. Bigland, author of the Letters

on Ancient and Modern History, &c. is engaged upon a General History of Europe, from the conclusion of the peace in 1783, to the present time.

A Catalogue of the Library of the Royal Institution, methodically arranged, with an alphabetical index, is very shortly to be published; this will serve as an index for any library. It contains the late Mr. Astle's library, and the best authors on every branch of knowledge.

A new edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, with corrections and considerable additions, is in the press.

*Cromwelliana*; or Anecdotes from authentic documents, illustrative of the character of Oliver Cromwell and his family, will shortly be published in one volume small folio.

Three volumes of the works of the Rev. Richard Cecil are about to be published by a friend of the author, to whom, on account of ill health, he has entrusted this business. The first will contain the Memoirs of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, John Bacon, Esq. R.A. and the Rev. John Newton, with their portraits; the second is to consist of Miscellanies; viz. different sermons and tracts already printed separately, and a few original pieces: the third will be made up from a selection from a considerable number of sermons taken down in short hand.

Dr. Carey has a new work in the press, entitled "Poetic Reading Made Easy," containing a selection of poetry for schools, with directions for the proper utterance of each line, which is intended as a sequel to his "English Prosody and Versification."

A new edition of Nicholson's Principles of Architecture, corrected and improved by the author, is in the press, with the addition of two new plates, forming three volumes 8vo.

containing 218 plates, engraved by Lowry and others.

Mr. Faulkner, of Chelsea, will put to press in November, "*An Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Description of Chelsea and its Environs.*" This work will be dedicated by permission to the Honourable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Winchester, and will include every particular relative to the antiquities, topography, population, soil, agriculture, manufactures, ecclesiastical history of Chelsea, with a full description of all the monuments in the church, with the epitaphs and an English translation, accompanied with biographical notices of all the noble and learned personages there interred or recorded; likewise, an historical and descriptive account of the Royal Hospital, and Royal Military Asylum, Physic Gardens, Winchester Palace, Ranelagh, &c. with a descriptive catalogue of such paintings, sculpture, and works of art, as are at present in Chelsea, also anecdotes of eminent statesmen, literary characters, &c. who have resided in Chelsea during the three preceding centuries, including an interesting sketch of the lives of Sir Thomas More, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Hans Sloane, and other celebrated men.

The University of Aberdeen have conferred the degree of L.L.D. on Samuel Guise, Esq. who lately brought from India, the purest collection of manuscripts ever imported into this country, besides several rare Indian Cameos and Intaglios.

#### ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Since the scaffolding and the awning have been completely removed from the statue erected in Russell-square, in memory of the late Duke of Bedford, the effect produced on the spectators has been that of general admiration and pleasure. The statue is colossal; the attitude well chosen, graceful and manly; the folds of drapery are ample, yet sufficiently detailed. His Grace, being a farmer of the New School, reposes one arm on a plough, the left hand holds the gifts of Ceres. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, personified in the en-  
dearing semblance of children, play

round the feet of the statue, whose apparent magnitude seems augmented by the contrast. The pedestal, in embellishments and size, is well adapted to the purposes of illustration and strength: to the four corners are attached bulls' heads, in very high relief, the cavity immediately beneath the upper moulding is adorned with heads of cattle in recumbent postures; on the curved sides are rural subjects in basso relievo; the first represents the preparation for the ploughman's dinner; the husbandman's wife, on her knees, attends the culinary department; a youth, sounding a horn, two rustics, and a team of oxen at rest, finish the groupe.—The second composition is made up of reapers and gleaners variously employed; the young woman in the centre is delineated with the comeliness and grace of a village favourite. These enrichments, the four seasons, and the statue of the Duke, are all cast in bronze, and so very successfully, that, with the polish of high finishing, they preserve the spirit of an original model.

The massy materials of the pedestal is Scotch granite, and, together with the superstructure, measures, from the level ground to the summit of the monument, 27 feet. The principal figure is nine feet high.

*British Institution.*—On Wednesday, August 9, the gallery was re-opened to the students. The governors have sent choice pictures from their collections, for the improvement of the young painters. The King, patron of this highly meritorious institution, has sent a large piece by *Tintoret*, whose general effect of colour and clare obscure, is splendid. Captain Agar has presented a landscape and figures by D. Teniers, Earl Grosvenor a landscape by Claude, and another by G. Pousin, besides several others equally valuable presented by the other governors. The collection at large presents a mass of intellectual nutriment, which, if properly digested, will assist in bringing forward the youthful genius to a matured vigour.

Dr. Brewster, of Edinburgh, has invented a new goniometrical telescope and microscope for measuring the angles of crystals by reflection, and for ascertaining the inclination of strata, and the apparent magnitude of

angles when the eye is not placed at their vertex. He has also produced an instrument for determining distances at one station, without measuring a base, without a portable base being attached to the instrument, without measuring of it, or without knowing the object, the distance of which is to be ascertained. A long base is actually created by the instrument, without measuring of it; and the distance is said to be obtained by a principle which has never been made use of in trigonometrical instruments.

The art of printing from stone, continues to be carried on at Stuttgart, at the printing office established there for that purpose; but the engraving of music has been the chief branch to which it has been hitherto applied.

Baron Lutgendorf has brought forward at Vienna, a kind of machine to preserve life under water, without any apprehension of drowning in the person that may wear it. It is a kind of cuirass, and admits the body to assume every possible position.

The London Society for promoting christianity among the Jews, has advertised a premium of 30 guineas for the best refutation of the late Mr. David Levi's Dissertation on the Prophecies, to be produced within the present year.—N.B. A late English Jewish convert drove a hackney coach, and a jew so well known to several persons still living, who under pretence of being converted at different places on the continent, had been baptized *fifteen times*. Two Jews at Berlin, it is said, have lately informed the London Society, that they have embraced christianity, and that of course, they are desirous of availing themselves of the advantages connected with their coming to England, and of *preaching to their brethren*.

#### Denmark.

The Society of Rural Economy at Copenhagen has presented the Danish peasantry with 5000 copies of Mr. Rahr's Instructions for the Cultivation of Flax. Translated into German, it has been given away, among the peasantry of Holstein and Sleswick. The same society has commenced the pub-

lication of its proceedings; the first part contains "A Journal of an Agricultural Tour in England, by Meinhold; an Essay on the Management of Trees, by Mourieux;—the Mode of making Gooseberry Wine, by Taxtorph," &c.

The Academy of Sciences of Copenhagen have given out the following as prize questions:—In *Mathematics*, "Explain the construction and theory of a hydraulic tube, by means of which we may distinctly observe objects at the bottom of the sea?" In *Physics*, "What information has been, or may be gained respecting the state of the atmosphere in the higher regions by means of aerial voyages?" In *History*, "Compare the best and newest accounts of the worship and religious ideas of the various Indian or Tartar tribe, and their opinions respecting the origin and primitive state of theology, and of the world, with the ideas of our ancestors upon the same subjects?" In *Philosophy*, "Has the eclectic philosophy any thing which can justly render it recommendable at present? What men have deserved to be honoured with the title of eclectics? May the philosophers who were formerly the ornaments of the school of Alexandria, or the new school of Plato, be called eclectic, or according to the opinion of some *syncretic*?" A gold medal worth 50 ducats, is offered for the best memoir on either of these subjects. The papers to be written in Latin, Danish, English, or French, and sent to Professor Bugge, at Copenhagen, before Jan. 1810.

#### France.

Since machines have been imported into this country, by Mr. Douglas, for the preparation of wool and the manufacture of cloth, although a number of manufacturers and other persons had provided themselves with them, being assisted by premiums, and sums of money by the government, yet, as the very semblance of monopoly cannot be endured in France, the government still careful to reward individual ingenuity, have entered into a treaty with Mr. Douglas, by which means, being induced to relinquish his patent, every person has been at liberty since the 1st of Jan. last, to use, make, and sell part, or all



of these different machines for preparing wool and manufacture of cloths.

A novel exhibition of plaster models has been for some time past, exhibiting in Paris, of the most celebrated ancient edifices of different kinds of architecture. Seventy-four pieces have been brought forward, divided into the following orders:—Etruscan, Egyptian, Indian, Persian, Roman, Celtic, and Cyclopean.

A member of the Society of Agriculture and Commerce, at Caen, in Normandy, has laid before them, specimens of paper made of straw, by means of an instrument so simple in its construction, that any person whatever may make paper equal to that made by the best workmen.

Mr. Bouillay of Paris, has invented a new process for preparing sulphuric ether. To a large tubulated glass retort placed on a sand heat, he adapts a glass worm, immersed in a vessel of cold water; the extremity of the worm he inserted in the neck of a large bottle, between which and a second bottle filled with water, a communication was made by means of a syphon. Into the retort, he introduced 22lbs. of sulphuric acid, concentrated to 66°. In the tubulure a particular kind of funnel was inserted with two cocks, so that its pipe descended nearly to the bottom of the retort, passing through the sulphuric acid. He then poured 22lbs. of alcohol at 36° of Beaune's aremeter; the mixture was very well effected; the distillation was kept up by means of a fire under the retort, and as soon as about 4lbs. had passed over, 22lbs of fresh alcohol at 40° were introduced, drop by drop, regulating the quantity as exactly as possible by what passed over into the receiver. At length 33lbs. of a fine white limpid product was obtained, of the most agreeable taste and smell, containing no traces of sulphurous acid, but which produced on being rectified, on a water bath, 17½lbs. of pure ether, with some alcohol of an ethereal smell, well adapted for a future process. The residuum consisted of nearly the whole of the sulphuric acid, some alcohol, water, and probably a certain quantity of ether completely formed.

#### Germany.

A manual of Botany, containing the nomenclature, and the explanation of the first twenty-three classes of Linnaeus, and the plants which grow spontaneously in Germany, is to be published shortly at Hamburgh; to which an Essay on drying Plants is added.

M. Trattenik is publishing at Vienna, in Latin and German, a work on the Tribe of Fungi, illustrated with plates by Reinelli and Weber.

A chemist at Stuttgardt, it is said, has discovered another new metal among the grains of platina, to which the name of *vestium* has been given.

Another gentleman at Wisbaden, has discovered a method of recovering wine that has turned sour; for which purpose he makes use of powdered charcoal. He has received a medal for this discovery, from a number of persons concerned in the growth of wine upon the continent.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, has offered medals of fifty ducats for the best memoirs "upon a complete theory of the hydraulic ram, taking into view the adhesion of water. And upon the determination of the object of the Senate of the Amphictyons, and their influence over the politics of Greece." The memoirs on these subjects are to be delivered on or before the 1st of May, 1810.

#### Italy.

To the Academy of the Lyncei, at Rome, a memoir not yet published, has been read upon the discovery of *Haayne*, a new mineral substance, in the mountains of Latium, near the lake of Nemi, by the Abbé Gismondi, and described by him under the name of *lutialite*; but as this mineral has been since found at Somma, this name is improper, and it has been called *Haayne* as a memorial of the French mineralist of that name. This *Haayne* has been taken for fluor spar, or spinelle; it has a great resemblance to gadolinite and lazulite. It is of a beautiful cerulean blue, which passes into an aqua marine green, its lustre is vitreous; it scratches glass, felspar, and even quartz, very slightly. It is very brittle; its fracture glassy, with angular fragments; its specific gravity 3.3. or 3.1.; it becomes electric by

communication, but not by heat; it acquires the resinous electricity by friction when insulated; it is not magnetic, it is infusible, and does not lose its colour; it yields a fine topaz yellow glass with borax; and forms a strong nitrous gelly with the nitric, muriatic, or sulphuric acids. It is always accompanied with augite, mica, and perhaps amphiagene, and is found in volcanic countries. Its analysis shews it to have an analogy with lazulite, though no pot-ash has yet been found in this stone. This *Hauyne* is indeed a new volcanic gem in addition to the great variety found in the lava before; and it is not doubted but that more minerals might yet be found, even in the sands of mountainous countries.

*Russia.*

Dr. Langsdorff, of Petersburg, has been appointed by Count Romanzow to accompany a large caravan which has set out from Orembourg, for

Russian Tartary and Bucharja, as physician and surgeon to the same. As the object of this journey is to make discoveries in natural history and geography, the Doctor has been supplied with every requisite for that undertaking, by the Russian government.

Overland accounts from Kamchatka, received at Petersburg, mention the arrival of the ship *Newa*, belonging to the American company. She had been eleven months proceeding on her voyage to Hodjac, the place of her destination, which is the capital of the colony.

A Counsellor Kœhler, at Moscow, has been long employed in cleaning old coins, which he has been collecting in the Crimea. He has published several hundreds belonging to the kings, cities and Grecian colonies or kingdoms which extended along the northern or western coasts of the Black Sea.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

ANDREW MARVELL.

**T**O collect from a number of original and scarce documents a biographical sketch of this accomplished man and incorruptible patriot, must be particularly gratifying at a period when too many, who abuse that honourable name, are endeavouring to involve the whole country in the same disgrace with themselves, in their constant efforts to make the nation believe that every man is equally corrupt, equally venal, self interested, and depraved.

Mr. Andrew Marvell was born at Kingston-upon-Hull. His father, the Rev. Andrew Marvell, was master of the Grammar School and Lecturer of Trinity Church in that place: he was a man of principle, of a firm mind, and yet of so much pleasantry that he was called the facetious Calvinist Minister. Young Andrew Marvell had been admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, a few years before the death of his father in 1640, who was drowned in the Humber, while crossing in a small boat to Barton, in Lincolnshire. It would appear that he had some presentiment

of his dissolution just after he had put off from the Quay, as he threw his gold-headed cane on shore, and desired it to be delivered to his son. His son having left Cambridge when he was twenty-two years of age, Mr. Andrew Marvell commenced his travels through Holland, France, and Italy. In Italy, he is supposed to have become acquainted with the illustrious Milton. Till his return to England in 1653, thirteen years after the period of his leaving it, very little is known of him till Cromwell, then protector, employed Mr. Marvell as private tutor to Mr. Dutton his nephew; and the young patriot soon after became one of the Latin secretaries to that celebrated statesman and commander: this office, Mr. Marvell said "he considered to be the most innocent and inoffensive towards his Majesty's affairs, of any in that usurped government, to which all men were then exposed." In this office it seems Milton was his coadjutor.

As the protector died at Whitehall, September 3, 1658, Mr. Marvell was in the course of that year elected one of the burgesses to serve in parliament, for the borough of Kingston.

upon-Hull. From that moment, it is very clear that he considered it to be his bounden duty to transmit an account of all the proceedings in the House of Commons to his constituents. In the first parliament, which met before the restoration in 1660, Mr. Marvell was a constant attendant; and such was his detestation of a standing army, that he says, in one of his letters to his constituents, "I doubt not before we rise, to see the whole army disbanded, and your town (Kingston) once more ungarrisoned; for I cannot but remember, though then a child, those blessed days when the youth of your town were trained for your militia; and did, methought, become their arms much better than any soldiers that I have seen there since."

Soon after this, he evinced his jealousy of that many-headed monster, the *excise*; and he thanked his constituents for a present of a cask of ale, "so great," he said, "that it might make sober men forgetful."

In 1662 he went to Holland, during which, Lord Bellasis, High Steward of Hull, and Deputy Governor under the Duke of Monmouth, notified this circumstance to his constituents, in order to induce them to chuse another member; but they rather chusing to send to Holland for the return of their old one, he obeyed their order in a very short period of time. But a few months after, gaining the consent of his constituents, he accompanied his friend Lord Carlisle, as ambassador extraordinary to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, as his secretary, and staid about two years. On his return he waited on the Duke of Monmouth after attending the parliament at Oxford, with a congratulatory letter, and a present of gold from the corporation. On this occasion the latter, after paying many compliments to Mr. Marvell, wished him to accept of "six broad pieces," which he with his usual disinterestedness refused. With respect to his political communications, every post, during parliament time, he would often sit down to write to his constituents at six in the evening, after long fasting.

What is remarked as the most surprising by his biographers, is, that it cannot be ascertained that he *ever spoke* in the house; the journals make

no mention of any speech of his. But by his own account, he always made notes of what passed; and by his indefatigable conduct otherwise obtained a great ascendancy over the minds of the members. The power of the court could not prevent P<sup>er</sup> Rupert from noticing Mr. Marvell; he would often visit the patriotic member in his apartments, even when his name had become the hatred of the adverse party, who on those occasions never failed remarking that the Prince had been with his tutor.

To such height did the spirit of party rise, that the writings of Mr. Marvell often endangered his life by a assassination; but no bribes, no offers of fortune, or situation could make him swerve from the virtuous path he had first set out upon; and in this he continued without the least deviation to the last. However a man of such excellent parts and facetious conversation could not be unknown to Charles II. who loved the company of wits so much that he would rather suffer the severest jokes than not enjoy them.

Mr. Marvell had been honoured with an evening's entertainment by his Majesty, who was so charmed with the ease of his manners, the soundness of his judgment, and the nimbleness of his wit, that the following morning, to shew him his regard, he sent Lord Treasurer Danby, to wait upon him with a particular message from himself.

At this time Mr. Marvell lodged in a second floor in a court in the Strand, and Lord Danby, from the darkness of the stair-case and its narrowness, abruptly burst the door open, and entered the room all on a sudden, where he found Mr. Marvell writing. Surprised at the sight of this noble visitor, he asked his lordship with a smile, if he had not mistook his way? "No," replied my lord, with a bow, "not since I have found Mr. Marvell;" continuing, that he came with

who wished to do him some signal service to testify his high opinion of his merits. At first Mr. Marvell answered with some degree of levity; but becoming more serious, he assured his lordship that he was highly sensible of his Majesty's affection; but he knew too well the

nature of courts to accept of favours, which were expected to bind a man in the chains of their interest. He said, "to take a place at the hands of his Majesty, would be proving him guilty of the first sin; ingratitude, if he voted against him; and if he went in the smooth stream of his interest, it might be doing injustice to his country, and his conscience; he therefore begged that his Majesty would allow him to enjoy a state of liberty, and to esteem him more his faithful and loyal subject, and more in the true interest of his welfare by the refusal of his munificence, than if he had embraced his royal bounty." These royal offers proving vain, Lord Danby began to assure him that the King had ordered him a thousand guineas, which he hoped he would accept, till something better and more durable could be thought of. At this, Mr. Marvell renewed his usual smile, and said, "Surely, my good Lord, you do not mean to treat me undignifiedly, by these munificent offers, which seem to imply a poverty on my part. Pray, my Lord Treasurer, do these apartments bear any appearance of want about them? And as for my living, that is plentiful and good, which you shall have from the mouth of the servant.—Pray what had I for dinner yesterday? 'A shoulder of mutton, Sir.' And what do you allow me to day? 'The remainder hashed.' And to-morrow, my Lord Danby, I shall have the sweet blade bone broiled; and when your Lordship makes honourable mention of my cook and my diet, I am sure his Majesty will be too tender in future to attempt to bribe a man with golden apples, who lives so well on the viands of his own country." It has been justly remarked that no Roman virtue ever surpassed this temperance; nor can gold bribe any man that is not bribed with luxury.

Dr. Samuel Johnson also observed, "No man, whose appetites are his master's, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity: he that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions."

Mr. Marvell, it seems, was fond of residing at Highgate, and this seems to have put his life in danger more than once. This also caused him to

remark, that "he was not so much in love with life, as to be unprepared for death." As he was distinguished by his scorn of corruption on one hand, so, on the other, he could never be provoked to revenge by any personal resentment. He was at the same time a sworn foe to flattery, and very cautious in regard to his friendships. He most cordially detested all those who basely crouched at the feet of power, or were the zealots of arbitrary government. Yet even here the native magnanimity of his mind was evident; for though he severely lashed the vices both public and private, of the lascivious monarch who then bore away, yet he could generously praise any of his actions which were commendable.

It was Mr. Marvell and Dr. Barrow who assisted in rescuing "Paradise Lost" from unmerited obscurity, by their two complimentary poems in English and Latin. Upon the *Bellum Episcopale*, or the *Bishop's War*, Mr. Marvell thus expressed himself:—

"The friendly load stone has not more combin'd,  
Than Bishops cramp'd the commerce of mankind;  
Had it not been for such a bias strong,  
Two nations had not miss'd their mark so long:  
One king—one faith—one language—and one isle,  
English and Scotch—'tis all but cross and pile."

Mr. Marvell's controversial writings are voluminous. The "Rehearsal Transposed," an answer to Bishop Parker, was praised, even by Swift. His Letters to his Constituents are two hundred and fifty-six in number; the last work he published a little before his death, was "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England, more particularly from the long prorogation of November 1675, ending Feb. 15, 1676, until the last meeting of parliament July 16, 1677. In this work, as he asserted, that the king and subject are bound together by reciprocal obligations, the former ceases to be a *legitimate sovereign*, the moment he ceases to be bound by them." For the discovery of the printer of this work, and another, viz. "A seasonable Argument to all the Grand Juries," a reward

was offered by the ministers in the London Gazette. The latter work, written by Mr. Marvell also, was to persuade all the grand juries to petition for a new parliament, &c.

The poems written by Mr. Marvell are numerous, and abound with point and happy turns; they are also less contaminated with coarse and indelicate expressions, than many that were printed in the reign of Charles II. The hymn on Gratitude, and the ode, "The Spacious Firmament on High", both inserted by Mr. Addison in the *Spectator*, are said to have been written by Mr. Marvell, as well as the celebrated elegiac ballad of "William and Margaret."

In August 1678, after having been secreted for some time, in consequence of the prosecution with which he was threatened by government, it is said, he expired by poison; for he was healthful and vigorous till the moment he was seized with the premeditated ruin. He was buried at the expense of the corporation of Hull, in the church of St. Giles's in the Fields, on September 30, 1678, and in 1688, a monument was erected to his memory, by the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, with an epitaph at once expressive of their grief and gratitude; but this being torn down by some who imagined themselves to be zealous royalists, the following was inscribed

"Sacred to the memory of  
ANDREW MARVELL.  
As a strenuous assertor of the constitution,  
laws, and liberties of England,  
and out of family affection, and admiration  
of the uncorrupted probity of his life  
and manners,  
Robert Nettleton, of London, merchant,  
his grand nephew,  
hath caused this small memorial of him  
to be erected in the year 1764."

Dr. Granger describes him as "of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish faced, cherry cheeked, hazel eyed, brown haired." Biographical history tells us "he was in conversation very modest, and of few words." A portrait of him, painted in 1661, was in possession of Thomas Hollis, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, who was a great admirer of his talents, his character, and independence. Whiskers at that time adorned the upper lip; his countenance seemed rather grave; in short, according to one who esteemed him greatly, "he is exhibited, when he was forty-one, in all the sobriety and decency of the then departed common wealth." In Latin, as well as English, he wrote with great facility. Under the inspection of Milton, he drew up several state papers: he also penned the *Parliamenti Angliæ Declarationis*.

## THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

**M**ONDAY, August 8.—*The Duenna*, that admirable production of Mr. Sheridan's genius, was performed here this evening to a most crowded and brilliant audience. A Mr. Mayo made his first appearance in the part of *Antonio*; but he possesses no powers. With this exception, the piece was got up in a style worthy of its merits, and it must be admitted that *The Duenna* is of the first class of modern English opera. Mr. Quick, in the part of *Isaac, the Jew*, was greeted on his *entrée*, with loud and repeated plaudits. His excellence in the part is almost proverbial.—He played it with great truth and chasteness.—He was admirably

supported by the comic humour of Mrs. Sparks in *The Duenna*; and the effect of their united efforts was acknowledged by the house in constant peals of applause. The chief weight of the vocal department fell upon Mrs. Mountain in *Clara*, and Mr. Phillips in *Don Carlos*. It could not be possibly sustained with more ability. Mrs. Mountain appeared in good health and spirits. Her fine talents were never developed more happily, nor with greater effect. Of Mr. Phillips, in *Don Carlos*, it would be difficult to speak in adequate terms of praise. His songs, particularly "*Ah! sure a pair*," and "*Had I a heart for falsehood framed*," were heard with rapture, and *encored* with acclamations. The sweetness and clearness of

his tones, his taste and science, all combined to make an impression, and to excite an enthusiasm, to which few indeed could aspire. At the commencement of the third act, Mr. Phillips made an apology for the absence of Mr. Smith, who was taken suddenly ill, and requested the indulgence of the audience in favour of Mr. Doyle, his substitute in the part of *Father Paul*. The apology was well received, and Mr. Doyle gave ample satisfaction. *The Lay Brother* also

found an excellent representative in Mr. Oxberry. The part of *Louisa* was, we believe, originally intended for Mrs. Bishop, but from her illness, it devolved upon Mrs. Orger, who played it with great spirit and vivacity. Mr. Penson, in *Don Jerome*, was admirable. The dresses and decorations were most splendid, and the *coup d'œil* was beautiful in the extreme. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and her party, occupied the Lord Chamberlain's box.

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WHEN Hercules was cleansing the Augean stable, the fine gentlemen of his time would exercise their raillery on his employment: and all those who had seen the accumulation of ordure; and they whose business it was to have prevented it, would not be backward in exciting every opposition to the hero's undertaking. Hercules, however, persisted; and the cleansing of the Augean stable is esteemed not the least of his labours. What happened in his days, we have seen exemplified in our own. The task performed by Mr. Wardle has created no small degree of enmity and ill will against him. Hercules required only mechanical strength to get through his employment: when he had once taken his measures, perseverance carried him through his labours, and every day brought him nearer to the end. He had not a Chancellor of the Exchequer to break his wheel-barrow, nor an Attorney-General to poison his horses: there might be growlers and laughers, but they did not interfere with his task. Mr. Wardle had an host of enemies to contend with; and every man, who dabbled with corruption, was his foe. Gladly was an opportunity seized to attack him: but we are glad to find, that it ended in the disgrace of his enemies, and a more pointed opprobrium on the advocates of that system of corruption, which every moment is endeavouring to raise its hydra head, and to ruin every man, who wishes well to his country.

A civil suit had taken place between Mr. Wardle and an upholsterer, on the subject of goods, which were said

to have been ordered by him, for the use of the woman, whose evidence, from her connection with the Duke of York, had been so instrumental to the detection of a variety of abuses. The jury gave a verdict in favour of the tradesman; and immediately a hue and cry was raised against Mr. Wardle, as if his exertions, in a cause of the greatest importance to his country, were rendered null and void, on account of a dispute about a tradesman's bill. The whole put us in mind of the articles of high treason against Gulliver; and the good people of England, who were gulled by the advocates for corruption, may be compared to the Queen of Lilliput, whose delicate susceptibility was shocked by the means employed so successfully for the preservation of her palace and her city. Mr. Wardle had received the thanks of the city of London: the common council of the metropolis was thought the fittest place to begin the attack upon his well-earned reputation. Notice was artfully given of a motion to rescind the vote of thanks to him; and it was intended, that this should operate throughout the country, as a decisive proof of a change in the public opinion. As long as the question remained undetermined, the advocates for corruption made use of the argument in their favour: and they presumed, that by dint of artifice they should be able to create a prejudice against Mr. Wardle, and annihilate the effect of the previous votes in his favour. But their whole scheme was ruined by the fortitude of public spirited men, who were determined, that the country should not be so

cajoled, and that the enemies of Mr. Wardle should bring forward the arguments on which they pretended to overthrow the previous unanimous acts of the city.

A common council was holden for the determination of this important question; and the speeches delivered upon this occasion were superior to the greater part of the best of those that are heard in the house of commons. The person, who gave the notice, did not make his appearance; but sent to the Lord Mayor a paltry letter of excuse on the subject, sufficiently exposing the baseness of the motives on which the notice was founded. The question was, however, brought forward, and the nature of the previous vote of thanks sufficiently displayed. Alderman Goodbehere and Mr. Waithman were particularly distinguished, and the discussion ended in the complete establishment of the vote of thanks to Mr. Wardle, and in stronger resolutions on the subject of abuses, which he had developed, and on others which had been subsequently discovered. In these resolutions the corrupt and illegal traffic for seats in parliament, in which several of his majesty's ministers had been implicated, was particularly noticed and reprobated. La Castlereagh's conduct was brought forward with peculiar and deserved censure; and it was properly noticed, that there appears to be "an unabating effort on the part of those, notoriously under the influence of government, or who participate in the existing frauds, corruptions, and peculations, to cry down, vilify, and traduce every man who has courage and integrity to expose such practices."

There cannot be a doubt of the wish of every man, interested in the present abuses, to prevent inquiry, and to carry on the government for their own immediate profit. But Mr. Wardle is also in a peculiar situation. He is not the cat's-paw of a party, nor did he bring forward his measures with a view to the expulsion of the present ministers, and the introducing of his own friends in their room.—This new doctrine of aiming at the public good, without reference to party, is so adverse to the present system of politics, that the factions of

the ins and the outs are both against him. He has committed the unpardonable sin, that of exposing abuses with a view to their immediate correction. But the more he is the object of the indignation of party men, the more ought he to be supported by the true friends of their country: and the example set by the city of London will, we trust, so appall the advocates for corruption, that, however they may dart their envenomed shafts, they will, as in this case, be only injuring themselves. Mr. Wardle will, we trust, at the meeting of parliament renew his exertions for the cleansing of the Augean stable. He is engaged in a noble cause; and the people, if they are not true to him, deserve to suffer all the evils which accumulated abuses must inevitably bring upon them.

If the city of London in this manner checked the rising spirit of the corrupt faction, and taught it that its practice would meet with severe reproof, the county of Middlesex set an example which is peculiarly worthy of imitation. Upwards of three hundred freeholders signed a requisition to the sheriff to call a county meeting, to take into consideration the representative system, as it at present stands, and the propriety of petitioning for a reform. A very numerous and respectable body in consequence attended the summons of the sheriff; and Major Cartwright, the veteran, whose publications for many years have breathed the true spirit of liberty, brought forward the business in a very appropriate speech. He shewed the corrupt manner in which the seats of the House of Commons were filled, and the pernicious consequences to the king and country, from the base system of misrepresentation, which rendered futile all the advantages of a representative government. He treated with contempt the members of the borough-mongering faction, who had usurped the government of the country; whose authority, as long as he had a legal king, he declared he would never stoop to acknowledge: and he assured the meeting that nothing was wanting on its part but perseverance, and they would trample on the reptiles who had so long trampled on them. The Major then proposed

several resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. Hare Townsend.

Mr. Mallet approved the substance of the resolutions, but did not approve of the House of Commons being called representatives of the people. This was an abuse of language: they were not representatives of the people:—their true name was the Lower House of Parliament. He thought the proper mode of proceeding to be, to petition the king not to issue writs for members to any of the rotten boroughs: it was needless to petition the lower house of parliament, which was divided between ministers and an oligarchy who had usurped the rights of the people.—Mr. Bently conceived that a petition to the king would be handed over to some favourite, and never meet the royal attention.—Mr. Waithman, and several other gentlemen, supported the resolutions as they stood, which afterwards were passed unanimously, together with a petition to the House of Commons.

Mr. Byng was then appointed to present the petition; who, in a very excellent speech, accepted the appointment; declaring his sentiments to be, and always to have been, in favour of reform; because the lower house, as at present constituted, was not a fair representation of the people. The right of voting, he thought, ought to be extended to those who kept house and paid taxes. He was a firm friend to both the monarchy and aristocracy, because these institutions were useful to the people: but to make them efficiently useful, it was necessary that the people should have their fair share in the government.

Mr. Mellish, the other member, made the most ungracious speech that ever representative uttered before his constituents. He observed, that one resolution went to instruct the members to support the petition. For his part, if he thought a reform necessary, he should be certainly happy to support that measure: but, when his opinion differed from their's (his constituents), he conceived he was under no obligation to obey their instructions. Major Cartwright then brought forward a petition to the king; but, though highly approved of, it was, upon the whole, thought better to content themselves with a

petition to the lower house. The usual thanks were then given to the Sheriff, Major Cartwright, and Mr. Byng.

On the conduct of Mr. Mellish on this occasion there can be only one opinion: but his speech is the severest sarcasm upon the present system that can be uttered. He, the representative for a county, tells his constituents that he shall not mind their instructions; whilst a member, who is put in by a borough-monger, is obliged to quit his seat if he differs in opinion with his principal. Thus the people are left in a very awkward state. The borough-mongers have a complete controul upon their own members: but the representatives of counties and cities are to follow their own opinions, without any regard to that of the people. But how contemptible in the eye of reason is the state of county representative! Considering him as representing a large body of men, he is of great importance in the state: but, if his vote is levelled to a portion of that only of a borough-monger, whose seat in the lower house may depend on land without an inhabitant, the county member dwindles into disgraceful insignificance. To rescue county members from this disgrace, to restore them to their true dignity, to free the king from the shackles of this borough-mongering system, is a grand object, and ought to be strenuously pursued: for the borough-mongers, like leeches, will stick to the carcase, till not a drop of blood remains; and, unless they are destroyed, the constitution may remain in name, but its real essence is lost.

The resolutions of this meeting deserve universal consideration. They describe the state of the representation, the nature of the sale of seats, the fact that the representation has been usurped by a corrupt oligarchy, the truth that the king and people are equally interested in the reform, because the faction has interests separate from each and inimical to both.—Upon these principles the petition is founded; which calls upon the wisdom and the justice of the house to grant that relief as shall be consistent with the leading principles of our happy constitution—a full and free



representation of the people in parliament. In one resolution Sir F. Burdett is thanked for his motion on reform in the last session, which he is requested to renew, and counties, cities, and towns, are urged to come forward with earnest and respectful petitions. We are glad to see the thanks given to Sir F. Burdett, for he stands in the same situation with Mr. Wardle; the advocate for measures essential to the welfare of the country, and not the partisan of those, who are, or who desire to be, in the administration. The question, indeed, is so simple and clear, that nothing but the sloth of the people can prevent their success. Yet we have seen, in the existence of the papal power, how long the human mind may be kept in subjection to the most degrading influence; and the corrupt faction of borough-mongers may rivet their chains still faster, and, with all the forms of a free constitution, England may become the most degraded of nations.

A popular writer has, in his weekly lucubrations, represented the above transactions as of more importance to this country than any contemporary event, and in the opinion we agree with him; for, if our constitution is really of the importance that all parties give it, it surely behoves all parties to take care that the constitution be preserved, and not a mockery substituted in its place. Another event has occupied a much inferior degree of attention, though, in fact, many circumstances attending it, are likely to make a great impression on the most valuable part of our strength, the navy. After the engagement in the Basque Roads, it was intended to propose the usual vote of thanks to the admiral, and the fleet under his command. Lord Cochrane, who had distinguished himself so much on the occasion, declared, that if such a motion were brought forward in the House he should think it his duty to oppose it. The consequence was an enquiry by a court-martial into the conduct of the admiral, which sat for several days. Lord Cochrane gave his evidence, in which he persisted in the opinion he had maintained; but he was not supported in it by several officers of the navy, who, for the most

part, to be sure, were not so immediately in the action, yet were sufficiently near to form some estimate of the difficulties of the undertaking. The court-martial decided in favour of the admiral, who was most honourably acquitted; and, as the trial is printed, every one is at liberty to form his own opinion of the transaction. One circumstance is to be observed, that Lord Cochrane was not the accuser, but only an evidence; and though the court-martial have differed in opinion from him, it lies entirely in the breast of his lordship to oppose a vote of thanks should the minister ever bring it forward. Of one fact we are certain, namely, that Lord Cochrane did his duty to the utmost, for all concur with the admiral in testifying their admiration of his conduct; and he has been honoured by his sovereign with a peculiar mark of distinction, for his courage and perseverance, and skill. A vote of thanks then, in which he does not concur, will be of little value; for what are landsmen to think, when he, who was the nearest to the point of danger, condemns the conduct of his superior, who was all the time at a distance. It is probable, however, that the matter will rest here, and that the admiral will be satisfied with the testimony of the court-martial. We shall be sorry if it introduces any ill blood in the navy: for to such men as Lord Cochrane we are indebted for the superiority of our seamen over those of other nations.

The affairs of the Continent are marked by a transaction, which at one time would have filled Europe with horror and astonishment, but is now only an object of derision and contempt. His pretended holiness, the Pope, is not satisfied with the situation into which he is placed by Bonaparte, and scorns his bounty. He recollects the times in which a predecessor of his had an emperor at his feet; but seems to have forgotten that his bulls have lost their charms. The old gentleman, reduced to that insignificance, in which he ought always to have been kept, protests against the seizure of his territories, and excommunicates all that have had any part in it. But who cares now for his excommunication? It is not of so much conse-

quence as that of the Church of England, which is still a terror to some country bumpkins. The world is not foolish enough to trouble its head at an excommunication tendered by this or that priest, but holds the nonsense of them all in equal contempt. The bayonets of Bonaparte are too strong for the bulls of the Pope; and happy would it have been for mankind if the temporal had always maintained its jurisdiction over the pretended spiritual powers; and, if the reducing of the Pope into his proper place, had been the worst of the French acts, mankind would have great cause for gratitude to the French arms. Many protestants, indeed, feel a great degree of concern for the old impostor, but we are not of that number; we rejoice that his tricks are found out, and blown upon, and that mankind is likely to be freed from his delusions. As his power is thus fallen, it is a pre-~~sage~~sage, that other impostors of the same kind will in due time meet with a similar fate. The usurpation of a priest is worse than the worst of civil tyrannies.

But the intrigues of the Court of Rome have little weight now in the affairs of Europe; the voice of the cannon is more heard, and more attended to. Indeed it has been silent on the banks of the Danube, but the shores of the Scheldt and the Tagus have resounded with its terrors. We observed in our last, that whilst the British troops are employed in taking an island, Bonaparte is settling the destiny of an empire. The result of his determinations has not, however, reached us, and reports are circulated that the armistice is broken, and that the Austrians are to try again the events of war. To do this with better chance of success, the Archduke Charles is said to have given up the command of the army, which the Prince of Lichtenstein has taken to himself. Should there be any truths in these reports, we can augur no good effects to the Austrian emperor. If he succeeded so ill after such vast preparations, what is he to expect with troops dispirited by continual ill success, diminished in numbers, and with inferior resources. The richest parts of his dominions are in the hands of his enemies, and what remains lie scat-

tered, and little able to assist each other. Still the terms of peace may be so harsh as to excite despair. Of this, however, the repeated proofs of French policy, forbid us to expect the advantages; and we cannot entertain any hopes of resistance to the French. The negotiations most probably, are going on, and before this reaches the press the terms of peace may arrive. The negotiations will, of course, keep every thing secret, till the whole is determined upon; but as Bonaparte is not returned to France, the arrangements, we may be persuaded, are not completely concluded.

What excited hopes in this country of renewed hostilities on the part of the Austrians, was our attack upon the Dutch coasts, and the repulse of the French in Spain. But neither of these events seem to bear at all on the affairs on the Danube. The French are there in full force. Fresh troops are daily arriving. Strong forts have been given up to them, and no impression, that is made in Spain or in Holland, can at all tend to assist the Austrians. If there had been any probability of their success, the Duke of Brunswick Oels would hardly have fled with his troops through Germany, and sought for refuge on board our transports. He would assuredly have taken the road to Bohemia, where, small as his reinforcements might be, it must have been acceptable. The fugitives with him are made up probably of all nations, who look to British pay as a much better resource than the exhausted treasures of Austria.

The part taken by Russia is not known. The French banners fly in the part of Poland seized from the Austrians, and if Austria should be deprived of all share in that country, no man can repine at its fate. Of all the acts of jacobinism, that have been perpetrated, the partition of Poland may be esteemed to rank the highest in infamy; and it is some satisfaction to see, that two of the states, engaged in it, have lost their share of the robbery. The Russians have a considerable army in that quarter, and are actually engaged in a war with the Turks; but we hear little of the progress of their arms. In the negotiations, however, their interests will be

considered, and Austria will now be compelled to co-operate in the plans, which were probably laid down by the two emperors in the German conference. No prospect appears of a peace between us, and the great northern empire, which must be not a little exasperated at finding its territories exposed to the attacks of our fleets; for its northern port, Archangel, has received a visit from us, and a very great booty has been gained by our sailors.

In Sweden the utmost tranquillity reigns, and the revolution has been made with such ease, that the only wonder now in men's minds is, that it did not take place before, and that their Quixotic prince had not sooner been placed in a situation more suitable to his repose, and the happiness of his subjects. We have still to regret, that a good account of the proceedings of the diet have not reached us. Many excellent reforms are said to have been made. The different bodies which constitute the legislature of that kingdom, are said to have been much less animated by party prejudices than could have been expected; and that, seeing the necessity of union for the safety of the country, all have co-operated in the forming of laws, which have the general good in view, and not the little pursuits of faction.

Germany remains in an unsettled state. The king of Westphalia is still in Saxony, and the latter king remains in Frankfort. The king of Bavaria feels the effects of the war, but has not hitherto received his reward. His southern neighbours are become more quiet. The duke of Brunswick Oels has made his escape to England, and, by a rapid flight through the north of Germany, escaped the vigilance of the French, and brought a number of the people he had collected and embodied, on board our transports. The king of Holland has lost part of his dominions, and may lose more, for our troops are very near him, and it is not known what are to be the ultimate ends of our grand expedition.

This grand expedition has had the attention of England fixed upon it for a considerable time. As yet nothing has been done worthy of its greatness;

it has taken some islands in the mouth of the Scheldt, and little or no resistance made any where, except at Flushing. This town was exposed to a severe bombardment, and endured the burning of a very great part of it before the commander would consent to a surrender. Had he persisted not a brick would have been left in its original place, and our rockets would have so scattered their fire that every piece of timber must have been burned. The garrison was made prisoners of war, and among them, it seems, are many Irish soldiers and officers, who after having been driven from their country, and given to the king of Prussia, enlisted in the service of the French. In what manner they are to be treated time will shew. The English army is now at liberty to pursue the farther objects of its destination; and its ships of war are advanced into the Scheldt. The burning of some ships of the line above Antwerp is the next attempt; but so great a length of time has elapsed since the army landed in Walcheren, that it will argue great want of attention on the part of the French, if they are not fully prepared to resist us. The king of Holland must have troops sufficient to guard the northern banks of the Scheldt, and to the south the whole resources of the Netherlands and of France may be brought with ease to Antwerp. We have, however, such a prodigious force, upwards of six thousand cannon, that to them, and the bravery of our sailors, nothing scarcely will be deemed impossible.

If our troops in Walcheren have had little opportunity of displaying their valour, our army in Spain has signalized itself, and, in a conflict with the French, the usual superiority of the English has been shewn. Sir Arthur Wellesley had advanced with his army to Talavera, and, combined with the forces of Spain, was prepared to oppose a body of upwards of sixty thousand men, to the attacks of the French. The greater part of this body consisted of Spaniards, who occupied his right wing, being near to the junction of the Alberche with the Tagus, and strongly defended by their position. In the centre, and to the left, were the English forces, in front of the Alberche, and on them the

French army, with king Bonaparte at their head, made a most tremendous attack. Upwards of forty thousand men are said to have been at this time under his command, and the brunt of the battle lay on the left wing and the centre, on which the French, in vain, during two days and an intervening night, attempted to make an impression. They were repulsed every where, and lost several pieces of cannon and colours. But they made their retreat in a very regular manner, and were not followed by the combined army. This is an extraordinary circumstance, particularly so, as it does not appear that the Spanish body had suffered in the engagement. Our general states his loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, at upwards of five thousand men, and gives the double of that number to the French. He attributes his remaining in the same position to the want of provisions, and the extreme fatigue of the troops; but as the French have retreated in such a manner, a severe battle must still be fought before they can be driven out of the country.

On the battle itself, it must be observed, that it affords a decisive proof, that however superior the French may be to other nations, their contests with the English must be very severe; and if the Spaniards are encouraged to act with the spirit that this ought to inspire, their ultimate success is certain. There are some hopes too, that the junta sees the state of the kingdom in its true light. In the remarks that have been published in the papers under its authority, the evils of the former government are fully acknowledged. Hence there is reason to believe, that some exertions will be made to meliorate the state of the country. The whole depends very much on the events that have taken place since the battle. Should the combined army drive the French again to the north of the Ebro, it is to be presumed, that they will not commit the fatal mistake of leaving them to intrench themselves. There must be no rest to the English and Spanish arms till the French are driven to the other side of the Pyrenees. The bravery of the Spaniards, in some places, forbids us to doubt, that if they were

properly conducted, they would fail of success.

Our arms have been crowned with success both in Africa and the West Indies. In the former, Senegal has submitted to us; in the latter St. Domingo to the joint troops of England and Spain. The possession in Africa will not add much to our trade, the loss to the French in the latter will be felt, as they now are nearly driven from a connexion with the West Indies, and probably the remaining territory will be taken from them. We hear little of Spanish America, where no genius has hitherto appeared to take advantage of the conflicts in Europe.

The United States have received the intelligence of the embarrassments respecting the treaty of Peace. They do not appear to have produced any very great sensation; and it is hoped, that negotiation may still settle our differences. The debates in their Congress are carried on with very little party spirit; and their President seems to give that general satisfaction to which he is intitled by his merits. They will, it is to be hoped, shew the world how much better a peaceful nation is than one that is perpetually at war; and that it is not for the benefit of a country to shed its blood for commercial pursuits. The Chinese empire has afforded them an example; and it is curious enough, that Great Britain should have so conducted herself, that so mighty an empire as that of China, and so considerable a country as the States of America, should, at the same time nearly, be under the necessity of threatening us with a denial of intercourse. The Chinese were perfectly right, for, had our landing armed men in their country been once connived at, no one can tell to what extent the number would hereafter amount. The Chinese said to us, Remove your troops from our territories, or you never more trade here. The demand was perfectly reasonable, but the manner in which the emperor treats us does not suit the haughty pretensions of our nation. He calls us a bad nation, that requites ill the indulgence he has shewn, in permitting us to trade with the celestial kingdom.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mr. Harris's" communication arrived too late for insertion this month.

"W. Durrant" accuses the author of *Nubilia* with having borrowed from the *Tears of Camphor*. If the charge be founded in truth, let the author of the *Tears of Camphor* vindicate his claim to the borrowed plumes of the author of *Nubilia*.

"J. G. R." confers a distinguishing honour upon our Magazine by sending us his poetry. Ex. Gr.

## "Lines on Anger."

"Tho' wrath and anger in me bosom burns,  
I will rend the out-distractive in thy powers  
Like lightning flash within my frame  
But thanks no resting place is found  
Blustrious as the routing billows  
Distractive as the storm."

We looked at the post mark; but it is not from Moorfields.

The Life of Sir R. Wigram, Bart. is inadmissible.

Many favours are deferred for want of room.

## HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

## OPERATIONS of the BRITISH ARMY in SPAIN.

LONDON GAZETTE, Aug. 12.

Dispatches, of which the following are extracts, have been received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B.

Placentia, 15th July, 1809.

MY LORD,—After I had written to your lordship on the 1st instant, Joseph Bonaparte crossed the Tagus again, and joined Sebastiani with the

troops he had brought from Madrid, and with a detachment from Marshal Victor's corps, making the corps of Sebastiani about twenty-eight thousand men, with an intention of attacking Venegas's corps. Venegas, however, retired into the mountains of the Sierra Morena, and Colonel Larey with his advanced guard attacked a French advanced corps in the night, and destroyed many of them. The French troops then returned again to the Tagus, which river Joseph had crossed with the reinforcement which

he had taken to Sebastiani's corps; and this last corps, consisting of ten thousand men only, was on the left bank of the Tagus, about Madnelejos, in front of Venegas, who was again advancing. The last accounts from this quarter were of the 8th. The French army under Victor, joined by the detachments brought by Joseph from Sebastiani's corps, and amounting in the whole to about thirty-five thousand men, are concentrated in the neighbourhood of Talavera, and on the Alberche; General Cuesta's army has been in the position which I informed your lordship that it had taken up since I addressed you on the 1st instant. The advanced guard of the British army arrived here on the 8th, and the troops which were with me on the Tagus arrived by the 10th; the 23d Light Dragoons and the 48th arrived yesterday; the 61st regiment will arrive to-morrow. I went to Gen. Cuesta's quarters at Almaraz on the 10th, and stayed there till the 12th, and I have arranged with that General a plan of operations upon the French army, which we are to begin to carry into execution on the 18th, if the French should remain so long in their position.

The Spanish army under General Cuesta consists of about thirty-eight thousand men, (exclusive of Venegas's corps) of which seven thousand are cavalry. About fourteen thousand men are detached to the bridge of Arzobispo, and the remainder are in the camp under the Puerte de Mirahete. I have the pleasure to inform your lordship, that the seven battalions of infantry from Ireland and the islands, and the troop of horse artillery from Great Britain, arrived at Lisbon in the beginning of the month. Gen. Craufurd's brigade is on its march to join the army, but will not arrive here till the 24th or 25th.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

*Talavera de la Reyna, July 24, 1809.*

MY LORD,—According to the arrangement which I had settled with General Cuesta, the army broke up from Placentia on the 17th and 18th instant, and reached Oropesa on the 20th, where it formed a junction with

the Spanish army under his command. Sir Robert Wilson had marched from the Venta de Bazagon, on the Tietar, with the Lusitanian Legion, a battalion of Portuguese Chasseurs, and two Spanish battalions on the 15th; he arrived at Arenas on the 19th, and on the Alberche, at Escalona, on the 23d. General Venegas had also been directed to break up from Madrilejos on the 18th and 19th, and to march by Trenbleque and Ocaña to Puente-duenas on the Tagus, where that river is crossed by a ford, and thence to Arganda, where he was to arrive on the 22d and 23d. On the 22d, the combined armies moved from Oropesa, and the advanced guards attacked the enemy's outposts at Talavera. Their right was turned by the 1st Hussars and the 23d Light Dragoons, under General Anson, directed by Lieut.-General Payne, and by the division of infantry under the command of Major-General Mackenzie, and they were driven in by the Spanish advanced guards under the command of General Sarjas and the Duc d'Albuquerque. We lost eleven horses by the fire of canon from the enemy's position on the Alberche, and the Spaniards had some men wounded. The columns were formed for the attack of this position yesterday, but the attack was postponed till this morning by desire of General Cuesta, when the different corps destined for the attack were put in motion, but the enemy had retired at about one in the morning to Santa Olalla, and thence towards Torrijos; I conclude to form a junction with the corps under General Sebastiani. I have not been able to follow the enemy as I could wish, on account of the great deficiency of means of transport in Spain. I inclose the copy of a letter, which I thought it proper to address upon this subject to Major-General O'Donoghue, Adjutant-General of the Spanish army, as soon as I found that this country would furnish no means of this description. General Cuesta has urged the Central Junta to adopt vigorous measures to relieve our wants; till I am supplied, I do not think it proper, and indeed I cannot continue my operations. I have great hopes, however, that before long, I shall be supplied from Andalusia and La Mancha with



the means which I require, and I shall then resume the active operations which I have been compelled to relinquish.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) A. WELLESLEY.

#### GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15.

Copy of a dispatch received by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, from Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Wellesley.

*Talavera de la Reyna, July 29.*

MY LORD,—General Cuesta followed the enemy's march with his army from the Alberche on the morning of the 24th as far as Santa Olalla, and pushed forward his advanced guard as far as Torrijos. For the reasons stated to your lordship in my dispatch of the 24th, I moved only two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry across the Alberche to Casalegos, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke, with a view to keep up the communication between General Cuesta and me, and with Sir R. Wilson's corps at Escalona.

It appears that General Venegas had not carried into execution that part of the plan of operations which related to his corps, and that he was still at Daniel, in La Mancha; and the enemy in the course of the 24th, 25th, and 26th, collected all his forces in this part of Spain between Torrijos and Toledo, leaving but a small corps of 2000 men in that place. His united army thus consisted of the corps of Marshal Victor, of that of General Sebastiani, and of 7 or 8000 men the guards of Joseph Bonaparte, and the garrison of Madrid; and it was commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, aided by Marshals Jourdan and Victor, and General Sebastiani. On the 26th, General Cuesta's advanced guard was attacked near Torrijos, and obliged to fall back, and the General retired with his army on that day to the left bank of the Alberche, General Sherbrooke continuing at Casalegos, and the enemy at Santa Olalla. It was then obvious that the enemy intended to try the result of a general action, for which the best position appeared to be in the neighbourhood of Talavera; and General Cuesta having consented

to take up this position on the morning of the 27th, I ordered General Sherbrooke to retire with his corps to its station in the line, leaving General Mackenzie with a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry as an advanced post in the wood on the right of Alberche, which covered our left flank. The position taken up by the troops at Talavera extended rather more than two miles; the ground was open upon the left, where the British army was stationed, and it was commanded by a height on which was, in echelon and in second line, a division of infantry under the orders of Major-General Hill.

There was a valley between this height, and a range of mountains still further upon the left, which valley was not at first occupied, as it was commanded by the height above-mentioned; and the range of mountains appeared too distant to have any influence upon the expected action. The right, consisting of Spanish troops, extended immediately in front of the town of Talavera down to the Tagus. This part of the ground was covered by olive trees, and much intersected by banks and ditches. The high road leading from the bridge over the Alberche, was defended by a heavy battery in front of a church, which was occupied by Spanish infantry. All the avenues to the town were defended in a similar manner; the town was occupied, and the remainder of the Spanish infantry was formed in two lines behind the banks, on the roads which led, from the town and the right, to the left of our position.

In the centre, between the two armies, there was a commanding spot of ground, on which we had commenced to construct a redoubt, with some open ground in its rear. Brigadier-General Alex. Campbell was posted at this spot with a division of infantry, supported in his rear by General Cotton's brigade of dragoons, and some Spanish cavalry.

At about two o'clock on the 27th, the enemy appeared in strength on the left bank of the Alberche, and manifested an intention to attack Gen. Mackenzie's division. The attack was made before they could be withdrawn; but the troops, consisting of General Mackenzie's and Colonel Donkin's

brigades, and Gen. Anson's brigade of cavalry, and supported by General Payne with the other four regiments of cavalry, in the plain between Talavera and the wood, withdrew in good order, with some loss, particularly by the 2d batt. 87th reg. and 2d batt. 91st reg. in the wood. Upon this occasion the steadiness and discipline of the 45th reg. and of 5th batt. 60th reg. were conspicuous; and I had particular reason for being satisfied with the manner in which Gen. Mackenzie withdrew his advanced guard.

As the day advanced, the enemy appeared in larger numbers on the right of the Alberche, and it was obvious that he was advancing to a general attack upon the combined army. General Mackenzie continued to fall back gradually upon the left of the position of the combined armies, where he was placed in the second line, in the rear of the Guards, Col. Donkin being placed in the same situation further upon the left in the rear of the King's German Legion. The enemy immediately commenced his attack in the dusk of the evening, by a cannonade on the left of our position, and by an attempt with his cavalry to overthrow the Spanish infantry posted, as I have before stated, on the right. This attempt failed entirely.

Early in the night he pushed a division along the valley on the left of the height occupied by General Hill, of which he gained a momentary possession, but Major-General Hill attacked it instantly with the bayonet, and regained it. This attack was repeated in the night, but failed; and again at daylight in the morning of the 28th, by two divisions of infantry, and was repulsed by Major-General Hill. Major-General Hill has reported to me in a particular manner the conduct of the 29th reg. and of the 1st batt. 48th reg. in the different affairs, as well as that of Major-Gen. Tilson, and Brigadier-General Richard Stewart. We have lost many brave officers and soldiers in the defence of this important point in our position; among others I cannot avoid to mention Brigades-Majors Fordyce and Gardner: and Major-General Hill was himself wounded, but I am happy to say, but slightly.

The defeat of this attempt was followed about noon by a general attack with the enemy's whole force upon the whole of that part of the position occupied by the British army.

In consequence of the repeated attempts upon the height on our left by the valley, I had placed two brigades of British cavalry in that valley, supported in the rear by the Duc d'Albuquerque's division of Spanish cavalry. The enemy then placed light infantry in the range of mountains on the left of the valley, which were opposed by a division of Spanish infantry, under Lieut.-Gen. De Bassecourt.

The general attack began by the march of several columns of infantry into the valley, with a view to attack the height occupied by Major-Gen. Hill. These columns were immediately charged by the 1st German light-dragoons, and 2d dragoons, under the command of General Anson, directed by Lieut.-Gen. Payne, and supported by General Fane's brigade of heavy cavalry; and although the 2d dragoons suffered considerable loss, the charge had the effect of preventing the execution of that part of the enemy's plan.

At the same time he directed an attack upon Brigadier-General Alex. Campbell's position in the centre of the combined armies, and on the right of the British. This attack was most successfully repulsed by Brigadier-General Campbell, supported by the King's regiment of Spanish cavalry, and two battalions of Spanish infantry; and Brigadier-General Campbell took the enemy's cannon.

An attack was also made at the same time upon Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke's division, which was on the left and centre of the 1st line of the British army. This attack was most gallantly repulsed by a charge with bayonets by the whole division; but the brigade of Guards, which were on the right, having advanced too far, they were exposed on their left flank to the fire of the enemy's battery, and of their retiring columns; and the division was obliged to retire towards the original position, under cover of the 2d line of General Cotton's brigade of cavalry, which I had moved from the centre, and of the 1st batt. 48th reg. I had moved this regiment from its

original position on the heights, as soon as I observed the advance of the Guards; it was formed in the plain, and advanced upon the enemy, and covered the formation of Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke's division.

Shortly after the repulse of this general attack, in which apparently all the enemy's troops were employed, he commenced his retreat across the Alberche, which was conducted in the most regular order, and was effected during the night, leaving in our hands 20 pieces of cannon, ammunition, tumbrils, and some prisoners.

Your lordship will observe by the inclosed return the great loss which we have sustained of valuable officers and soldiers, in this long and hard-fought action, with more than double our numbers. That of the enemy has been much greater. I am informed that entire brigades of infantry have been destroyed, and indeed the battalions that retreated were much reduced in numbers. By all accounts their loss is 10,000 men. Generals Lapiffe and Morlot are killed; General Sebastiani and Boulet wounded.

I have particularly to lament the loss of Major-General Mackenzie, who had distinguished himself on the 27th; and of Brig.-Gen. Langwerth, of the King's German Legion; and of Brigade-Major Beckett, of the Guards.

Your Lordship will observe, that the attacks of the enemy were principally, if not entirely, directed against the British troops. The Spanish commander in chief, his officers, and troops, manifested every disposition to render us assistance, and those of them which were engaged did their duty; but the ground which they occupied was so important, and its front at the same time so difficult, that I did not think it proper to urge them to make any movement on the left of the enemy while he was engaged with us.

I have reason to be satisfied with the conduct of all the officers and troops. I am much indebted to Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke for the assistance I received from him, and for the manner in which he led on his division to the charge with bayonets. To Lieut.-General Payne and the cavalry, particularly General Anson's brigade; to Major-Generals Hill and Tilson, Brig-

Generals Alex. Campbell, Richard Stewart, and Cameron, and to the divisions and brigades of infantry under their commands respectively; particularly, the 29th reg. commanded by Colonel White; the 1st batt. 48th, commanded by Col. Donnellan, afterwards, when that officer was wounded, by Major Middlemore; 2d batt. 7th, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Sir Wm. Myers; 2d batt. 53d, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Bingham; 97th, commanded by Col. Lyon; 1st batt. of detachments, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Bunbury; and 2d batt. 31st, commanded by Major Watson; and of the 45th, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Guard, and 5th batt. 60th, commanded by Major Davy, on the 27th. The advance of the brigade of Guards was most gallantly conducted by Brig.-Gen. Campbell, and, when necessary, that brigade retired, and formed again in the best order. The artillery under Brig.-Gen. Howorth was also, throughout these days, of the greatest service, and I had every reason to be satisfied with the assistance I received from the chief engineer Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher; the adjutant-general Brig.-Gen. the Hon. C. Stewart, and the quarter-master-general Col. Murray, and the officers of those departments respectively; and from Col. Bathurst and the officers of my personal staff. I also received much assistance from Colonel O'Lawlor, of the Spanish service, and from Brig.-Gen. Whittingham, who was wounded when bringing up the two Spanish batts. to the assistance of Brig.-General Alexander Campbell.

I send this by Capt. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who will give your lordship any further information, and whom I beg leave to recommend.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

*Return of killed, wounded, and missing, in the above actions.*

27th July, 1809.—Killed, 7 officers, 2 sergeants, 122 rank and file. Wounded, 24 officers, 17 sergeants, 1 drummer, 465 rank and file. Missing, 3 officers, 1 sergeant, 2 drummers, 202 rank and file.

28th July, 1809.—Killed, 27 officers, 26 sergeants, 4 drummers, 615 rank and file. Wounded, 171 officers, 148 sergeants, 15 drummers, 3072 rank and file. Missing, 6 officers, 14 sergeants, 7 drummers, 418 rank and file.—Total—5367.

*Ordnance, &c. taken.*—4 eight-pounders, 4 six-ditto, 1 four-ditto, 1 six-inch howitzer, 2 tumbrils, complete in ammunition; taken by Brig.-Gen. A. Campbell's brigade. —6 pieces of ordnance, 1 six-inch howitzer, left by the enemy, and found in the woods. —1 standard, taken by 29th regiment; 1 ditto, destroyed by ditto; 3 standards, taken by the King's German Legion.

*Extracts of letters from Sir Arthur Wellesley to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, dated Talavera, Aug. 1.*

"Since I had the honour of addressing you on 29th July, the enemy have continued to keep a rear-guard of about 10,000 men on the heights on the left of the Alberche. The extreme fatigue of the troops, the want of provisions, and the numbers of wounded to be taken care of, have prevented me from moving from my position. Brig.-Gen. Craufurd arrived with his brigade on the 29th in the morning, having marched 12 Spanish leagues in little more than 24 hours."

"When I addressed you this morning, I had not received the report from the outposts. It appears that the enemy withdrew the rear-guard, which was posted on the left of the Alberche, last night at eleven o'clock and the whole army marched toward Santa Olalla; I conclude, with an intention of taking up a position in the neighbourhood of Guadarama."

#### OFFICIAL DETAILS of the OPERATIONS of the BRITISH FORCES in HOLLAND.

##### GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

DOWNING-STREET, Aug 7.

Dispatches, of which the following are extracts, were last night received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh:

*Head Quarters, Middleburgh, 2d August, 1809.*

MY LORD,—I have the honour of acquainting your lordship, that having sailed from the Downs early in the morning of the 28th ult. with Rear Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, in his majesty's ship *Venerable*, we arrived the same evening, and anchored in East Capelle Roads, and were joined on the following morning by the division of the army under Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope. It blew in the course of that day a fresh gale

from the westward, which created a heavy swell, and the small craft being much exposed, it was determined to seek shelter from them in the anchorage of the Room Pot, where Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope's division was also directed to proceed, in order to possess such points as might be necessary to secure the anchorage, as well as with a view to future operations up the East Scheldt.

The left wing of the army under Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, particularly destined for the operation against Walcheren, arrived on the 29th, and morning of the 30th, but the wind continuing to blow fresh from the westward, and occasioning a great surf on the beach, both on the side of Zourland, as well as near Domburg, it became expedient, in order to effect a landing, to carry the whole fleet through the narrow and difficult passage into the Veer Gat, hitherto considered impracticable for large ships; which being successfully accomplished, and the necessary preparations for debarkation being completed, I have the satisfaction of acquainting your lordship that the troops landed on the Bree Sand, about a mile to the westward of Fort der Haak, without opposition, when a position was taken up for the night, on the Sand Hills, with East Capelle in front. Lieutenant-General Fraser was detached immediately to the left, against Fort der Haak and Ter Vere, the former of which, on his approach, was evacuated by the enemy, but the town of Vere, which was strong in its defences, and had a garrison of about 600 men, held out till yesterday morning, notwithstanding the heavy and well-directed fire of the bomb-vessels and gun-boats during the preceding day, and until the place was closely invested.

Early on the morning of the 31st, a deputation from Middleburgh, from whence the garrison had been withdrawn into Flushing, having arrived in camp, terms of capitulation were agreed upon, copies of which I have the honour herewith to enclose, as well as that of the garrison of Ter Vere; and the divisions of the army under the orders of Lieutenant-General Lord Paget and Major-General Graham, moved forward, and took up

a position with the right to Maliskirke, the centre at Gyperskirke, and left to St. Laurens.

On the morning of the 1st instant, the troops advanced to the investment of Flushing, which operation was warlike, contested by the enemy. In this movement he was driven by Major-General Graham's division on the right, from the batteries of the Dykeshook, the Vygeter, and the Nole, while Brigadier-General Houston's brigade forced the enemy posted on the road from Middleburgh, to retire, with the loss of four guns, and many killed and wounded. Lieutenant-General Lord Paget's division also drove in the posts of the enemy, and took up his position at West Zouberg.

[Here follow expressions of praise to the officers for their judicious conduct, and to the men for their gallantry.]

The pressure of circumstances has prevented the Commanding Officer of Artillery from furnishing a detailed account of the guns and ordnance-stores taken in the several batteries, and fortress of Ter Vere, but which will be hereafter transmitted, with a return of the prisoners taken since our landing, supposed to amount to 1000. I have the honour to be, &c.

CHATHAM.

P.S. Since writing the above letter, I have received intelligence from Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, that the reserve of the army had effected their landing on South Beveland, and that a detachment had occupied the town of Goes.

[The Articles of Capitulation entered into for the surrender of the town of Middleburgh to his Britannic Majesty's forces, grant security to every person, and all private property; public functionaries to be permitted to return to any other part of the kingdom of Holland.

Proposals of a Capitulation, by the Commandant of the Fortress of Vere, to his Excellency Lieutenant-General M. Fraser, stipulates that the garrison is to be considered generally as prisoners of war, and shall be disposed of as the British Government shall think proper, and as is customary on such occasions. The inhabitants shall continue to enjoy all their privileges, and be allowed to leave the place.]

#### Prisoners taken at Ter Vere.

Artillery—1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 captain, 4 lieutenants, 7 sergeants, 9 corporals, 6 fire-workers, 5 artificers, 65 gunners, 1 drummer.

Infantry—4 captains, 4 first-lieutenants, 5 second-lieutenants, 4 sergeant-majors, 13 sergeants, 4 fourriers, 10 drummers, 3 pipers, 328 soldiers.

Naval of the gun-brig *Gawlen*—1 captain, 1 master, 17 sailors, 1 boy—1 sergeant, 1 corporal, 13 privates (serving as marines).—Total, 519.

Total killed, wounded, and missing, in the Island of Walcheren, up to the 30th of July.

1 officer, 2 sergeants, 2 drummers, 41 rank and file, killed; 13 officers, 15 sergeants, 1 drummer, 184 rank and file, wounded; 34 rank and file missing.

Middleburgh, 3d August, 1809.

MY LORD,—Since my letter of yesterday's date, I have received intelligence from Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, of his having occupied Bathiz, and taken possession of the whole island of South Beveland.

I have also the satisfaction to acquaint your Lordship, that upon the batteries being prepared to open, the fortress of Ramakins surrendered this evening.

CHATHAM.

Strength of the Garrison of Ramakins.

2 captains, 1 lieutenant, 4 sergeants, 7 corporals, 2 drummers, 111 privates.—Total 127.

Extract of a Letter from Sir R. J. Strachan, Bart. dated

Venerable, off the *Veer Gat*, Aug. 4.

SIR,—As soon as the ships were secured, measures were instantly taken to prepare to land the army on the island of Walcheren. I did not wait for the gun-boats coming up, but ordered those who happened to be near the Venerable, together with the mortar-brigs, to push in shore, to cover the landing, and to force the Derhaak batteries.

At half past four the boats put under the direction of Lord Amelius Beauclerc, of the Royal Oak, and Captain Cockburn, of the Belleisle, and the troops were landed in excellent order, without opposition; the firing from the mortar and gun vessels having driven the enemy completely from the Derhaak battery.

Having thus accomplished this first object, I lost no time in directing the bombs and gun vessels to proceed up the Voper Gat, off Camvere, and having given Sir Home Popham, who, at the request of Lord Chatham, had remained on shore with his lordship, permission to employ them as the service might require, he the next morning began to cannonade Camvere, which had been summoned, but held out. The fire of the gun-boats was exceedingly well directed, and did much damage to the town. Three of our gun-boats were sunk. In the afternoon it blew fresh, and as the strength of the tide prevented the bombs from acting, I directed the flotilla to fall back, preserving a menacing position. At night, Captain Richardson, of the *Cæsar*, who was in the Dyke on shore, threw some rockets at the nearest battery at Camvere, and soon after the commanding officer of the town sent out an offer to surrender.

We are getting our flotilla through the Slough into the Western Scheldt, to prevent succours being thrown into Flushing by the Canal of Ghent.

I have, &c. R. J. STRACHAN.

Extracts of two Letters from Sir R. Keats.

*Sabrina, off South Beveland, Aug. 1.*

I have the satisfaction to inform you, that Sir John Hope, and 7000 of his division of the army, were landed on South Beveland this afternoon, since which I have been informed by message from him, that he was met on his approach towards Goes, by the magistrates, into which place he is at liberty to enter whenever he pleases.—Three of the enemy's ships of the line, and six brigs are at anchor off the east end of South Beveland, the others, I conclude, have moved higher up the Scheldt.

Three of the four sloops I brought up with me struck in coming up.

*Sabrina, off Walmingdege, Aug. 3.*

Soon after I landed, I was informed by letter from Sir John Hope, that Bathz had been evacuated in the night; and, as he informed me, the communication was open between Walcheren and this island, I concluded you would hear it from hence, and went on to Bathz with a view to make observations, and from which I am this moment returned.

R. G. KEATS.

LONDON GAZETTE, Aug. 19.

Extracts of Dispatches received at the Admiralty-Office from Sir R. Strachan, K.B.

*Kangaroo, West Scheldt, off the Kaloot, August 11, 1869.*

SIR,—I beg leave to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that I am this moment going up to Bathz, in South Beveland, which has been attacked by a strong detachment of the enemy's flotilla, and which, by Sir R. Keats's reports, consists of two frigates, one bearing a Vice-Admiral's flag, 30 brigs, 8 luggers or schooners, and 14 gun-boats.

The divisions of the army under the Earl of Roslyn and Marquis of Huntley landed on South Beveland on the 9th.—I am concerned to add, that the enemy has cut the dyke to the right of the town, and the island is likely to be inundated. I have ordered Rear-Admiral Otway to send the Monmouth and Agincourt to England for water, as soon as they can be got down from Zierickzee; and earnestly entreat that other means may be adopted for supplying the army and navy from England, as I apprehend all the water in this island will be spoiled by the inundation, and that there is not more in the other islands than is necessary for the subsistence of the inhabitants. In consequence of the protracted siege of Flushing, and the necessity for the flotilla going up the Scheldt, I have ordered guns from the ships of war to fit 20 transports as gun-ships, and with the launches of the ships under Rear-Admiral Otway, to form a flotilla for the lower part of the Scheldt, which I trust their Lordships will approve.

R. J. STRACHAN.

*Kangaroo, in the West Scheldt, Aug. 12.*

SIR,—Having directed ten frigates to proceed up the West Scheldt, under the orders of Lord Wm. Stuart, Capt. of the *Lavinia*, the moment the wind was favourable, that zealous officer availed himself of a light air from the westward on the afternoon of the 11th inst. notwithstanding the tide was against his proceeding, and passed the batteries between Flushing and Cadzand; the ships were under the enemy's fire nearly two hours. The gallant and seamanlike manner in which this squadron was conducted, and their

steady and well-directed fire, excited in my breast the warmest sensations of admiration. The army witnessed their exertions with applause, and I am certain their Lordships will duly appreciate the services of Lord W. Stuart, the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, on this occasion.

No very material accident happened, except by a shell striking *L'Aigle*, and which fell through her decks into the bread-room, where it exploded; one man was killed, and four others wounded: her stern frame is much shattered. Lord W. Stuart's modest letter accompanies this dispatch, together with a return of the killed and wounded, and the damages sustained by his Majesty's ships, in forcing the entrance of this river.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. J. STRACHAN.

[Here follows Lord Wm. Stuart's letter, with a report of the loss sustained on the above occasion, amounting to 2 killed and 9 wounded.]

*Fort Bathz, August 12.*

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you, that in pursuance of your directions, I arrived at Bathz yesterday, and, in order to render, if practicable, an attack on the enemy's fleet more complete, I ordered 30 flat boats, armed with cannonades, and some other boats from the ships under my orders, to rendezvous at this place, and meet the flotilla under Sir H. Popham; but before the arrival of either, six of the enemy's gun-boats having grounded on a bank within reach of the artillery of the fort, after sustaining some injury by it, were abandoned; five of which were destroyed, and the other brought in.—The arrival of Sir Home Popham and my boats from the East Scheld took place nearly at the same time, but the enemy's flotilla moved up to Lillo with the same tide that brought ours to Bathz, one of which was handsomely burned by the advanced gun-boats almost amongst them.—As the navigation of the West Scheld is now open as far as it can possibly be cleared by the navy, and a flotilla force of upwards of 50 sail in the East Scheld demand attention, and I can at any time return in a few hours to this place, it is my intention to repair this morning to the Superb, where I have ordered the boats of my division.

Sir H. Popham is examining the channels. Although we are now masters of the navigation of Lillo, it may be proper to observe, that it is in the enemy's power, by sending a superior naval force to deprive us of it, as far as Bathz (before some larger ships ascend), whenever he pleased.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. G. KEAT'S.

*Rear-Adm. Sir R. Strachan, K B. &c.*

#### GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

DOWNING-STREET, Aug 19.

Further dispatches from Lieut. General the Earl of Chatham, K.G.

*Head Quarters, Middleburgh, Aug 16.*

MY LORD,—I have the honour of acquainting your Lordship, that on the 13th instant, the batteries before Flushing being completed (and the frigates, bombs, and gun-vessels, having at the same time taken their stations) a fire was opened at about half past one P.M. from 52 pieces of heavy ordnance, which was vigorously returned by the enemy. An additional battery of six 24-pounders was completed the same night, and the whole continued to play upon the town, with little or no intermission, till late on the following day.

On the morning of the 14th instant, about ten o'clock, the line-of-battle ships at anchor in the Durlow passage, led by Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, got under weigh, and, ranging up along the sea line of defence, kept up as they passed a most tremendous cannonade on the town for several hours, with the greatest gallantry and effect. About four in the afternoon, perceiving that the fire of the enemy had entirely ceased, and the town presenting a most awful scene of destruction, being on fire in almost every quarter, I directed Lieut. General Sir Eyre Coote to send in to summon the place. General Monnet returned for answer, that he would reply to the summons as soon as he had consulted a council of war; an hour had been allowed him for the purpose, but a considerable time beyond it having elapsed, without any answer being received, hostilities were ordered to recommence with the utmost vigour, and about eleven o'clock at night one of the enemy's batteries, advanced upon the Sea Dyke, in front of Lieut. General Fraser's position,

was most gallantly carried at the point of the bayonet by detachments from the 20th, 71st, and light battalions of the King's German Legion, under Lieut. Colonel Pack, opposed to great superiority of numbers: they took 40 prisoners, and killed and wounded a great many of the enemy.—I must not omit to mention, that on the preceding evening an intrenchment in front of Major-Gen. Graham's position was also forced, in a manner equally undaunted by the 14th regiment and detachments of the King's German Legion, under Lieut. Colonel Nicholls, who drove the enemy from it, and made a lodgement within musket-shot of the walls of the town, taking one gun and 30 prisoners. About two in the morning, the enemy demanded a suspension of arms for 48 hours, which was refused, and only two hours granted, when he agreed to surrender according to the summons sent in, on the basis of the garrison becoming prisoners of war.

I have now the satisfaction of acquainting your Lordship, that these preliminaries being acceded to, as soon as the Admiral landed in the morning, Colonel Long, Adj. General, and Capt. Cockburn of the Royal Navy, were appointed to negotiate the further articles of capitulation, which I have now the honour to enclose.—They were ratified about three this morning, when detachments of the Royals on the right, and of his Majesty's 71st regiment on the left, took possession of the gates of the town. The garrison will march out to-morrow, and will be embarked as speedily as possible.

I may now congratulate your Lordship on the fall of a place so indispensably necessary to our future operations, as so large a proportion of our force being required to carry on the siege with that degree of vigour and dispatch which the means of defence the enemy possessed, and particularly his powers of inundation (which was rapidly spreading to an alarming extent) rendered absolutely necessary.—Having hoped, had circumstances permitted, to have proceeded up the river at an earlier period, I had committed to Lieut. Gen. Sir Eyre Coote the direction of the details of the siege, and of the operations before Flushing, and I cannot sufficiently express my sense

of the unremitting zeal and exertion with which he has conducted the arduous service entrusted to him, in which he was ably assisted by Lieut. Colonels Walsh and Offerey, attached to him as assistants in the Adjutant and Quarter-Master-Generals department.

I have every reason to be satisfied with the judicious manner in which the General Officers have directed the several operations, as well as with the spirit and intelligence manifested by the commanding officers of corps, and the zeal and ardour of all ranks of officers. It is with great pleasure I can report the uniform good conduct of the troops, who have not only on all occasions shewn the greatest intrepidity in presence of the enemy, but have sustained, with great pleasure and cheerfulness, the laborious duties they have had to perform.

The active and persevering exertions of the corps of Royal Engineers have been conducted with much skill and judgment by Col. Evers, aided by Lieut. Colonel D'Arcey, and it is impossible for me to do sufficient justice to the distinguished conduct of the officers and men of the Royal Artillery, under the able direction and animating example of Brigadier-Gen. M'Leod.

The seamen, whose labours had already been so useful to the army, sought their reward in a further opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and one of the batteries was accordingly entrusted to them, and which they served with admirable vigour and effect.—I must here beg to express my strong sense of the constant and cordial co-operation of the navy on all occasions, and my warmest acknowledgements are most particularly due to Capt. Cockburn, of the *Belleisle*, commanding the flotilla; and to Capt. Richardson, of the *Cæsar*, commanding the brigade of seamen landed with the army.—I have the honour to enclose a return of the garrison of Flushing, in addition to which I have learned that besides the number killed, which was considerable, upwards of 1000 wounded men were transported to Cadiz, previous to the complete investment of the town.—I also subjoin a statement of deserters and prisoners, exclusive of the garrison of Flushing.

This dispatch will be delivered to



your Lordship by my first Aid-de-Camp, Major Bradford, who is fully qualified to give your Lordship every further information, and whom I beg leave earnestly to recommend to his Majesty's protection.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CHATHAM.

[By the Articles of Capitulation, the whole of the garrison are to be prisoners of war, and sent to England as such; among whom is included every person not being an inhabitant of Flushing previously to 1807.]

*Amount of the garrison which surrendered of Flushing.*—16 Staff Officers, 101 Officers, 3273 Non-commissioned officers & soldiers, 469 sick and wounded—Total 4379

[By a subsequent dispatch from the Earl of Chatham this statement is corrected: it is there said to amount to 200 Officers, 4965 rank and file, 618 sick and wounded Total 5803.]

*Return of Prisoners and Deserters taken, up to August 15*—1 Colonel, 1 Lieut Col 15 Captains, 27 Lieutenants, 1 Staff, 53 sergeants, 13 drummers, 1700 privates.

*Total Return of killed, wounded, and missing before Flushing*—3 Officers, 1 sergeant, 1 drummer, 26 rank and file killed; 15 Officers, 5 sergeants, 2 drummers, 83 rank and file wounded; 1 rank and file missing.

The documents which follow are the dispatches from Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, detailing the operations of the naval force against Flushing.—“The division of frigates (says the Admiral) under Lord W. Stuart, and the greater part of our flotilla, had advanced to Bathz, in the charge of Sir Home Popham, by whom the enemy were driven above Lillo, where their ships and gun-brigs had taken up a strong position.”

Sir R. Keats, in a letter to Admiral Strachan, says, “I am at present with 18 sloops and gun-brigs and four divisions of gun-boats, lying between the Saefingen Shoal, a position judiciously chosen by Sir H. Popham, as it effectually cuts off the communication between the East and West Scheld. The enemy's flotilla, considerably increased in number, has retired above or under the protection of Lillo, and the men of war with top-gallant yards crossed, are anchored off and below Antwerp, as far down as Philippe. Six of our frigates are off Weerden, waiting an opportunity to come up.”

A letter from Capt Cockburn, of the *Belvidere*, dated August 13, gives an account of his co-operation, in the Flower shop, with the flotilla under his command, in the attack upon Flushing, with a statement of his loss, amounting to 7 killed and 22 wounded.—A letter from Capt Richardson, of the *Cassir*, who commanded the brigade of seamen, contains an account of his subsequent proceeding in the attack on Flushing, &c. The total loss sustained by the naval force employed amounts to 9 killed and 47 wounded.—A letter from Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, dated off Flushing, Aug. 17, transmits one from Sir R. G. Keats, stating the surrender of the towns of Zeirik Zee and Browershaven, with the whole of the Islands of Schowen and Duiveland, by capitulation.

The article next following is a dispatch from Lord Chatham, dated Middleburg, August 11, and is published as a Supplement to the above Gazette: it relates only to operations a week previous to the surrender of Flushing, and contains no additional information.

#### SUPPLEMENT to the LONDON GAZETTE, Tuesday, July 11.

*An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfeld, on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809.*

[Continued from p. 76.]

#### BATTLE OF THE 21st OF MAY.

##### First Column.

The advanced guard under General Nordman, consisting of two battalions of Gyulay and Lichtenstein Hussars, had formed near the destroyed bridge of Tabor, and leaving the villages of Kahan and Hirschstetten to the left, and Stadlau to the right, marched in the plain towards Aspern.

It was followed by the column, which having left the high road before the post office at Stammersdorf, had marched from the right by half divisions. Its right flank along the Danube was covered by a battalion of St. Georgians, by the first battalion of Vienna volunteers, and by a battalion of militia, under the command of Major Count Coloredo.

Within a cannon-shot of Stadlau the outposts met the enemy's pickets,

which gradually retreated to their original divisions.

At this time General Nordman ordered two battalions of Gyulay to draw up *en echelon*, in order to favour the advance of the column. The enemy, drawn up in large divisions, stood immediately before Aspern, having, to cover his front, occupied all the ditches of the fields, which afforded excellent breast-works. His position was covered by a battery, and protected by a broad and deep ditch, one of those that carry off the waters of the Danube when it overflows) as well as by a bushy ground, which was likewise occupied by several bodies in close order.

Though the enemy had the advantage of position all to himself, inasmuch as the freshes of the Danube were only passable by means of a small bridge, at which he kept up a vigorous fire from behind the ditches both with cannon and small arms, it did not prevent the second battalion of Gyulay, immediately after the first had penetrated as far as the bushy meadows, to pass the bridge in a column, to form without delay, and with charged bayonets to attack the enemy, who precipitately retreated to Aspern, on which occasion that village, after a vigorous but not very obstinate resistance, was taken for the first time. It was, however, not long before the enemy had it in his power, by the arrival of a fresh reinforcement, to expel again the battalions of Gyulay. By this time some battalions of the column had arrived, the Chasseurs of Major Schneider, of the second column, joined the advanced guard of the first; Gyulay formed again, and the enemy was a second time pushed to the lower end of the village, though he succeeded again in regaining what he lost.

Both parties were aware of the necessity of maintaining themselves in Aspern at any rate; which produced successively the most obstinate efforts both of attack and defence; the parties engaged each other in every street, in every house, and in every barn; carts, ploughs, and harrows were obliged to be removed during an uninterrupted fire, in order to get at the enemy; every individual wall was an

impediment of the assailants, and a rampart of the attacked; the steeple, lofty trees, the garrets, and the cellars were to be conquered before either of the parties could style itself master of the place, and yet the possession was ever of short duration; for no sooner had we taken a street or a house, than the enemy gained another, forcing us to abandon the former. So this murderous conflict lasted for several hours; the German battalions were supported by Hungarians, who were again assisted by the Vienna volunteers, each rivalling the other in courage and perseverance. At the same time the second column combined its attacks with those of the first, having to overcome the same resistance, by reason of the enemy's constantly leading fresh reinforcements into fire. At length General Vacquant of the second column succeeded in becoming master of the upper part of the village, and maintaining himself there during the whole of the night.

By the shells of both parties many houses had been set on fire, and illuminated the whole country around.

At the extremity of the right wing on the bushy meadow the combats were not less severe. The left flank of the enemy was secured by an arm of the Danube; impenetrable underwood, intersected only by foot-paths, covered his front; and a broad ditch and pallisades afforded him the advantage of a natural rampart.

Here fought at the beginning of the battle the first battalion of Gyulay under Colonel Mariassy; then the battalion of Chasseurs under Major Schneider; next the St. Georgians under Major Mihailovich; and finally, the two battalions of Vienna volunteers under Lieut.-Col. Steigentesch and St. Quentin. Here, also, the enemy was defeated; and the first day of this sanguinary engagement terminated by the occupation of Aspern by Gen. Vacquant, at the head of eight battalions of the second column, while Lieut. Field Marshal Hiller drew the troops of his corps from the village, placed them again in order of battle, and passed the night under arms.

(To be continued.)

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

## DORSETSHIRE.

A CAUSE of great importance came on to be heard at the late Dorchester assizes, wherein Mr. Wm. Cherring, the President of a Benefit Society at Sherborne, was Plaintiff, and T. Pursey, alias Persey (the elder), was Defendant the action was brought to recover from the Defendant three years pay, at 4s. per week, which he had fraudulently received from the Society 31 years since, by producing a copy of the register of his baptism. The learned Judge directed the Jury to return a verdict for the Plaintiff, which they did with damages, 34l.

## HAMPSHIRE.

The late laudable endeavours of Mr. W. Cobbett, to lessen the astonishing number of *paish* poor, have been generally so well received, that we are induced to republish what he has stated in consequence of the late action brought against him at Winchester, by William Burgess.

"No labourer of mine," says Mr. C. "has, indeed, the advantage of being able to swear himself a Pauper, no man who labours for me, no man whose sweat drops upon my land, however large his family, stands in need of any thing but what I give him in the shape, not of alms, but of pay, but William Burgess, a labourer of this Mr. Goodlad, one of those who advised the action, could, with only one child, and he an able young man, swear himself a Pauper!—I do not pretend, that it is from a regard for my labourers that I give such great wages, for I am convinced that it is my interest to do it, one of my labourers is worth two or three half famished creatures. But my great motive is, the lessening of the number of Paupers, the setting an example in this way, that may tend to raise part, at least, of the labouring people from that state of slavery, commonly called Pauperism. No man that is in health, that has the use of his limbs, and is, in all respects, able to labour, ought to be reduced to the necessity of begging, and what is it but begging, to go weekly for parish relief! This is the most shocking thing that ever existed in any country on the face of the earth! That one half, or more, of

the labourers of a country should be Paupers, is really something too disgraceful to think of. I have always thought this, and now that I have it in my power to put my principles in practice, I do it as far as I possibly can. A constant state of Pauperism would debase the best nature man ever possessed. A labourer in this state is always studying deceit, he is afraid of nothing so much as ~~appearing~~ appearing prosperous, healthy, or happy, he contracts a plaintive language and manner, the worst side he always puts outwards, his children are studiously clad in rags and covered with filth, his wife is always "poorly!" and, in short, a few years rob him of every particle of spirit and sincerity. He, like slaves every where else (for to have nothing is to be a slave), has no regard for country, or for any thing attached to country, and all his hopes and all his wishes centre in the quantity of food to be extracted from the overseer. Is it not shocking to reflect upon the natural, the inevitable, consequences of rearing families in this way? I never should have a moment's peace, if a labourer of mine was thus rearing up a brood of hypocrites. A family, thus reared, not only is likely to be, but is sure to be, a nest of thieves and impostors. Nor is the 'comforting system' much better, the cow system, the child bed linen system, the church-going system, and the industry system, all which, like the schools of Mr. Hannah More, do more harm than good. In fact, all the largesses that well-meaning people bestow, in any of these ways, are so many premiums for hypocrisy, which, amongst the poor in particular, is the worst of all vices. A good labourer may be in distress. Give him something then at once, and say no more about it. Let him do with it what he pleases. Make no bargains with him about his morality, for, if you do, you make him an hypocrite. It is quite delightful to see this village of Botley, when compared to most others that I know. They seem to be quite a different race of people. They are what some people call saucy, but they are not hypocrites. They are, in short, what Englishmen ought to be, they shew

their humours when they like; they give their labour for your money, and think there is no obligation on either side.—Beautiful as is this part of the country, and this village in particular, there is nothing in either that pleases me like the spirit of the people, who are a race of men quite different from those, who, in the school of Pauperism, have learnt all the arts of cringing and dissimulation.—The way in which we proceed here is really worth being made public. Take the following notice:—We had two families, one of which contained nine children, and the other seven; the whole of whom drawn up in rank entire, and set off to the best advantage, that is to say, half hung over with rags, the rest of the body being naked, were arrayed against us before a Bench of the Magistrates.—We were satisfied, that, owing to particular circumstances, they had quite a sufficient income; but, as we could not prove it upon oath, the Magistrates were about to order them relief, when I offered to pay them weekly all that they said they earned, and, besides that, as much as they received from the parish, rather than suffer them to continue Paupers.—They declined my offer; got no relief, and have not only done without relief since, but have gradually assumed a more decent and prosperous appearance; and for this very obvious reason, that they have no longer an interest in being thought miserable. Here were, at once, 16 children raised from a state of Pauperism; that is to say, from all sorts of vice, but particularly of that worst vice, hypocrisy.—I have mentioned this, in the hope some few persons, at least, who have the power, will try the experiment; will endeavour to lessen this terrible evil of Pauperism. The fact is, that, as matters now stand, the Paupers are partners in no inconsiderable part of the property of every farmer; and, gentlemen, I beg you to observe, that this part of your property is not left to yourselves to distribute, but is taken out of your hands at the will of the next Bench of Magistrates, a great part of whose sway consists in the disposing of that part of your property called poor rates; and thus this disgraceful evil of Pauperism does, in

some degree, produce your subjection also, of which it is impossible to get rid by any other means than these, of which I have been speaking.—The power to dispose of this money is frequently, and indeed almost always in this country, in the hands of those who pay little or no part of it. This is of itself a very galling consideration; but, as I said before, there is at present, no way of getting rid of, or lessening the evil, without reducing, by some means or other, the number of Paupers."

#### NORFOLK.

The Carrow Bridge Commissioners have contracted with Mr. J. G. Aggs, for casting the iron work for the arch, with Messrs Athow and De Carle for providing the stone work, and with Mr. N. Wyeth for the brick work for the abutments.

*Died.*] At Upwell, James Lee, Esq. aged 78 years, possessed of very considerable property. He was an excellent landlord, letting his estates at easy rents, and though not in the habit of granting leases, it was an invariable rule with him to continue his tenants, they punctually paying their rents and managing their farms in an husbandlike manner; and by dividing his large property into small farms he was the means of accommodating many of his neighbours to their considerable advantage. He was also in the habit, for the last 50 years of his life, of annually lending considerable sums of money on mortgage, and notwithstanding he was frequently accustomed to make purchases, still from his large income he was enabled to complete them without calling in his monies, which he was never known to do so long as the interest was punctually paid. Indeed, there are monies now out which he advanced 50 years ago. There are but few people in his sphere of life who have been able or willing thus to accommodate. He was always remarkable for easy access and pleasantry on business.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Newcastle Papers of Aug. 10, state as follows:—<sup>A</sup> During the last week we have been visited with thunder and lightning, and a vast quantity of rain. On Friday the rain fell in a

torrent for several hours, and the morning of Saturday presented a distressing scene in the lower parts of the town. Some of the houses were inundated to the depth of four feet. A boy, named Innes, had a wonderful escape; he was swept away by the current, and carried 330 yards towards the river. In the passage is a waterfall of five yards, directly under part of the town walls, over which the child was impetuously forced. A man working in a raff-yard, arrived just in time to rescue him from a watery grave. If any thing might be said to cause amusement in the midst of so much distress, it was the escape of some ladies and their paramours from a house of ill fame in Pandon. The water having deprived them of their clothes, they were forced to issue from their dwelling, breast high, and almost in a state of nudity, to the no small gratification of a number of spectators. In the afternoon of the same day, a man who had been at the fair, and four horses, were struck dead by the lightning at the Cowgate, and a boy and two horses scorched, but have since recovered. A miller, near Busy Cottage, was drowned in crossing the burn.

"At Tutchill, in the parish of Arlecton, near Whitehaven, the lightning struck the ground (about 140 yards from the dwelling-house and out-buildings of Mr. John Littledale), which it ploughed up for the length of twelve yards, and, in its progress, removed a stone of the weight of 168 pounds, to a distance of four yards, and killed two sheep."

\* *Died.*] July 24th, at North Shields, aged 16 years, deeply lamented by all her friends, Miss Mary Roddam, daughter of Mrs. Roddam, bookseller.

#### NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The great cause respecting the legality of the mode of electing an Alderman of Nottingham, for the sake of more impartial justice, was tried at the assizes of the neighbouring county, Leicester, under the form of a *quo warranto*, calling upon the defendant, John Ashwell, Esq. to shew by what authority he exercised the office of an Alderman; when, after a trial of eleven hours, the bye-law made in 1577, delegating the power of such election from the burgesses

at large to the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Common Council, and such burgesses as had served the office of Chamberlain or Sheriff, and called the Livery or Cloathing burgesses, being proved to be the constant usage from the above date, a verdict was given in favour of the defendant and the Corporation, whereby the popular election contended for was completely set aside. — The cause was most ably conducted by G. Coldham, Esq. town-clerk.

#### SHROPSHIRE.

THE ARTS.—We hear, that the celebrated Mr. Devis has considerably advanced in a picture, which will include portraits of several of the nobility, who by their property or by consanguinity, are connected with this county. — The subject is taken from English history, and is treated in a very masterly manner. Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of King John, is represented at a meeting of the barons, submitting to them a charter of Henry I. and exhorting them to support the liberties of the people against the encroachments of the crown. The meeting took place at St. Edmundsbury, and the artist has given a solemn and impressive representation of the scene of action. The ancestor of several of our present race of nobility attended on this august and interesting occasion, and the artist has introduced portraits of their present representatives, upon the reasonable presumption that they may bear a family likeness. This circumstance will give a peculiar interest to the picture, besides that high concern which Englishmen will always feel in events that relate to their inalienable rights. Several noblemen have sat to the artist for this purpose, among whom are the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Huntley, the Marquis of Stafford, the Earls Darlington and Moira, Lord Erskine; and all the other descendants of the distinguished characters who were present, will of course readily join in so honourable a commemoration. The Gothic cathedral in which the scene took place, and the whole of the costume, in dress, arms, decorations, &c. are to be exhibited with the most exact fidelity; and the picture, when finished, will do honour to the British

school.—The artist has nearly finished a fine whole length of *Earl Darlington*, in his robes as a peer.

#### DEATH ABROAD.

Major-Gen. John Ronald M'Kenzie, who so gloriously fell in the battle of Talavera, was the representative of a very ancient family, whose patrimonial estate (not large) lies in that part of the county of Ross, called the Black Isle. He fell in or about his 47th year. He began his military career, in the marines, under the immediate eye of his uncle, General M'Kenzie, of that most honourable corps, and for some time previous to 1794, did the duty of adjutant to the Chatham division.

Upon the death of his uncle, by which he succeeded to some personal fortune, he relinquished the marines, perhaps from an ambition to get forward in his profession more rapidly than that service admits of.

In the spring of 1794, he became Major of the 2d battalion of the 78th foot, or Ross shire Buffs, raised by the present Lord Seaforth. In the latter end of that year, or early in 1795, both battalions of the 78th were consolidated; by which measure this gallant officer became attached to the 1st battalion, and, with the officers and men from the 2d, joined the 1st Battalion at the Cape, from whence they proceeded to India, 1,200 strong, where the regiment served with distinction under the present Lieut.-Gen. (then Colonel M'Kenzie Fraser). With this corps the gallant Major-General served many years in India, and latterly commanded the regiment. He returned

to Europe in 1801-2, sincerely regretted by his regiment and all who knew him; and if his service in the east was not marked by any brilliant professional event, it was because the situation of that country, during his stay in it, did not call for any active exertion.

Promoted to the rank of Colonel soon after he came home, on the breaking out of the present war, in 1803, he was placed on the northern staff as a Brigadier. He was afterwards made Governor and Commandant of Alderney, and soon after replaced on the northern staff as Major General, from which situation he was, on his own solicitation, removed to the command of a brigade in Portugal in 1808.

He was in Parliament four years; first for the Sutherland district of boroughs, and latterly for the shire of Sutherland, in the room of Mr. Wm. Dundas.

In 1804, he superintended the Levy, and in 1805, the discipline of that gallant but ill-fated *second* 2d battalion of the 78th.

He might be said to be more a *solid* than a shining character, both in public and in private life. He was a zealous, steady, cool soldier—a mild and most friendly man. The service loses in him a most excellent officer—his friends, an estimable and amiable man. The 78th adored him, and will long lament him.

His estate, called Suddie, devolves to an only sister, married to a Capt. Potts, of the 42d regiment, by whom she has a large family.

#### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JULY 23, to AUGUST 22, 1809, inclusive.

[Extracted from the *London Gazette*.]—The *Solicitors' Names* are between Parentheses.

**A**FFLECK J. Kennington Cross, plumber, (Turner, Edward-street). Allsop J. Winchester, silk-weaver, (Ker-not, Thavie's-Inn). Andrus F. Bright-helmston, victualler, (Harber, Chancery-lane). Anderson J. Cannon-street, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Blackburn W. Aldersgate-street, watch-spring maker, (Bond, East India Chambers). Bonwell T. Newman-street, coach-maker, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn). Browne E. Bradford, clockier, (Tarrant,

Chancery-lane). Baker G. City Road, coachmaker, (Hudson, Winkworth-buildings). Bury R. C. Salford, merchant, (Ellis, Cusitor-street). Beck S. Bury-str, jeweller, (Collins and Co. Spital-square).

Clarkson H. Liverpool, porter-dealer, (Black-tock; St. Mildred's-court, Poultry). Cooper R. Paradi-c-street, plasterer, (Up-stone, Charles-street). Coward H. Leather-lane, warehouseman, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Collins W. Buckingham, cabinet-maker, (Sandys and Co. Crane-

court). Collins W. Bristol, innkeeper, (Nethersole and Co Essex-street). Chorley J. Beer-lane, merchant, (Walker, Old Jewry). Curtis W. Hosier-lane, salesman, (Lee, Castle-street). Collard H. R. George-street, coal-merchant, (Bacon, Southampton-street).

Dumelow J. Hinckley, grocer, (Chapman, St. Mildred's-court). Dean J. Langlev, corn-dealer, (Windle, John-street). Eldin G. Aldgate, jeweller, (M'Michael, Finch-lane). Eldsen J. Newmarket, carpenter, (Cooper, Cambridge).

Foxall W. Edmonton, coach-master, (Phillipson and Co. Staple's-Inn). Forrester J. Lane-end, Stoke-upon-Trent, manufacturer of earthenware, (Walthall and Co. Newcastle-under-Lyne). Fisher J. Briesfield, York, clothier, (Stott, Furnival's-Inn).

Gough J. Exeter, dealer, (Williams and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Gledstanes G. Saltsbury-street, wine-merchant, (Hackert, Chancery-lane). Gill J. C. Smallburgh, grocer, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane).

Herrocks J. Bolton, hawker, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Hudson W. Stapleton, malster, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Howard T. Dean-street, Canterbury-square, cornfactor, (Ellis, James-street). Humphrey J. Wardour-street, boot and shoemaker, (Mills, Vine-street). Hood E. Eastbourne, coal-merchant, (Langridge and Co. Lewes). Holmes W. Rushall, Stafford, maltster, (Hunt, Surrey-street). Haywood J. Gloucester, haberdasher, (Rawlinson, Old South Sea House). Horstey R. Elder-street, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Hall W. W. Hackney-road, bookseller, (Rutson, Wellclose-square).

Joyce R. Lamb's Conduit-street, tailor, (Williams, Staple-Inn). Jamieson R. Brown W. and Main J. Castle-court, Budge-row, merchants, (Setree, St. Mary-Axe). Jones J. Owen J. and Abbott H. Bucklersbury, merchants, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street). Jones R. D. Cheltenham,

linen-draper, (Bennet, Dean's court, Doctor's Commons). Jameson S. Reading, dealer and chapman, (Eyre and Co. Gray's-Inn). Jones R. East India Chambers, merchant, (Turner, Edward-street).

Lolley M. W. Liverpool, rectifier, (Avison, Liverpool). Levick C. High street, Shadwell, straw hat manufacturer, (Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings).

Murray T. Paternoster-row, Spital-fields, shoe-manufacturer, (White, Old Square, Lincoln's-Inn). Mitchell J. New Stea-ford, grocer, (Wilson, Greville-street). Maddock E. and Delamore W. Liverpool, corn-dealers, (Windle, John-street, Bedford-row).

Norman J. Strood, iron-monger, (Aubrey, Took's court).

Pocklington R. Winthorpe, and Dickinson W. Newark-upon-Trent, bankers, (Pearce and Son, St. Swithin's-lane). Packer G. Northleach, corn-dealer, (Meredith and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Powell E. Birmingham, japanner, (Kinderley and Co. Holborn-court).

Ridings P. Manchester, fustian-dealer, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Roberts J. Nottingham, hosier, (Maddougall and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Ratcliffe W. Exeter, baker, (Williams and Co. Prince's-street).

Simmons B. Newcastle-street, shoe-maker, (Jennings and Co. Carey-street). Sharpe C. Great Yarmouth, merchant, (Anstice, Temple). Stuart C. Paradise-street, apothecary, (Seward, Prince's-street, Rotherhithe). Shaw J. Wapping-Wall, provision-merchant, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street).

Teague T. Coalpit Bank, Wombridge, huckster, (Benbow and Co. Stone Buildings). Trevor J. Gainsborough, money-scriver, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-st.). Towers J. Walsall, Stafford, whip-thong manufacturer, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square).

Unwin S. Disley, shopkeeper, (Ellis, Chancery-lane).

## PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Aug. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 120*l.* per cent.  
West-India ditto, 180*l.* ditto.  
East-India ditto, 130*l.* ditto.  
Commercial ditto, 175*l.* ditto.  
East Country ditto, 90*l.* per share  
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 187*l.* ditto  
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.  
Grand Union ditto, 20*s.* per share prem.  
Thames and Medway ditto, 19*l.* ditto  
Kennett and Avon ditto, 38*l.* per share  
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 120*l.* ditto.

Albion ditto, 58*l.* per share.  
Imperial Fire Assurance, 60*l.* ditto  
Kent ditto, 48*l.* ditto.  
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem.  
Commercial Road Stock, 120*l.* per cent.  
London Institution, 84*l.* per share  
Surrey ditto, par  
South London Water Works, 155*l.* pr. share  
East London ditto, 190*l.* ditto.  
West Middlesex ditto, 12*l.* per share prem.  
Kent Water Works, 25*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

**T**HOUGH the wheat crops had been considerably improved since our last report, the late rains have beaten them down in many places; and, if, in general, the crops of corn appear good, in some places blight and mildew have made their appearance: but as the wheat was far advanced in maturity previously to these blights, the produce is not likely to be much deteriorated. In Sussex, the barley on the downs is likely to produce a good crop; and the oats, especially on the light lands, in general, are expected to produce a fair average crop. Dry weather only is wanted to get in the different kinds of grain, and therefore it is hoped that Dr. Herschell's philosophical prediction of a long continuance of wet may prove erroneous. Pease are very backward, and rather deficient. Turnips are generally promising, but the slugs and the fly have been rather active among the latter sown ones. Potatoes promise pretty well in most counties. The hops in Kent and Sussex have greatly improved within the last fortnight; and the wheat crops for the most part fall heavy upon the sickle: still the weather is rather unfavourable; but in most of the western counties, the corn never bore a more healthy appearance nor a fuller ear.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. to 5s.;—Mutton, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.;—Veal, 3s. to 5s.;—Pork, 5s. 4d. to 6s.

Middlesex, Aug. 25.

## AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs.

Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Aug. 19, 1809.

## INLAND COUNTIES.

## MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats			Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	162	7			41	8	35	4	Essex	91	4	48	6	42	0	37	0
Surrey	102	8	48	0	44	0	39	4	Kent	87	0	58	0	40	0	35	6
Hertford	90	5	49	0	40	6	55	10	Sussex	90	8					36	0
Bedford	90	8	60	8	45	4	37	0	Suffolk	80	4			38	4	31	9
Hunting.	89	0			42	0	33	4	Cambridge	89	5					23	0
Norham.	89	0			45	3	33	6	Norfolk	83	2	70	0	36	8		
Rutland	96	5			50	9	36	0	Lincoln	92	2			48	10	28	1
Leicest.	91	10			49	5	32	10	York	87	2	58	5	35	0	29	0
Notting.	95	2	63	0	46	6	34	2	Durham	102	4					37	9
Derby	99	0			58	10	38	10	Northumberland	93	11	65	5	48	0	36	5
Stafford	103	10			52	2	36	1	Cumberland	102	8	66	0	49	7	34	2
Salop	97	6	71	10	52	8	34	10	Westmorland	114	9	85	0	54	4	36	6
Hercfor	92	2	49	6	41	7	37	3	Lancaster	100	7			47	8	30	1
Wor'g.	96	5			48	11	40	5	Chester	96	4					33	0
Warwic	101	2			55	0	40	6	Flint	92	8			62	10		
Wilts	89	2			40	6	35	19	Denbigh	104	11			62	8	32	0
Berks	100	0			41	0	36	6	Anglesea					42	0	18	0
Oxford	96	7			42	8	36	0	Carnarvon	95	4			48	0	23	4
Bucks	94	8			48	0	37	3	Merioneth	95	0			55	6	29	0
Brecon	99	3			51	2	28	8	Cardigan	84	6			40	0	18	3
Montgo	96	9					30	8	Pembroke	69	8			41	7	16	0
Radnor.	90	3			42	7	31	7	Cardiff	92	0			56	2	20	0
									Glamorgan	93	0			57	4	28	0
									Gloucester	96	8			43	8		
									Somerset	96	10			46	0	21	4
									Monmouth	100	10						
									Devon	89	2			39	0	27	5
									Cornwall	92	10			41	10	27	1
									Dorset	94	5			40	0	32	0
									Glants	95	4			37	0	35	6

## Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 94s. 3d.; Rye 60s. 7d.; Barley 46s. 0d.; Oats 32s. 1d.; Beans 58s. 10d.; Pease 56s. 4d.; Oatmeal 51s. 4d.

## BILL of MORTALITY, from JULY 25, to AUG. 22, 1809.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED			Between		
Males	804	Males	544				
Females	744	Females	517	1061			
Whereof have died under two years old				321			
Peck Loaf, 4s. 7d. 4s. 10d. 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d.							
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.							
					2 and 5 - 131	60 and 70 - 58	
					5 and 10 - 60	70 and 80 - 51	
					10 and 20 - 44	80 and 90 - 16	
					20 and 50 - 75	90 and 100 - 5	
					30 and 40 - 99		
					40 and 50 - 110		
					50 and 60 - 89		



PRICE OF STOCKS, from JULY 26, 1899, to AUGUST 25, 1899, both inclusive.

Days 18.9	Bank Stock.	5 p Cent. Consols.	5 p Cent. Reduc.	4 p Cent. Cons.	Navy 5 p Cent.	N. 5 p. Cent.	Long Auns.	Om- num.	Imperial 5 p Cent.	Imperial Auns.	Irish 5 p. C.	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Ann.	India Stock.	India Ann.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets.	Cons. for Acct.
July																			
26	261	68 72	68 72	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
27	261	67 71	68 71	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						20s. pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
28	260 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						19s. pm	12s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
29	260 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
30	260 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
Aug																			
1	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
2	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
3	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
4	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
5	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
6	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
7	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
8	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
9	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
10	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
11	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
12	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
13	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
14	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
15	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
16	261 1/2	67 70	68 70	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
17	262	67 68	68 69	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
18	262	67 68	68 69	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
19	262	67 68	68 69	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
20	262	67 68	68 69	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
21	262 1/2	67 68	68 69	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
22	262 1/2	67 68	68 69	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
23	262 1/2	67 68	68 69	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
24	262 1/2	67 68	68 69	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	
25	262 1/2	67 68	68 69	84 1/2	99	18 1/2	1 pm.	1 pm.	7 7-16ths						18 1/2 1s pm	13s. pm	21	11 68 1/2	

N. B. In the 2 per Cent Consols the highest and lowest Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the highest only.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill

City Freehold Tickets, 3d. 12s.

# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Nº LXX.—VOL. XII.]

For SEPTEMBER, 1809.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—DR. JOHNSON.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

**POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS upon the KINGDOM of NEW SPAIN: being the third Part of the VOYAGES of ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT and AIME BONPLAND.**

*For the Universal Magazine.*

**T**HE travels of Humboldt with Bonpland into Spanish America are the most laudable that were ever undertaken by individuals for the progress of science. They publish their work in parts. The one mentioned above contains a political essay on the kingdom of New Spain, that is, of Mexico.

Its population is about 6,000,000.

The inhabitants of Mexico may be divided into three great casts.

I. The Spaniards of an unmixed race, of which the number may be about 1,200,000.

II. Mongrels, born of Spaniards and Indian women, of which the number may be about 2,400,000.

III. The Indians, or descendants of the people who inhabited Mexico when Cortez conquered it. Their number may be estimated at 2,500,000.

The author has made some researches respecting the origin of these Indians. They appear to be composed of different casts. Ancient Mexico, like the old continent, has been exposed, says he, to invasions by different emigrant people.

The Toultecs made their first appearance in 648.

The Chichimecs in 1170.

The Nahuatlacs in 1178.

The Acolhuets and the Astecs in 1196.

The Toultecs were a well informed people, for they introduced into this country the culture of maize and cotton. They constructed roads, towns, and large pyramids, the surfaces of

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which are in the oriental style. The use of hieroglyphic painting was also known to them, and they knew how to work metals. Their solar year was more perfect than that of the Greeks and Romans.

But what country did the Toultecs and the Astecs inhabit previously? The author thinks that these people may have been part of those *Hiong-noux*, who, according to Chinese historians, emigrated, following their chief *Punon*, and flying from powerful enemies. They were lost in the north of Siberia. It was the same people (*Hiong-noux*), who, under the name of Huns, desolated the finest countries of Europe and Asia.

We shall not, however, follow the author any further upon these topics, however interesting they may be.—We shall proceed to consider with him the physical constitution of these fine countries.

The author enters into copious details respecting the natural aspect of New Spain. Taking, says he, a comprehensive view of the whole superficies of Mexico, we shall perceive that only one-half is situated beneath the burning sky of the tropics, and that the other belongs to the temperate zone. The latter part contains 60,000 square leagues. It comprises the *provincias internas*, not only those which are subjected to the immediate administration of the viceroy of Mexico, (the new kingdom of Leon and the province of New Santander) but also those which are governed by their own individual commanders. These commanders exercise their authority over the dependencies of Durango and Sonora, and the provinces of Cohahuila, Texas, and New Mexico.

On one side, small portions of the

Z.

northern provinces of Sonora and New Sontada extend beyond the tropic of Cancer; and on the other, the southern ones of Guadalupe, of Zatecas, and of St. Louis de Potosi, (especially the environs of the celebrated mines of Catorce) extend a little to the north of this limit. It is known that the physical climate of a country does not depend merely upon its distance from the poles, but also upon its elevation above the level of the sea; upon the proximity of the ocean; the configuration of the land, and a variety of other local circumstances. From these causes, of 50,000 square leagues situated in the torrid zone, more than three-fifths enjoy a climate which is more cold or temperate than burning. The whole interior of the viceroyalty of Mexico forms an immense plain, elevated from 2,000 to 2,500 metres above the neighbouring seas.

There is hardly any place on the globe where the mountains present so singular a construction as those of New Spain. In Europe, Switzerland, Savoy, and the Tyrol, are regarded as very elevated countries. But this opinion is founded only upon the appearance of a vast number of summits which are grouped together, perpetually covered with snow, and disposed in chains, which are parallel to the great central chain. The summits of the Alps are elevated to 3,900 and even 4,700 metres, while the neighbouring plains in the canton of Berne are not more than 4 or 600. This very small elevation may be regarded as that of the greater part of the plains of considerable extent in Suabia, in Bavaria, and in New Silesia. In Spain, the ground of the two Castiles is not much more than 580 metres in height. In France, the highest level is that of Auvergne, on which repose mount Or Cantal, and the Puy-de-Dôme. The medial elevation, according to the observations of M. de Buch, is 720 metres. These examples prove that, in general, in Europe those elevated lands which present the appearance of plains are not more than from 400 to 800 metres in height above the level of the ocean.

Perhaps in Africa, towards the sources of the Nile, and in Asia, under

the 34 and the 37 degrees of north latitude, plains may be found analogous to those of Mexico. But those travellers who have visited these regions have left us in total ignorance as to the elevation of Thibet. The elevation of the great desert of Coby to the north-west of China is, according to Duhalde, about 1,400 metres. Colonel Gordon assured M. Labillardiere that, from the Cape of Good Hope, in 21 degrees of south latitude, the earth, in Africa, rises, gradually, to 2,000 metres in height. This new and striking fact has not been verified by any other naturalists.

The chain of mountains which forms the vast plain of Mexico is the same which, under the name of the *Andes*, crosses the whole of South America. Yet, notwithstanding the construction, I will venture to assert that the structure of this chain differs greatly to the south and north of the equator. In the southern hemisphere the Cordilleras is every where intersected by gaps, which resemble the open veins of a mine, and not filled with heterogeneous substances. If there are plains elevated 2,700 or 3,000 metres, as in the kingdom of Quito; and, further north, in the province of *Los Pastos*, they are not to be compared to those of New Spain. They are rather longitudinal vallies, limited by two branches of the great Cordilleras of the *Andes*.

Between Mexico and the small towns of Cordova and Xalappa there is a group of mountains, the lofty tops of which rival, in height, the most elevated ones of the New World. It will be sufficient to mention four of these colossal mountains, whose height was unknown previously to the examinations of the present travellers.

The Popocatepetl, of 5,400 metres.

The Itzacihuatl, or the White Woman, of 4,785 metres.

The Citlaltepēt, or the Peak of Orizoba, of 5,295 metres.

The Nauhcampatesetl, of 2,089 toises.

This group of volcanic mountains presents several analogies with those of the Kingdom of Quito. If the height of mount St. Elie be exactly estimated, it may be said that only under the nineteenth 19 and 60 de-

degrees of latitude, in the northern hemisphere, mountains attain to the elevation of about 5,400 metres above the level of the sea.

The country of New Spain may be divided into three different regions.

The first, which is called *Terras Calientes*, is the hottest. It is situated on the borders of the sea, both on the side of Acapulco, and on that of Vera Cruz. The air is very unhealthy; but the temperature is so mild, that sugar, cotton, and bannanas are cultivated.

The second region, which is called *Terras Templadas*, is that which is found to be from twelve to fifteen hundred metres in height. Here, the constant and mild temperature of spring always prevails, and forms the charming climate of Xalappa, Tasico, and Chilpenzingo, three towns celebrated for the extreme salubrity of their air, and for the abundance of fruit trees which are cultivated in their environs.

The third portion is designated by the name of *Terras frias*, and it comprises the plains, which are elevated more than 2,200 metres above the level of the sea, and the mean temperature of which is under 17°. In the capital of Mexico the thermometer has sometimes been known to descend several degrees beneath the freezing point: but this phenomenon is rare. In general the winters are as mild as at Naples; and the temperature of this portion is about the same as that of Rome.

In all these regions the temperature depends less upon the latitude than upon the height of the land above the level of the sea. Under the 19 and 22° of latitude, sugar, cotton, and, above all, cocoa and indigo will not thrive abundantly, but at a height of 600 or 800 metres.

The repose of the inhabitants of Mexico is less troubled with earthquakes and by volcanic explosions, than that of the inhabitants of the kingdom of Quito and of the provinces of Guatimala and of Cumana. In the whole of New Spain there are but five burning volcanos, the Orizaba, the Popocatepetl, the mountains of Tusta, of Jorullo, and of Colima. The earthquakes, which are very frequent on the coasts of the

Pacific Ocean, and in the environs of the capital, do not however produce such terrible effects as those which afflicted the towns of Lima, of Rio-bomba, of Guatimala, and of Cumana. A dreadful catastrophe made the volcano of Jorullo issue from the earth on the 14th September, 1759, surrounded by an innumerable quantity of small smoking cones.

### On the SUMMATION of INFINITE SERIES.

SIR,

IN my last communication on the subject of infinite series, inserted in your July Magazine, I observe with considerable regret several errors of the press, which must tend to obscure my meaning: one or two at least I must correct before I proceed to the continuation of my subject, since the ingenuity of the reader will be otherwise incompetent to supply him with the true construction of the sentence.—In the fourth column, read the following passage—"if its terms shall exceed any given sum, how great soever it may be. These kinds of progressions, then, are not the subjects of summation, but less, as convert"—thus—"of its terms shall exceed any given sum," rejecting the comma before if; and for "less as" read "let us." There are several other inaccuracies in the punctuation and grammatical construction; but as these may be corrected by the reader, they do not require a particular notice in this place.

But to resume the subject. It may be recollected I first endeavoured to shew the application of the ordinary rule, for finding (*n*) terms of a geometrical series to the summation of an infinite series, by rejecting the last term; now, though from the nature of the series, as infinite, we can have no conception of a terminating term, yet we can clearly see its real value and the value of as many terms as we may chuse to conceive, continued beyond a certain limit, to be nothing from what has been before observed; so, although the demonstration, on which the practice of the rule be founded, be apagogical, it is nevertheless as certain as if it had been direct: for the impossibility of conceiving

any value of ( $x$ ) as affecting the result of the given theorem  $\frac{AR-Z}{R-1} = S$  is likewise clear from this; let it be assigned, and the nature of the series is destroyed, and it becomes finite, for otherwise a term may follow  $x$  in the order of the series, by the multiplication of its denominator by the ratio; for no fraction, however small, can be given, but may be further diminished by multiplying its denominator, so that the objector to the theorem  $\frac{AR}{R-1} = S$  reduces himself to either of the following dilemmas, that infinite and finite are synonymous terms, or that a fraction may be given, the denominator of which it is impossible to multiply. Now, let us direct our attention to the summation of a series by subtraction, assuming a certain letter for its supposed sum: now though we could not, *a priori*, infer the equality of the resulting series, by subtraction, to one of the series whose value we are endeavouring to determine, yet upon the operation it is apparent; as also its determinate and finite value. For, explaining that part of the operation which respects the management of the letter  $s$ , employed in the solution, to those unused to algebraic or literal arithmetic, we may observe there are two rules, called single and double position, in arithmetic, in which we are required to determine the value of certain numbers, from some conditions given respecting them; this is performed in single position, by making a certain supposition, and working with the same as we do with the required number, when discovered, to prove its truth, by seeing whether it will answer the given conditions of the question; the result thence arising from the suppositious number, being compared with it by the rule of three, we discover a second number, which is the number sought, bearing the same proportion; as in the former case, to the given result. In algebra the necessity of assuming a false number, from whence to determine the true, is obviated, by the employment of letters, in which, as each character or letter may represent any quantity at pleasure, the operation is more simple and direct. Let the fol-

lowing question | for solution. A man has three debtors, A, B, and C, the amount of whose debts is 300*l*.; their proportion to each other as follows: B's debt is double A's, and C's debt as much as A's and B's debts together; from hence it is required to determine the respective debt of each person, leaving the solution by arithmetic; algebraically, if we call A's debt  $x$ , B's will be  $2x$ , and C's  $3x$ , and the total or  $6x$  per question = 300*l*. or thus,  $6x = 300$ . Now, as equal quantities divided by equal divisors must give equal quotients, the 6th part of  $6x$  or  $x$  will be equal to  $\frac{300}{6} = 50$ ; the value of  $x$  being thus determined, the several debts of each person, 50, 100, and 150 are easily found.

Ex. 2. Let it be required to add an unknown number to a given number, as 1, so that the sum may be 11; calling the number sought  $x$ , we have  $1+x=11$  for the solution; making use of another axiom, "that if from equals we take equals, their remainders will be equal;" we find  $x=10$ .

These observations, however trivial to the Tyro in algebra, are necessary for a person unacquainted with the science, to make him, in any measure, acquainted with the subject of my preceding paper. Now let it be observed, in the two preceding examples, we have a certain unknown number; and for the purpose of facilitating our operations upon it, and condensing and fixing our ideas, we designate it by the character here assumed. As this conventional sign is capable of being managed, in many respects, as well as the number, it represents itself; a direct solution, by analysis of the proposed questions, is speedily obtained. Now let us revert again to the series  $1 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8}$ , &c. *ad inf.* whose sum, to enable us to reason upon it, we call  $S$ ; and by taking 1 from the above series, we have a new series which, wanting 1 of the former, must also want 1 in its sum of being equal to the other, that is, its sum will be  $S-1$ . Here then we have two expressions for the amount of all the terms in two infinite series, having a common letter  $S$  in each. Now let  $S$  be whatever it may, it representing the same quantity in

each amount,  $S-1$  taken from  $S$ , the remainder will be 1; the series also which these amounts represent, being likewise taken from each other, the difference  $= \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8}$ , &c. *ad inf.* or the resulting series is equal to the former remainder 1. Any one may satisfy himself still further, in regard to this literal subtraction, by assigning whatever value he please to  $S$ , and in every case, upon subtraction of  $S-1$  from  $S$ , unity will be the result. This method of proof by induction, though not strictly mathematical, will at least convince us there can be error in the calculation.

By an operation analogous to the preceding, the sum of the circulating decimal 9999, *ad inf.* may be obtained. First  $9999$ , &c.  $= \frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{100} + \frac{1}{1000} + \frac{1}{10000}$ , &c. by the nature of decimals; this fractional series is evidently the following  $\frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{100} + \frac{1}{1000} + \frac{1}{10000}$ , &c. multiplied by 9, or  $\frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{100} + \frac{1}{1000} + \frac{1}{10000} \times 9$ , assuming, as in the preceding example,  $S=9$ , the sum of the elementary series  $\frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{100} + \frac{1}{1000} + \frac{1}{10000}$ , &c. will be the ninth part of  $S$  or  $\frac{1}{9}$ , because  $S$  is assumed the value of a series nine times as great. Multiplying each term of the latter series, as also its sum by 10, we obtain another infinite series, exceeding this by unity or  $\frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{100} + \frac{1}{1000} + \frac{1}{10000}$ , &c.  $= \frac{10}{9}$ ; for  $\frac{1}{10} \times 10 = \frac{10}{10} = 1$ ;  $\frac{1}{100} \times 10 = \frac{10}{100} = \frac{1}{10}$ , &c. and  $\frac{10}{9} \times 10 = \frac{100}{9}$ . Now these fractions  $\frac{10}{9}$  and  $\frac{100}{9}$  represent amount of two series differing by 1 from each other; therefore, by subtraction,  $\frac{100}{9} - \frac{10}{9} = 1$ , or  $\frac{90}{9} = 1$ , or  $S=1$ , that is 9999, &c. *ad inf.*  $= 1$ , for from the nature of fractions, the factor 9 being found, both in the numerator and denominator of  $\frac{90}{9}$  it may be struck out, being of no value.

Fearing I have already trespassed too much in enlarging upon a subject which can only, comparatively, interest a small proportion of your readers, dare not on the present occasion continue it any further. With your permission, however, at some future time, may resume it in a more scientific form, for the purpose of explaining the excellent and beautiful

formula given by De Moivre for the summation of series.

I remain, Sir, &c.

J. HARRIS.

Prospect-Row, Watworth,  
Aug. 19, 1809.

### On the Use of the Letter "K."

SIR,

I HAVE read the observations of your correspondent, Philcleutheros, p. 94, on the use of the consonants *c* and *k*, but cannot agree with him respecting the omission of the final *c*. Formerly, as he observes, they were both used, as in *publick*, *lunatick*, *musick*, &c.: the *k* is, in modern orthography, dropped, and we have *public*, *music*, &c. This has been considered by many persons as an useless innovation, and many old fashioned writers have retained the ancient orthography. If this fashion for leaving out *k* increases, we shall soon have *sick*, *kick*, and *lick* spelled without *k*. I am indeed of opinion that it would be better to insert the final *k* than to leave it out; but if one or other consonant must be omitted, it should certainly not be *c*, it being the most elegant character of the two. The objection of your correspondent, that the sound of *c* soft should be distinguished from the hard sound is frivolous, neither have we ancient authority for it, as the ancient Romans always used *c* in the place of the Greek *k*; wherefore we may presume that the ancient sound of *c* was always hard before all consonants.

The insertion of this will oblige,  
Sir, your's, &c.

PHILOLOGOS.

London, Sept 2, 1809.

On the SUPERIORITY of our ETHICS  
over those of the ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

[Continued from p. 113.]

IT is evident that we are indebted for the superiority of our morality over that of the ancients, to the Christian religion, which has enlarged and elevated our minds, notwithstanding the assertions of certain philosophers,

who flatter themselves that we are indebted for it to the superiority of their genius. The knowledge which is given to us in our infancy, of the truths of Christianity, renders them familiar to us, so that our reason appropriates them to itself, even without the instruction of them. Immediately that reflexion commences they are already impressed upon our memory; and we think that the light of reason alone has discovered them to us, whether in regard to their totality or to the degree of certitude which we have of them. Without doubt, the moral precepts of religion are the same as those which reason dictates to us; but how is it to be accounted for, that those laws of reason, and of conscience, have in that point never shone in their proper light in the greatest geniuses of antiquity? and that there were even many who were wholly ignorant of them? The revelation of the Evangelist has re-established reason in all its rights—it has restored to it the light which it had lost, and which unites itself so well with the weak remains which it had preserved. Our pride notwithstanding loves to consider this improvement of morality—this triumph over superstitious and impious opinions, as the fruit of our own application, of our profound meditation, and of a more exact method of reasoning, by which we are led to suppose that it is a sound philosophy which has conducted morality to that degree of perfection in which it presents itself in our days. But the same question returns,—By what means was philosophy thus refined? How, among the ancients not one philosopher can be found who liberated himself wholly from the superstition of his country? Why were they not able to disengage their systems from all prejudices of education, and of received opinions? Is it not evident, that without the aid of the Christian religion we should not possess more sound ideas of morality? The enemies of revealed religion glory in our days in being able to deduct clearly from the principles of reason, the duties of natural religion, the perfections of God, and our obligations towards him and our equals, founded on our relations as creatures of God, and children of one family.

This may be done, but who will explain to us why the sages of Athens and of Rome, and those of other nations, the most enlightened, were not able to attain to it? Whence could they have drawn the knowledge of a more sound moral philosophy, if it be not in the source which this religion opens to them, against which their pride is roused, and which their ingratitude offends.—“Thou insult'st revelation proudly, and thou say'st that the book in which it is contained is suited only for idiots. But let Socrates and his partisans speak of God and virtue, will they express themselves with so much perspicuity, force, evidence, and confidence, as an apostle of the evangelist?” The doctrine of Socrates, the most superior moralist of Pagan antiquity, has been propagated by the greatest philosophers, and the most celebrated orators; why then, in the space of four ages, which elapsed to the birth of the Redeemer, nothing effectual was done towards the perfection of natural religion and morality? Is it not the time in which the arts and sciences were brought by the Pagans to the highest point of perfection? The Grecians taught Rome philosophy—did she become more virtuous—did she cease to treat the kings of foreign nations with a contempt less insulting\*—to reduce men to the condition of slaves, whose lives were valued as nothing—to slaughter the chiefs, and even the kings of the conquered nations†—and to take a delight in cruel spectacles in which flowed human blood?‡ Greece, § enlightened as she was, does she not furnish us with examples of barbarity, in which fathers exposed their children? And with what abominations was not the worship stained which was paid to the Gods in their tem-

\* Rollin. Hist. Rom. tom. vii. 231, 232.

† Hug. Grotius. *Droit de la Guerre et de la Paix*, l. 3, chap. xi. §7, n. 2, 3, et les Remarques de Barbeyrac.

‡ Lactance Instit. Divin. l. vi. chap. 20, n. 10, 13.

§ Le Meme, l. vi. cap. 20, n. 20, 25. Minutius Felix Octav. cap. 30. Diog. Laer dans la vie d'Aristippe Sect. 81.

ples\*. Did not Rome and Athens elevate them to the highest pitch of vice? And can it be denied that we are indebted to Christianity for whatever we possess of good and solid in morality? The philosopher forms his reason by means of the truths which religion teaches us, and to which reason must acquiesce immediately that she becomes acquainted with them, but which it does not perceive or discover in a confused manner, unless the light of revelation shines upon them. He makes his principles the basis of his system: and he afterwards believes himself capable of deducting the proofs from it, and the connection which exists in our duties of the nature of God, and that of man, which, for a cultivated reason, is not attended with any great difficulty, as it is infinitely more easy to attain to the proofs of truths already known, than to discover the truths themselves. In fine, the Christian moral includes truths which reason cannot conceive without the aid of a particular revelation, but the philosopher lays them aside. Hence a sensible difference arises in the picture which his morality presents to us, and that which religion presents, although he does not hesitate designedly, or without being susceptible of it, to borrow the most beautiful traits. It resembles the manner of certain painters whom a king of Sweden employed to decorate her apartments. They knew how to adapt to their tapestries the heads detached from some pictures of Raphael, and they painted the other parts of the body analogous to the subject.

As far as I am able to judge, these reflections are proper, and capable of inspiring us with respect for religion, and to strengthen us in the persuasion of all its excellent and divine properties. They can, and ought to make us comprehend the great weakness of a reason enlightened only by natural lights, and of the ingratitude of which a Christian would render himself culpable, who would be ashamed to suffer himself to be guided by a light of superior order, on the road

of wisdom, and of virtue. An author,\* whose works deserve to be universally read, says, virtue and religion extract an infinite advantage from Christianity. It not only inculcates natural religion, but it insists on a reformation of the heart, and exacts a virtue of which God is the object and the motive; it prescribes duties of the highest importance, which no philosopher has yet taught; and it provides them with sufficient motives for which we look elsewhere in vain."

Having thus compared the ethics of the ancients with those of the present day, and having exposed what modern philosophy borrows from divine revelation to bring the science of morals to perfection; if we again compare the ethics of the pretended geniuses, it will serve as a shade to the picture which has just now been presented. Thus a painter, who wishes to heighten the beauty of a land-cape, contrasts it with the hideous painting of a country which war has ravaged.

The system of morals which some great geniuses adopt, is not very difficult to trace. The man the most abandoned to his passions, discovers it to us in all his conduct, and his conduct can be easily reduced to principles which are the following. "Seek for that which can confer pleasure on thee; every thing is permitted by which thou canst attain it, and that which averts thee from it is folly, pusillanimity, and superstition; self love is thy sovereign law, do whatever it dictates to thee, until a superior force opposes itself, and fear nothing but the sword of justice. Nothing is good or bad in itself. The divinity does not occupy itself with the little actions of man, who is necessitated to act according as he is guided by the instinct which was given to him at his birth. He is free who dares perform what he desires, and his desires are the pleasures of the senses, and of imagination, the delights of voluptuousness, and the gratifications which honours and riches grant him. Is there any other happiness for him?"

\* Noesselt, *Abregé de la Défense de la Vérité et de la Divinité du Christianisme*, section 3, ch. 11, article 1, § 102, p. 71.

\* Banier. *la Fable expliquée par l'Histoire*, t. 1 and 3.



The infidel incessantly exclaims to us, "Disperse the dark night of superstition, follow nature, and enjoy her gifts. Seek for nothing but what can give you pleasure, and shun every thing which can give you pain. Think with freedom, and let fools rail on. The people are a wavering mass; dare to separate yourself from it. It knows not what it believes; every natural inclination is suspected by it; and in refusing to follow it, it does not perceive that it is sacrificing its happiness to the imaginations of a diseased brain. Extract from it this short lesson,—Believe not what the multitude believes. Take nature for your guide. She points out the road for us, and it is her desire that we should follow it. Duty originated in fear, and the distinctions of justice and injustice; in the same manner it formed Heaven and Hell. Put reason in her place—what then do you behold? Heaven and Hell? No, nothing but a phantom, wherewith to frighten the weak. Leave the world and its puerilities. With whatever a man is contented let that be his law. The sage has no occasion to know more."

Does this system merit a refutation? We cannot but reflect with horror on the consequences which might result from it; and the heart, which is not entirely lost to every natural sentiment of uprightness, revolts at infidelity. Could any thing give that heart greater pain than the formation of a republic entirely composed of infidel philosophers? What surety would there be for its own existence, or for the preservation of the effects, and persons who would become the object of its regards? Let us suppose, that the same sentiments actuated ourselves, and all those with whom we lived in society; we should then lose all distinction of justice and injustice; our divinity would be interest, self-love, and the pleasure of the senses. Of what consequence would be the repose of another if I could gain my own at his expence. I should make no hesitation to disturb it—he would resist—and I should oppose to him the same resistance. To obtain his ends he would have recourse to stratagems, to poison, and to murderous weapons. I should employ

the same means; it would be an eternal war of interest and villainy.

[To be continued.]

*On the PROFLIGACY of the HIGHER RANKS. By Mr. BURDON.*

SIR,

THE statement which has lately been laid before the public, of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales's debts, ought not to pass without some remarks on the profligacy of the higher ranks in general, and the particular circumstances under which those debts have been contracted. At a time when the utmost prudence and discretion, when the exercise of uncommon virtues, and the display of uncommon talents, are requisite to preserve that respect for kings and princes which was formerly paid to their rank alone; it is surely unwise and deserving the utmost severity of reprobation in any of them to be prodigal of the money which is so liberally bestowed upon them by their oppressed subjects, for the support of their requisite and allowable dignity. The Princess of Wales has hitherto been the object of commiseration and affectionate pity, from the peculiar circumstances of her situation; and Englishmen, with that liberality for which they are remarkable, have given her credit for the possession of every virtue, because, having lived in a state of seclusion, her faults, whatever they may be, have been hidden from public notice. The virtue of economy, however, she does not seem to possess, or else she would have studied to avoid being burdensome to a liberal and oppressed people, who have shown her so much compassion and sympathy; for, with an income of 17,000*l.* a year, she has been adding to it every year, almost 17,000*l.* debt, when living in a state that neither required splendor nor magnificence. It is a great misfortune that people of high rank do not think themselves obliged to attend to those minutiae of economy which are requisite to preserve them from debt and difficulty, but imagine, on the contrary, that all they have to do is to spend, and all that others have to do is to find them money.

The levity and thoughtlessness of the higher ranks, particularly those who are dependent on the people for their support is, at this alarming period, truly surprising, and can only be accounted for from the effect of education and habit: having been all their lives accustomed to believe themselves a kind of superior beings, they cannot be brought to think they are like other mortals, subject to the reverses of fortune and the empire of destiny; they believe that there is a kind of particular providence which watches over their safety, to preserve them from misfortune, and even after the fatal day of account and retribution has arrived, while they live they will never believe that they are not to be restored to their former wealth and dignity.—Such are the exiled branches of the royalty and nobility of France, such were the Tarquins of Rome, and such will be the great of every country under Heaven, in similar circumstances; they are to be pitied, and they are hardly to be blamed, because the people on whom they were dependent, ought to have taught them a different lesson; for, as kings and nobles are not created by nature, but are mere creatures of society, elevated above men for the good of the whole, in accommodation to our weakness and puerility, they ought to be so far subject to the general law as to enjoy no exemptions hateful either to the people or themselves; they ought to be addressed with the language of respect, not of servility, as if their performance of the common laws of morality and honesty were an act of condescension to their subjects and the world; they ought to be in all things amenable to the same laws as the very meanest of the people, and when they do wrong they ought not to do it with impunity nor without censure.

Let me now be permitted to make some remarks on the particulars of this case, which differ from that of any other, in which a husband would think himself bound to pay his wife's debts. The law, I believe, with regard to other men, stands thus: that a husband is not liable to the debts contracted by his wife after he has been separated from her by a decree of Doctors' Commons, or after he

has advertised in the public papers that he will not be answerable for her debts any longer. A proceeding like this on the part of the Prince, even were it legal, might perhaps be considered indecorous towards the partner of his future throne; why then should she be placed in a situation to contract debts, for which her creditors can have no legal means of payment? And why should this rest solely on the honour of the prince? Surely some other means ought to be devised to indemnify honest tradesmen against the extravagance of any individual, however high and exalted their rank. There ought to be some legal process as in all other cases, or else tradesmen are more liable to suffer from those whose situation ought to render them both unable and unwilling to commit injustice, than from any other rank of persons; and as such persons are amply provided for by the public, they ought to have neither wants nor debts unsatisfied. The peculiar circumstances of this case seem to be, that nothing but the Prince's honour has preserved the public from being burthened with his wife's debts, or her creditors from losing their money; and as there is no provision against such debts being again contracted, every tradesman, who trusts her Royal Highness, is in a worse state than he would be by trusting the meanest subject in the realm, because, from such a one he might regain his money by a legal process; against her he can institute none. The sum spent by her Royal Highness, over and above her income of 17,000*l.* a year, since she came into this kingdom, is 83,000*l.* though only 75,000*l.* is summed up in the statement; for it seems that Mr. Perceval had not at first been quite correct in his lesson, and only stated 41,000*l.* to which he added afterwards 8000*l.* which, added to the 75,000*l.* makes 83,000*l.* the whole sum so spent.

The papers have said much of his Royal Highness's great consideration for the good of the public, in not suffering them to be burthened with the Princess's debts; for my part I do not see much merit in this forbearance, considering the sum he has already laid upon them, and the ample provision there is allowed by parliament

for every branch of royalty. No doubt it is suitable to the dignity and wealth of the nation that they should be maintained with splendour and magnificence, but there are bounds even to the most extensive liberality; and it is both ungenerous and impolitic to trespass too far on the feelings of a bountiful nation, lest, in the heat of irritation, they should be driven to acts of imprudence. The whole conduct of the higher ranks in the present state of things is an insult to the oppressed part of the nation; and unless some very singular turn of affairs should alter the natural tendency of things, they seem likely soon to suffer for their most profligate temerity. I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

*Hartford, near Morpeth,  
Aug. 15, 1809.*

*THE CRIMINAL from LOST HONOUR.*  
By SCHILLER.

IN the whole history of man, there is no chapter more instructive for the heart and the head than that of his aberrations. At the commission of every great crime, a power proportionably great was put in motion. When the secret play of the craving power conceals itself in the fainter light of common emotions, still in the state of more violent passions it is more conspicuous, more powerful and clear. He, who is deeply acquainted with the labyrinth of the human mind, knows how little reliance is to be placed on the mechanism of the common freedom of the will, and how far it is permitted to judge according to analogy. There is something so simple, and yet so compounded in the human heart; one and the same desire, or ability, can shew itself in a thousand forms and directions, can effect a thousand contradictory phenomena, can appear in a thousand characters differently constituted, and a thousand unequal characters and actions can spring from the same inclination, although the person who is the supposed subject has not the slightest conception of the relationship. If a Linnæus were to arise for the human race as for the other kingdoms of nature, who was to class mankind according to

desires and inclinations, how great would be our surprise to find many, whose crimes must be now smothered in the narrow sphere of civil life, or in the limited circuit of the laws, classed in the same order with the monster Borgia.

Considered in this point of view, many objections may be urged to the manner in which history in general is treated; and here, I may venture to affirm, lies also the difficulty why the study of it has hitherto been so fruitless for the mediate stations in life. There is such a marked contrast between the violent emotions of the agent and the placid temper of the reader, to whom the actions are represented, and there is also such an extended space, that it is difficult to the latter and almost impossible to suppose any connection. There remains such a gap between the historical subject and the reader, which sets aside all possibility of a comparison or allusion, and awakens, instead of that wholesome fear, which is a warning even to the most vicious, an insignificant emotion of surprise. We look upon the unfortunate, who, in the very hour in which he committed the action, as well as in that in which he suffers for it, was a being like ourselves, as a creature of a different species, whose blood circulated differently than our own, and whose will is subject to other rules: his life affects us in a trifling degree; the affection is grounded on an obscure consciousness of similar danger, and we are far removed from even dreaming such a similarity. The moral is lost in the reference, and history, instead of being a school of instruction, must content itself with a miserable gratification of our curiosity. When it is intended for history to gain its most important end, it must necessarily adopt one of the following methods. The reader must either exalt himself to the situation of the hero, or the hero must conform himself to the reader.

I know that the best historians of antiquity and of the present era are attached to the former method, and have bribed the heart of their readers by alluring descriptions. But this manner is an usurpation of the author, and offends the republican free-

dora of the reading community, to whom it belongs to sit in judgment on the work. It also infringes the limits to which the historian is bound, for this method belongs exclusively and properly to the orator and the poet. To the historian the latter method only remains.

The hero must conform himself to the readers, or, what is tantamount, we must be acquainted with him before he acts; we must see him not only complete his action, but we must also see him in the act of volition. We must place a greater consequence on his thoughts than on his deeds, and still more on the sources of his thoughts than on the consequences of his deeds. The soil of Vesuvius has been examined to discover the origin of its eruptions. Why is there less attention paid to a moral phenomenon than to a physical one? Why is not the same attention paid to the constitution and position of things which surround a man, un- of the collected materials in his soul take fire? To him who loves the wonderful, the extraordinary, and adventurous, appearances of such a phenomenon have equal charms. The friend of truth looks for its origin; he seeks for it in the unchangeable structure of the human soul, and in the changeable conditions which determined it outwardly; and in these circumstances he will certainly find it. He is then no more surprised to see in the same bed, where formerly the most wholesome herbs flourished, now the poisonous hemlock grow; and to find in one cradle wisdom and folly, vice and virtue.

If I take not into consideration any of the advantages which the philosophy of the soul obtains from such a method of treating historical matters, yet it possesses alone this superiority; that it roots out the cruel scorn and the high stilted safety, with which erect and untried virtue in general looks down upon fallen virtue, as it diffuses the gentle spirit of toleration, without which no reprobate is reformed, no tainted member of society is ever saved from general contamination.

If the criminal, of whom I am now about to speak, had a right to appeal to that spirit of toleration; if he were

lost without hope of salvation as a member of the state, I will leave to my readers to determine. Our clemency now is of no further use to him. He died by the hand of the executioner: but a display of his crimes will perhaps instruct mankind; and it is possible that justice may be benefited.

Charles Wolf was the son of an innkeeper in a country town, (the name of which, for reasons which will be hereafter explained, must not be mentioned) and assisted his mother, for his father was dead, in the affairs of the inn, until his twentieth year. The business was very limited, and Wolf had many leisure hours. At school he was considered as a wicked boy. The girls, arrived at the years of pubescence, complained of his impudence; and the youths of the village admired and did homage to his inventive head. But nature had neglected his body. A little insignificant figure, coarse curled hair of a jetty black, a flattened nose, and a prominent upper lip, which was distorted by the kick of a horse, gave him that disgusting appearance, which terrified the women at his approach, and presented ample food for the wit of his companions. He was determined to gain by bravado what was denied to him by nature. He was conscious he was displeasing: he therefore attempted to render himself pleasing. He was sensual, and persuaded himself that he loved. The girl whom he had chosen maltreated

he had reason to fear that his rivals were more fortunate. Yet the girl was poor. A heart, which remained callous to his oaths and protestations would, perhaps, yield to his presents, but he himself too was poor; and the vain attempt to render his exterior more pleasing swallowed up the little which he earned in his sorry business. Too easy and too ignorant to repair the derangement in his affairs by justifiable speculations; too proud and also too effeminate to exchange the master, which he had hitherto been, for the peasant, and to renounce the freedom which he adored, there was but one alternative left, which thousands before him and after him have undertaken with success—the alternative, to steal in the

most honest way possible. The town in which he was born, was situate near to the park of a nobleman.—Wolf became a poacher, and his gains regularly flowed into the hands of his inamorata.

Among the lovers of Hannah was Robert, a servant of the forester. He soon observed the advantage which his rival had gained over him by his prodigality; and, roused by jealousy, he resolved to examine the sources of this change. He visited the Sun (the name of the inn) more frequently: his watchful eye, sharpened by jealousy and envy, soon discovered to him the source whence the money of his rival flowed. A short time before, a strong edict was renewed, prohibiting the shooting of game, and condemning the offender to the house of correction. Robert was indefatigable in tracing the secret actions of his enemy, and he at last succeeded in entrapping him in the act. Wolf was imprisoned; and, with the sacrifice of the whole of his little property, he with difficulty succeeded in saving himself from the customary punishment.

Robert triumphed. His rival was completely defeated, and Hannah's smiles were no more bestowed on the beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and this enemy was the possessor of his Hannah. The oppressive feeling of want joined itself to offended pride; necessity and jealousy allied, made war upon his sensibility; hunger drove him into the wide world: but revenge and passion still clung to him. He became a poacher a second time; but Robert's doubled vigilance again entrapped him. He now experienced the whole severity of the law. He had no more money to give, and in a few weeks he was lodged in the house of correction.

The stated period of his punishment was expired: his love was increased by absence, and his hectoring spirit had risen under the weight of his misfortunes. He had no sooner gained his liberty, than he hastened to the place of his birth to shew himself to his Hannah. He arrived, but every one shunned him. The pressure of necessity at last humbled his pride and conquered his effeminacy. He offered himself as a day-labourer

to the wealthy persons of the place. The rich man shrugged his shoulders, and dismissed him. The peasant saw his tender frame, and laughed at his presumption. A place fell vacant—the last step of an honest name—he offered himself as swineherd to the town;\* but no peasant would entrust their swine to him. Repulsed in every place, thwarted in every plan, he became a third time a poacher, and a third time he fell into the hands of his vigilant enemy

R. H.

[To be continued.]

*The ADVENTURES and TRAVELS, in various Parts of the Globe, of HENRY VOGEL. Translated from the German.*

[Continued from p. 6.]

**S**HORTLY after, this accident he became thoughtful and melancholy. The next Sunday, however, he preached; but, on the following ones, he usually turned back into his pew when he reached the pulpit, and suffered the congregation to go home without any sermon. At length, he did not venture to quit his room. He could not sleep, became fearful of man, and neither eat nor drank unless it was forced upon him. He would walk up and down his room whole days and nights, fasten himself in, and cry out "thieves, murder!" in a loud voice, that he might be heard at a great distance from the parsonage house. Instead of working and studying, as he was used to do, he would take the stump of a pen or a cabbage stalk, fasten them into the table, and strike at it, or knock the upper part off at a blow, for which purpose he constantly had a large knife by him.

\* In some parts of Germany each town has its swineherd, cowherd, &c. The office is each morning to collect the beasts of the inhabitants, and drive them to the hills or the waste lands in the vicinity of the town. At night they are again brought back, and it is surprising to see with what exactness each beast returns to its home. This office is very common in some parts of Scotland, particularly the Highlands.—*Translator's note.*

So will it be with me, he used to exclaim; and then his tears began to flow, and he prayed, and tried out Thieves! Murder!

At such moments he would not answer any question. He looked with an unmeaning gaze upon any one who was speaking to him. Even his best friends received either no answers, or only broken phrases without any meaning. His tears then began to flow immediately, and this seemed to relieve him and to procure him some intervals of rest: but they did not last long: he began again to look wild about him, and to take no notice of any thing that was passing round him. It was in vain that any one strove by persuasion or by acts of kindness to calm him again; he remained the same, and generally answered that he wanted nothing.

At length the whole business was communicated to the consistory. They sent the congregation a good and proper successor (until *Diedrich* should be recovered) to fulfill his duties. This righteous, candid, and honourable man opened the eyes of my parents, and told them plainly that they were very badly provided with a tutor.

He had been about two months in the place when he called one morning upon us upon pretence of visiting the parents. He turned the conversation gradually towards our preceptor, and at last he told them, without disguise, that he was sorry to see them entrust their children to the guidance of such a man: for he had, during the short time that he had been in *Pockelsloh*, noticed him accurately, both as to his heart and head, and, after all that he had heard and all that he had seen, he could not help pitying them.

From further enquiries and examination, they found every thing to be as reported. Reimann had incensed all the domestics and a great part of the inhabitants against my parents; he had instilled the vilest principles into us children: he had made it a duty in us to watch and pry after our parents, and to tell him every thing that was said or done during his absence. Our fire, our whole domestic establishment was censured by him to others, and described in the

vilest colours. When at table he scarcely touched any thing; but no sooner did he get into his own room, than he began to eat sweetmeats, comfits, and such like. In the evenings he seldom or ever appeared at table; on the contrary, he used to visit a pretty country girl, under pretence of getting some victuals dressed, because he did not get enough to eat at our place. These and other things had happened without my parents knowing any thing about them; and now, when they were, from minute enquiry, fully informed of them, nothing else remained for them than to get rid, as soon as possible, of so worthless a man.

But they now found themselves in a fresh embarrassment concerning our education. They fully felt that a domestic, parental jurisdiction was that which nature has ordained, and in every possible manner alleviated. Such jurisdiction therefore they did not wish us to be deprived of. It had certainly been a material injury both to my brother and myself, had we been then sent to a public school, because we should have been too early suffered to enjoy personal liberty. In addition to that also was the circumstance of the nearest school having for its character that of injuring both the head and heart of the pupil.

The new preacher declined the office of instructing us upon the pretext that his unacquaintance with the duties of his present station left him too little leisure to be able conscientiously to undertake the function of a tutor. My mother therefore saw herself compelled to take us once more under her protection, and to instruct us as well as her domestic duties would permit. I still remember, with delight, the walks that we took with her, during which she generally amused us with accounts of wise and good men; and if we were able afterwards to give a correct and good relation of what we had heard to our father, he generally used to give us the picture of some worthy man. Hence we gradually acquired a cabinet of useful, great, and noble individuals in our little room, which, considering the wickedness of human nature, was not very small.

About a year after this period my father received a letter from his landlord, informing him that he had sold the farm and ground which he rented of him, and that the buyer had some intentions of residing on it himself. A more unwelcome letter my father could not have received. He wrote to the new landlord, made some representations, and offered to pay more rent; but it was in vain. He must, when his year's lease was out, quit *Pockelstoh*, where he had lived so many happy years, and always respected by his landlord. This last was a captain in the imperial service, and only came occasionally, upon furlough to his estates. As he had had many opportunities of knowing my father, from the assistance which he had derived from him, especially during a time when, as ensign, his circumstances were much embarrassed, so he always placed a great confidence in him.

In his younger years the love of play had so entirely taken possession of him, that every duty and every occupation which impeded his devotion to his favourite pursuit was insupportable to him. He scarcely allowed himself time enough to rest; and when he did sleep, he dreamt of packs of cards and the rattling of dice. His time of repast he either neglected or, if he attended to it, he regarded it as so much time lost, and he swallowed his food with rapidity, and hastened back to the gaming table. In short he was, at that time, a gambler by profession. Sometimes good luck befriended him, and he was so fortunate that he could scarcely count his winnings.

After he had passed a great part of his life in this manner, his good fortune changed: he lost not only all his winnings, but also almost all his fortune. In this condition he received orders to levy some new troops, and he collected a hundred and fifty men together, or rather his sergeant, to whom he entrusted this labour, that he might be enabled to follow his darling pursuit undisturbed. After some changes from good to bad fortune, the latter at last declared so openly against him, that he was stripped of all his money in one evening.

In this necessitous state he applied

to the captain of the regiment to which he belonged, and begged him to lend him a hundred dollars; but he denied him in this manner:—"What? I lend my money to a gambler by profession? No Sir; you will excuse me; for I must necessarily lose either my gold or my friend. I would rather keep my money."

With this taunting denial he repaired in despair to his quarters, and threw himself on the bed that he might lose for a moment the thoughts and cares that oppressed him. By chance a gnat or some other insect stung him; he awoke, and his melancholy condition presented itself in broad and undisguised colours. Without money, and without any prospect of getting it, to support himself and his recruits till they reached the regiment, which lay at a great distance off! Should they run away for want of their pay, he must be answerable for it, and he would infallibly be cashiered for having betrayed his imperial majesty's service. A friend he had not for he, whom he thought such, had not only refused him assistance, but had insulted him with mockery. He had no acquaintance, and those strangers whom he knew would not lend him so large a sum as was necessary to his wants.

These thoughts naturally led him to consider what had led him to gambling, and he manifestly found that the evil habit had sprung from idleness. He had discovered the cause, but the remedy was wanting. How was this to be accomplished without a relapse? Something was to be done; he must commence a new course of life, in which his time should be so employed that none should be left to waste upon gambling.

In this condition, it occurred to him that the adjutant's place in the regiment was vacant: he resolved to solicit it, because it was a situation in which he would probably find a laudable and adequate employment of his time. He had bills of exchange, of which he might make as much use as he pleased for his advancement in the army, but not for the purpose of squandering the money of gratifying his extravagance. But the greatest difficulty yet remained. He must,

first of all, go to the regiment before the business of the adjutancy could be settled. As he was busily employed in devising some means of assistance to extricate himself from his present dilemma, his friend the Captain, who had repulsed him so severely in the morning, came to pay him a visit.

After a very cool reception on the part of the ensign, the Captain asked how he intended to relieve himself from the embarrassment in which he evidently found himself? The ensign immediately related to him his whole opinion of the business, and discovered to him his scheme of endeavouring after the adjutancy as soon as he should reach the regiment.

His friend immediately stood up, embraced him, and said,—"Dearest friend, I denied your request this morning with such laconic bitterness, in the hope of bringing you to a sense of the dangerous situation in which you are, and to lead you to a serious reflection upon the lamentable course of life which you are pursuing. I rejoice from my heart, that it has produced the desired effect. Persevere in this laudable resolution. Believe me, *INDOLENCE* and *PLAY* are the destruction of a young man. My protection, my counsel, my purse, are all at your command when you ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> save your life. There, take this, use it to supply your own wants those of the recruits: use it wisely."

He brought the ensign from his room, and the conduct of the afternoon made him entirely forget the ingratious refusal of the morning. He considered the Captain now in the amiable light of an upright and sincere friend; he always held him as such thereafter, and he always found him so. The ensign related to his regiment with his recruits, where he received much approbation on account of his success in raising them, of which, as well as of his situation, he had nearly been deprived by the folly of a single morning. He bestirred himself forthwith about the adjutancy, and was so fortunate as to obtain it.

From that day he never afterwards touched either cards or dice as he had done: he used them only in proper

company, and as a relief of his mind after a steady application to business, always played low, and became, in short, nothing but an active and worthy officer. At this period of his life, my father was of great service to him, by lending him money, by which he was enabled to liquidate all his past debts. He always wrote therefore to my father as to a friend; he came once upon furlough to visit us, and we passed the happiest days imaginable together, and both parties separated very unwillingly. It was therefore so much the more painful now to lose this landlord so unexpected.

The reason why he sold his property was this. He had, in conjunction with other relations, inherited much larger possessions, and he was the only one of the heirs who had property enough to purchase the right of the others. In order therefore to enter upon his estate without any incumbrance, he sold that, which my father had rented so many years, to a newly made Prussian officer. But this was to the farmer, in every respect, dissimilar. He was one of those characters, of which, for the honour of human nature, there are but few; an indolent, unfeeling man, proud of his gold and birth, mean and ignoble in all his thoughts; mistrustful, and self-interested even to acts of deception.

As he had become the favourite of a certain Count, he had through his means, married the daughter of a very rich nobleman. He himself was poor and needy, and had nothing but his nobility to boast of before he obtained his commission. On his wedding day he came in possession of the considerable dowry of his wife, and in a few days afterwards he became a father.

Hardly had this gentleman with his lady and his children arrived in *Pockelsloh*, and became a little known, when every one easily saw that we had made no great acquisition in obtaining this family. My parents also felt this. They were received by them with disdain; and one room after another taken from them; and many other unpleasant things were done. They had experienced, during the short time that they had been



there, more unpleasant things than had occurred during the whole of their former residence. Nor was it any better with the other inhabitants. Already, in the first six months, the friendship and the upright intercourse that had heretofore existed, were disturbed by this family; for there was not a company ever separated, in which they had been present, in which some altercation had not arisen, or some one departed in ill humour.

This worthy lady had been brought up in luxury, dissipation, folly, constant good company, and in the enjoyment of every luxury. She could scarcely form any conception of real want and misery. She could not believe that there existed beings who often had not money to purchase a bit of bread with. Accustomed in the city to rove from one company to another, from one café to another, and from one couch to another, she found a country life quite insupportable. She was never secure from listlessness; for she wasted her time without enjoying it even according to the poverty of her intellect: she was always ill, even when at table, her breath was always bad and her head heavy: she was always idle, yet she had always something to do. She appeared to be busy, and yet she did nothing. In summer she wished for winter, in autumn for spring; in the morning she wished for the evening, in the evening for the morning, and when either of them came she was still discontented.

[To be continued.]

VOYAGE from PORT JACKSON to  
PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—  
*Extracted from the Letters of a  
Lady.*

[Continued from p. 105.]

At Sea, July 10, 1803.\*  
latitude  $2^{\circ} 52'$  south,  
longitude  $149^{\circ} 5'$  east.

**T**HIS day, about noon, we were surprised by a strange appearance on the surface of the sea, and which, on a nearer approach, we

found to be pumice-stone floating on the water, as far as the eye could reach. Two volcanic islands are known to exist about one hundred miles from our present situation, and from these it is probable that this shower of pumice-stone had proceeded, as other circumstances tended to corroborate the conjecture that an eruption had taken place, or was perhaps actually operating. Had the weather been favourable it was the intention of the commander to have taken his passage between those islands. I felt disappointed that we did not; a volcano in activity being a spectacle I have often wished to behold; but as the night advanced I trembled at the thoughts of being even within the distance I have mentioned. To some concussion in these islands it was attributed that the sea was violently agitated. The moon was obscured by black heavy clouds; and vivid flashes of lightning with loud peals of thunder, accompanied the rain which fell in torrents. Sheets of pumice-stone almost stopped the ship's way, which laboured through them with a crashing noise. It was an awful night, and anxiously did I watch for the approach of day. It at length arrived, but dark and lowering, so that we could but just discern surrounding dangers. A group of islands (the Admiralty islands) on one side, and two immense rocks rising high out of the midst of the water on the other; as great a sea on, as is usually met with in the bay of Biscay, and a strong current running, that has set us upwards of forty miles to the northward since yesterday. Happily we made good our passage between the islands and rocks, without encountering more than the apprehension of danger. The variety of islands we fell in with make this voyage an interesting one; but the anxiety attending it lessens the pleasure in a great degree; particularly to the commander, who has passed the greatest

in our last, p. 101, and the present, was that first inserted in the *Athenæum*, giving an account of the south-west part of New Caledonia, and was dated 24th June, 1808, to which the reader is referred for the continuation of the narrative.

\* An intermediate letter between that dated 18th May, which appeared

part of every night since we left harbour upon deck.

July 11, saw several islands which we have every reason to suppose had never been seen before by Europeans.

On the 13th, saw a very high island distinctly from the deck of the ship, though distant by estimation 53 miles.

About noon on the 17th, we were alarmed by observing something at a distance on the water, which bore every appearance of a wreck; though some on board were of opinion it was a rock. A boat was sent, with the first lieutenant, to ascertain what it was. All on board were in great suspense till he returned; for my part, I had got in imagination as far as Temor in an open boat with those of the crew of this unfortunate vessel who had escaped being swallowed up by the merciless waves, and had pictured to myself the numberless hardships of the poor survivors, and their immoderate joy in reaching a place of safety when I was suddenly transported back to view the reality, an old tree covered with barnacles; for by this time the imaginary wreck appeared what it really was, an immense tree floating on the water, an erect branch of which resembled at a distance the mast of a vessel. It had drawn a number of the inhabitants of the deep around it—ravenous sharks, sportive dolphins, and many others of the finny tribe.

August 17th. I grieve that such a length of time has elapsed since I laid aside my pen, and we have passed the coast of New Guinea, Dampier's Straits, the Thousand islands, and various other small islands, inhabited by blacks, without giving you any information respecting them. Be assured nothing but indisposition, and that not of a trifling nature, could have occasioned this omission. We had no communication with any of the inhabitants of the places above-mentioned; if we had, it would have increased my regret at my inability to communicate intelligence. Indeed these several weeks past we have been tossed about most strangely and uncomfortably. Would you expect that in this *Pacific Ocean*, we should encounter heavier gales than we did in our passage round Cape Horn? And whenever we had a cessation from

those storms, it was to experience the opposite extremity of dead calms, during which respiration was performed with difficulty, owing to the intense heat.

Although we are not more than forty miles from Amboyna, it is doubtful whether we shall be able to fetch it, owing to contrary winds that have kept us tacking to and fro for several days off the island of Ceram. In a violent gale last night, in passing between the islands of Bouru and Manipa, the water suddenly changed its colour to a milky whiteness.—Supposing it was owing to shoals, the lead was cast, but no bottom was found with a line of eighty fathoms. This phenomenon remains therefore unaccounted for.\*

\* This phenomenon is regularly periodical in the seas near Amboyna, and has never been satisfactorily accounted for. The most particular account of it is to be found in Valentin's *Beschryving van Oost Indien*, vol II. p. 137, and vol. III. part ii. p. 10. He calls it *het wit-water*, (the white water) and states that it occurs twice every year in the seas around Banda; the first time, when it is denominated the little *wit-water*, it takes place at the new moon in June; it is but slight in July, but does not entirely subside before the same appearance occurs again at the new moon in August, when it is called the great *wit-water*. In the day time the sea appears as usual; but in the night it assumes a milk white hue, and the reflection of it in the air is so great that the sky cannot be distinguished from the water. Land is very easily discerned by night in it, for the land appears very black in the middle of the whiteness. Very little fish is caught during the time that it lasts; the fish do not like the water, and the clearness of it makes them easily see the fishing tackle and boats, and consequently avoid them. It has likewise been observed to rot the bottoms of vessels which are much in it. It throws up, on the shores where it reaches, a great deal of slime and filth, and likewise different species of blubber or mollusca, becaantjes, (*holothura physalis*) &c. It is dangerous for small vessels to be at sea in the night where

Amboyna at present engages our hopes and our fears, and great will be our disappointment should we not see it; but as I generally look forward to the completion of my wishes, so I will cherish the hope that we may arrive there, and that it will afford an opportunity of forwarding my packet to dear England.

W.

[To be continued.]

it comes, as, though it may be calm, the sea always rolls with heavy surges, enough to overset boats, which seem as if they were occasioned by subaqueous exhalations pressing upwards for a vent. It is chiefly seen between Banda and the south eastern islands to the southward of the islands of Arce and Keys down to Tenimber, where the heaviest rolling of the sea is observed, and Timorlaut; it runs westward as far as Timor, and to the north it is met with on the south coast of Ceram, keeping, however, to the south of the Uliassers and Amboyna, where it appears in large stripes. This milk-sea, as Valentyn quaintly calls it, is clearly seen at night from the hills at Amboyna, stretching towards Banda. It does not often reach as far as Amboyna itself. The more tempestuous the weather proves, the more it rains; and the harder the south-east trade wind blows, the more this white water is seen. It is entirely unknown whence it proceeds, but it has generally been supposed to come from the gulf of Carpentaria. Some have considered the whiteness as occasioned by myriads of animalcula; and others have ascribed it to a subtle, sulphureous, marine exhalation, which they have supposed to arise from the bottom of the sea, and to become condensed in the water. Brimstone is in fact produced in considerable quantities at Amboyna and Banda, and likewise upon Nila, Treuwer, and Dammer, (three islands south of the two former, and between them and Timor, little known to any but the Dutch) and elsewhere in those regions; yet, remarks Valentyn, if the white water were caused by that circumstance, it would be observed wherever sulphur is found in large quantities. He says a similar phenomenon has been observed at the Comorra islands, and between Madagascar and

REPLY TO A. B. ON THE ABSURDITY  
IN MILTON.

Sir,

I DID not observe your correspondent, A. B.'s communication, with respect to the following passage of Milton, till to-day:—

Which way I fly is Hell: myself am Hell:  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide.

You will perhaps laugh with me at the self-complacency of this acute critic, when I inform you that his wonderful discovery of incongruity has been pointed out years and years ago: common honesty, therefore, induces me to pluck the borrowed rapiers from his brow.

In my Lord Kaimes' "Elements of Criticism," vol. I, chapter 16th, the passage in question is given as an example of inconsistency. Thus, Sir, this detection has the singular power of at once adding to the weight and

Africa. Stavorinus, in his voyage to Surat, observed the same singular appearance in latitude 17° 30' north, in which he describes the sea as having lost during the day its usual azure clearness, appearing darker and browner than usual, and appearing at night so white as if the whole sea was covered with a white sheet, or exactly like the appearance in the night time of a flat country overpread with snow. This phenomenon, he remarks, was entirely distinct from the luminous appearance which is frequently observed in the water of the ocean, as, instead of giving any light, the whole was of a deadly paleness, excepting close to the vessel where it seemed mixed with some sparks of light. No ground was found with a line of 100 fathoms. Some of the water was taken up and examined immediately with a microscope, but nothing could be perceived in it with a glass of great magnifying power. To the naked eye, it appeared as clear as crystal, and on tasting it, it seemed to have lost something of its briny and bituminous nature. An English navigator, Captain Newland, once observed the same appearance in the same part of the ocean, with this difference, however, that he saw it intermixed with black stripes running in a serpentine direction through the whiteness.

deducting from the *merit* of A. B.'s argument—in so far as respects himself at least.

His Lordship's opinion upon the passage is clearly ascertained by the companions he gives it:—

"Vos mains seules ont droit de vaincre un invincible." LE CID.

"Que son Nom soi beni! que son Nom soi chanté,

"Que l'on célèbre ses ouvrages,  
"Au de là de l'éternité.

ESTHER.

With respect to the last passage, I know not whether his Lordship or the printer has made nonsense of it. "Au de là" ought to be written "Au delà."

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your's, &c.

J. BROWN.

7, *Palgrave Place, Strand,*  
Sept. 14, 1809.

### On the Use of the final "K" in Words.

"Needless irregularity is the worst of all deformities; and nothing is so truly elegant in language as the simplicity of unviolated analogy."—NARES.

Sir,

IT being admitted by your correspondent, Phileleutheros, that the particular opinion for which I advanced the authority of Johnson is supported by reason, I am not anxious to defend my general assertion, that from his decisions there seldom lies an appeal, especially as it would divert our attention from the original subject of discussion, and to your readers would be obtrusive and impertinent. It is but opinion against opinion.

The alteration recommended by your correspondent had not escaped me, but I did not propose it, because I concluded, perhaps hastily, that the objections to which it is liable, and which I shall now produce, were too numerous and too strong to be removed. Whatever may be thought of the reasons, principal and subordinate, which he avows for suggesting this alteration, I think it will be admitted that, in attempting to redress the wrongs of analogy which, though

his chief object, he cannot be considered to have attained, he has overlooked the necessity of preserving inviolate the law of etymology. Johnson observes that "c might be omitted in the language without loss, since one of its sounds might be supplied by s, and the other by k, but that it preserves to the eye the etymology of words, as *face* from *facies*, *captive* from *captivus*;" to which we may add *publick* from *publicus*, *traffick* from *trafficare*. And this I apprehend to be the reason why we spell invocation, provocation, and revocation, with the c, though, as necessity compels us to write invoke, provoke, and revoke, analogy demands that they be written with the k. Could c be sounded hard before e, it would doubtless retain its place in these verbs; but as this is not possible, rather than lose sight of the etymology, we neglect the claims of analogy. The professed object of your correspondent's alteration forbids me to believe that he proposes to confine it to the ck final. Unless then we annul the rule, which says that "k is never doubled, but that c is used before it to shorten the vowel by a double consonant, as *cockle*, *pickle*," it will be seen that his suggestion cannot be adopted. We might indeed write *cockle*, *pickle*; but as this mode could not be general, it would but multiply irregularities, for instance, in endeavouring to apply it to the words *sucker*, *tucker*, we should surely discover our need of the assistance of the k. Since your correspondent would extend his alteration even to proper names, how will he spell *Locke*, *Pococke*? To strike out the c without substituting a k, would destroy the proper sound; to write each of them with two k's would, besides violating a rule which it seems is indispensable, be a liberty which, I presume, Phileleutheros himself would not venture to take. But we will, for the moment, suppose that he does not intend to interfere with the ck in the middle of words. Will he then write *uk*, *tuk*, and yet *sucker*, *tucker*? And here arises another difficulty. To be consistent with himself, he must write *trik*, *stik*, *lik*, *bak*, *rak*: now, in forming their participles, either pre-

sent or past, would he not, for want of the double consonant, alter the quantity of each of the first syllables, and of the three last words would he not completely change the sense?

In stating the grounds on which it appears to me impossible that we can write publik, traffik, without first abrogating the only laws which govern the orthography of our language, I hope it has been observed that I have strengthened my former arguments for writing publik, traffick, &c.—But to persuade Phileleutheros that I am willing to listen, with attention, to any reply he may have to offer to my objections against his new orthography, I will encourage him to pursue this subject, should he think it necessary, by assuring him that, notwithstanding his suspicion, he will not find me so intrenched in authority but that sound reason and solid argument can dislodge me, nor that of liberty there is a greater lover than

Your's, &c.

Sept. 18, 1800.

PHILO.

I will thank you, Sir, to allow me to correct a small error of the motto of my former letter; for "contare" read "constare."

Mr. BURDON on the NATIONAL DEBT.

SIR,

THE profligacy and improvidence of ministers having almost exhausted the resources of the nation, their paper money must either be depreciated, or they must declare themselves unable to pay the full interest of the national debts; in either case excessive misery and confusion must ensue, which can only be avoided, in my opinion, by diminishing the funded property of the nation one-half.—Let ministers, not the present I trust, say to the public, "The national debt now amounts to 748 millions, and the interest of it to 26 millions; you must be content to receive 13 millions of interest, and to sell your principal for half its nominal worth." This would be a bold measure, but it is the only one by which we are to be saved from incalculable misery. A system of reform and economy

must reduce the taxes to a sum equal to the reduced interest, and the prices of provisions, which is the standard of all other prices, will fall in proportion.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,  
Sept. 10, 1800.

A DEFENCE of the AUTHOR of  
"NUBILIA."

Sir,

IN reading the criticism on the above work in your last number, I was surprised to see you conclude your strictures with an enumeration of some errors, which, upon examination, however, are *not* errors. If the author of *Nubilia* therefore be not, himself, disposed to vindicate his language, or should he not chance to see the *Universal Magazine*, permit a place to the following observations in your next number.

You begin by quoting a specimen of tautology in the following passage:

"Or wish to recollect with solemn reminiscence."

But this is a tautology neither of language nor of meaning. It is not a tautology of language, for the words are different; nor is it a tautology of meaning, for the adjective *solemn* being applied to *reminiscence*, gives to this last word a signification different from mere recollection.

You next instance a gross "deviation from grammar," as you call it, in the following quotation:

"It was a mournful and yet a pleasing spectacle to behold the groups of young and old, male and female, that was assembled in the church-yard to pay the testimony of their tears," &c.

There is no false concord here, and the use of the verb in the singular (*was*) may be defended upon two principles. First, a noun that admits of a plural, as *groups* does, should certainly have the verb in the singular when it is used as a nominative in the singular; and secondly, a noun of quantity agrees with the verb, either in the plural or singular, according as it implies unity or plurality of idea. No doubt the author of *Nubilia*

constructed his sentence upon the first principle, and in vindication of which there is the authority of Addison. "I cannot doubt," says he in his travels in Italy, "but the poet had here in view the picture of Zephyrus, in the famous group of figures which represents, &c." And there is the authority of Dryden for the use of *groupes* in the plural. But upon the second principle, considered as a noun of quantity, it is as correctly employed as the legitimate phrases. "The meeting *was* large, and *they* came to several resolutions."—"The parliament is dissolved; *they* had gone through a busy session," &c. &c. in which, and in many similar expressions, the noun, conveying unity of idea, takes the verb in the singular, and the relative pronoun (*they* or *their*) in the plural.

In the last error which you notice, you have misquoted the author! Upon referring to the page, which by the bye should be 356, I find that the expression is "arts, science, knowledge, polished life, ascend, in gradual progress, to *their* highest." And to this mode of expression I presume you will not object.

I hope your candour will permit you to insert this vindication, which springs from no other motive than a love of truth. If I am right you will stand corrected; if I am wrong, you have the opportunity of correcting me. I remain, &c.

JUSTUS.

St. Alban's, Sept. 9, 1809.

\* \* \* It will remain for the gentleman who wrote the criticism in question, to defend himself.—*Editor.*

CAUSES OF THE OVERTHROW OF THE  
SPANISH MONARCHY, By the  
Rev. JOSEPH TOWNSEND, M. A.  
Author of *Travels in Spain*.

[Concluded from p. 93.]

FOR twenty years the queen had for her confessor a man of inflexible integrity, to whom, as a reward for his fidelity, was given a bishoprick, but with obligation to constant residence in his diocese. This he resigned that he might return to Madrid, where, however, he was not permitted to remain, being com-

manded to retire into the Asturias, his native country, that he might there enjoy tranquillity for the remainder of his days. On his retreat he was succeeded by *Muzquiz*, a confessor of distinguished talents, and much attached to the new favourite.

*Acuna*, a low-bred ecclesiastic of neither talents nor literature, but a fortunate gambler, who occasionally lent money to Godoy, was first rewarded by a canonry of Santiago, one of the greatest dignities in Spain, and then appointed minister of grace and justice, an office which not only controuls all the tribunals in the kingdom, but governs the whole ecclesiastical system of the realm.

In November, 1792, the Duke of Alcudia became prime minister, and a few months after this, he took *Don Antonio Barradas* for his minister of war. This man had served with him as *Guarde de Corps*, and became the confidential friend of Charles IV. Godoy, well aware of his influence, cultivated his friendship. Immediately on the death of Charles III. Barradas was rapidly promoted to be Brigadier-General, then Marshal, and Knight of the Order of Charles III. He received a gold key, and his wife became lady of honour to the Queen. This man had acquired the friendship of the King, while Prince of Asturias, by submitting with good humour when, as frequently happened, he was exposed to laughter by impertinent jokes and vulgar tricks upon his person, and by attending fairs to purchase horses for him whenever his services in the capacity of groom were wanted. By such base servility he ingratiated himself, and being a convenient person to the duke, he was amply rewarded for his fidelity to the confidence reposed in him; for without one good quality, which could recommend him to the office, he was appointed Minister of War.

With such ministers as these, we must not be surprised, that Spain was unable to withstand the shock of revolutionary troops. All their armies were defeated, and the French Generals were marching to Madrid.

The Minister of War attributed their rapid progress, not to his own neglect, not to deficiency of men, nor to their want of spirit, but to his ab-

solite inability to arm them. Barcelona, the Birmingham of Spain, was in the occupation of the enemy, and 30,000 stand of arms, which had been purchased in England, had been seized by the English minister, and sent to La Vendee, where they soon fell into the hands of Robespierre.

Unfortunately, for the common cause, the facts were precisely as stated by the Minister of War. I saw a letter from an officer in the Spanish army to my Spanish friend, then on a visit at my house, in which he lamented the want of arms; and the late Sir Archibald Dixon informed me that he had landed, in La Vendee, 30,000 of the muskets which had been purchased by the Spanish minister in England.

In these circumstances the Duke of Alcudia complained, that Spain was betrayed by her ally, and, no longer able to resist, he advised his sovereign to quit the coalition, and to make peace with France.

On this occasion splendid illuminations in every city testified the universal joy, and on the frontiers, between the contending armies, the populace, assembling made bonfires with the implements of war.

This opportunity of acquiring popularity for the favourite was not to be neglected. The King, therefore, immediately, granted him fresh honours, and, to coincide with the general sentiment of the nation, the title of the *Prince of the Peace* was fixed upon. To keep up a perpetual remembrance of this event, and to remind succeeding generations of the motives which induced the King to grant such a title to his minister, his majesty was pleased to send the subsequent mandate to the Council of Castile —

"In consideration of the exalted qualities of Don Manuel Godoy Alvarez de Paria, Prince of the Peace, Duke of Alcudia, Grandes of Spain of the first class, Knight of the Orders of the Golden Fleece, of Charles III. of Malta, and of Santiago, Captain-General of the Royal Armies, Inspector of the Guard de Corps, Counsellor and First Secretary of State, Chamberlain and Secretary to my beloved wife the Queen, having in view the rank of his ancestors, his high em-

ployments, the distinguished services he has rendered me, the antiquity of his illustrious house, and the merit of his having established peace between this crown and the French nation; it was my pleasure, by my royal proclamation, the 4th of this present month, to honour him with the dignity of Prince of the Peace, which title is to continue, and to be transmitted to his heirs and successors.

"Anxious to give him a fresh proof of the satisfaction with which I regard his incessant attention to my service, it is my royal will and pleasure that his coat of arms shall acquire new dignity, by adding, above his ducal coronet, the image of Janus, whose two faces are the symbol of his consummate wisdom in the present circumstances of public affairs, a symbol of the prudent man, who with native sagacity, examines the past, foresees the future, discerns the principles, causes, and consequences of things, anticipates effects, compares, with a discerning eye, times and events, penetrates the most recondite political secrets, discovers things before unknown, and reaches to the highest pinnacle of human understanding for the happiness of nations.

"Now as Janus is the symbol of Peace, it is my royal will and pleasure that the bust of this false divinity shall indicate the title of the Prince of the Peace.

"This image shall bear on its head the civic crown, with which the Romans rewarded merit to the preservation of peace.

"It is also my royal will and pleasure that two other allegorical figures shall be added to his coat of arms, annulling, in the present case, whatever laws of heraldry appear to be contrary to this innovation. The figure on the right side shall be allegorical of Spain, whose left arm shall embrace the ducal coronet, and whose right hand shall bear a blue standard with the arms of Castile and Leon.

"The figure on the left side of the coat of arms shall be a page, such as in former times attended illustrious knights, carrying their coats of arms to the tournaments, houses of high distinction, and places of festivity. This armour-bearer shall have upon his breast the coat of arms of the bar-

rony of Godoy ; and in his left hand a spear with a pendant, in which the different arms of the alliances of the house of Godoy shall be represented. It is my royal will and pleasure that the Prince of the Peace, on all public occasions, shall be preceded by an armour-bearer, either on foot, on horseback, or in a coach. And for this office the Prince of the Peace shall choose a person whose rank and character shall not disgrace the splendour of his arms.

" And although the supporters granted to noblemen are not hereditary, yet it is my royal will and pleasure that the supporters, which by these presents are granted to the Prince of Peace, shall descend with his titles, and be used by his successors."—*Sm. Jefferson*, 12th October, 1796; *I, the King*.

" To the Bishop Governor of the Council of Castile."

This curious proclamation I received from a Spanish friend of high connexions, in whose veracity I have the most perfect confidence.

What has been already stated is sufficient to demonstrate that the fond affection of the King for the Prince of the Peace, knew no limits. In the mean time the people held him in supreme contempt ; for whilst he was thus rising to the highest pinnacle of power, they continued to paste their placards on the palace gates. Among these inscriptions was observed the following :

*La Reyna lo quiere ; el Rey tambien,  
El Pueblo lo sufre, arriba con el.*

The Queen is attached to him and not less so the King. The People submit to this :  
*On with him.*

An expression this, which children make use of on Good Friday, when they toss Judas in a blanket.

Not satisfied with disgusting all good subjects by such mad proceedings, the royal family disgraced itself to the last degree in the eyes of the whole nation, by going on pilgrimage to *Badajoz*, the place of Godoy's nativity.

A very intimate friend of mine was in their suite, and from him I learn, that the persons attendant on this expedition were no fewer than 4,000, passing through a country where ten

travellers could scarcely find subsistence. However, on this occasion, some little degree of modesty, some slight attention to the public feeling, was observed, by declaring this pilgrimage was to the bones of S. Ferdinand of Seville.

We have seen this favourite rising from the condition of *Guarde de Corps* to the highest offices of trust and power. We are next to view him as allied to royalty.

I have transiently mentioned, in my Spanish travels, that I met with the first cousin of Charles IV. at Toledo. The history of this family is most remarkable.

The Infant Don Louis, brother to Charles III. in consequence of a system observed in the royal family of Spain, as being a younger brother, was not permitted to marry, but was compelled, contrary to his inclination, to become an ecclesiastic, and that he might never think of abandoning this profession, the King, his brother, conferred on him the Archbishopricks of Seville and Toledo. In order to bind him still more closely to the church, the Pope created him a Cardinal. But as these dignities could not change his disposition, nor change the propensities of nature, he for a length of time resisted being ordained a priest, and, when exalted in the Church, he determined to give both his mitres and his hood in exchange for a wife. But although he repeatedly solicited permission of the King to marry, this favour was constantly denied him. Wearied at last by the restraint which this opposition imposed upon him, he assumed a resolute tone, to which the King replied, that he should be permitted to marry, on condition that he should not connect himself with any female who was either of the royal family, or allied to a grandee.

Don Louis, without loss of time, sent to the King a list of names of such ladies as were not prohibited, adding, that he accepted the permission with which his majesty indulged him, and that he would marry any one of those ladies whom his majesty should name. The King viewed this list with the utmost indignation, when he beheld the first name to be *Mullabriga* ; for this young lady, celebrated



for the beauty of her person, was daughter to a captain of infantry. In consequence of this indignation, the Infant Don Louis was banished for ever from the court, despoiled of all his honours, and deprived of authority even over his own domestics. He obeyed in silence, wrote to the young lady, and having received her consent to marry him, he left the palace the next day, and retired to Villaviciosa, where he had a palace, and where he resided 14 years. Here he formed his curious cabinet of Natural History, which occupied his time, and made him soon forget the society he left behind him at Toledo.

After his death, his children, a son and two little daughters, were taken from their mother, and lodged in the palace of his successor, in the Archbishoprick of Toledo, where I had the happiness to meet with them. The young prince appeared amiable, but had a certain degree of gloom upon his countenance, which only served to render him more interesting. He was just arrived from Villaviciosa, and was about 12 years of age. His sisters were lodged in a convent of nuns. The young Prince was compelled to sign himself Mallabriga, and was not permitted to retain the name of *Bourbon*. Meek in his appearance, this youth was not destitute of spirit; and therefore, whenever his attendants at any time addressed him by the name of Mallabriga, he was apt to expostulate, and say that his name was the same with that of the Kings of Spain and Naples.

He did me the honour to notice me, and was more particular in his attentions, because he was disposed to trace in me some personal resemblance to his father, and because he understood that my pursuits were the same with his.

After the death of Charles III. it was imagined that his son would have relaxed in the severity of treatment towards the children of his uncle; but his conduct was perfectly the reverse of this, being determined that this branch of his family should perish. In consequence of such a resolution, the young Prince has been compelled to accept the Archbishoprick of Toledo.

Who would ever have imagined that one of these Princesses should have been taken from a convent, and have been married to the Prince of the Peace!

This connexion, by opening views of boundless ambition, has proved his ruin, and may terminate in the extinction of that family which Louis XIV. seated on the throne.

Amidst the numerous evils which this favourite has brought upon the state, we must not overlook one service which may ultimately compensate for them all.

By immemorial custom the King's confessor had been either a monk or an inquisitor, who, undoubtedly, were the most improper keepers of the royal conscience. When jesuits were confessors to most of the crowned heads in Europe, every one conversant with history, well knows the political intrigues they cherished, and the persecutions they promoted.

The union of these two characters of inquisitor and confessor, by establishing an absolute dominion over the conscience of the monarch, gave the most firm support to the inquisitorial power in Spain. The fact is certain, and the reason will be evident to those who know that confessors hold the keys of heaven and of hell.

When Charles IV. succeeded to the throne, in the very commencement of his reign, by the advice of his favourite, he issued a decree separating for ever the employments of inquisitor and confessor to the crown: and he took for his confessor an ecclesiastic named *Camacho*, a person universally esteemed for his moderation and his prudence.

This was a good beginning, and had the times been favorable I have no doubt that he would have proceeded to restrain the power of that tribunal, or would have abolished it. As long as the inquisition shall remain, neither arts, manufactures, commerce, religion, nor morality, can prosper. The Moors in Spain were the principal agriculturalists, and the only manufacturers. The Jews were merchants. These were all expelled or burnt by that persecuting court. The good Bishop of Oviedo, when he was lamenting the immorality which universally prevailed in

Spain, comforted himself in the reflection, that his countrymen were wholly free from the charge of infidelity. I did not think it expedient to remind him that, whilst the French ran riotously after philosophic infidelity, other nations might quietly remain with all their faculties benumbed by the torpid infidelity of ignorance, and that both species were equally productive of immorality.

In Spain the inquisition requires that all, who are come to years of discretion, shall receive the sacrament at Easter, and every person is obliged to deliver in a certificate of the place where the confession was taken, and the sacrament administered to him.

What is the consequence? Common prostitutes, at Easter, hasten from church to church to confess and to receive the sacrament, and then proceed to sell these certificates to such persons, as, although immoral in their conduct, are not sufficiently impious to attend this sacred ordinance. Is it possible to conceive a more horrid profanation than such a sacramental test?

Should the present struggle between France and Spain terminate in the restoration of the constitution to its original integrity, there can be no doubt that the Cortes will find it expedient to abolish the inquisition, and to invite foreigners of all religious persuasions to settle in the country.

As a friend to Spain, and a warm wisher for her prosperity, I please myself in the anticipation of her future felicity, when good government shall give security to person and to property; and, by establishing public credit, promote agricultural improvements through every part of the peninsula. Happy will it be for her if, in the wisdom of her councils, she shall close her eyes against the false glitter of distant conquest and dominion, cultivate the arts of peace, finish her canals, give vent to her commodities, and find true wealth in the industry of her inhabitants, instead of seeking imaginary wealth in the gold and silver of Peru.

With the extensive territory, varied climates, and highly productive soil, which she commands at home, should she abandon her foreign possessions, by which she has been, is,

and ever will be, enfeebled and impoverished; should she carefully avoid offensive war, and confine all her views and efforts to internal improvement, she will rapidly double and quadruple her inhabitants, she will increase in wealth, she will become invulnerable, and will enjoy uninterrupted peace.

In these circumstances she will be resorted to for traffic by all the nations of the earth, and will be in Europe, what China has been from remote antiquity in Asia.

#### TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The preceding pages were intended as a preface to a new edition of my Spanish Travels, and will be introduced if I should live to publish another edition of that work. This I probably shall never do, unless the times should be more favourable, in which case I shall publish in quarto, with the numerous highly-finished drawings I made in Spain, and the addition of such materials as I have since received from my Spanish friends.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

JOSEPH TOWNSEND.

*The CHARACTER of the ENGLISH; ENGLISH and FRENCH compared. By a DANE in 1727. Translated from BARON HOLLBERG.*

THE English are neither angels nor devils, and yet this nation scarcely ever observes a medium in any thing. Among them the virtues are carried to the highest pitch as well as the vices. There is no comparison between the virtues and vices of the English. No kingdom affords so many examples of heroic and perfect virtue, nor more of scandalous acts of treachery, than England. Sometimes the parliament do every thing that can possibly promote the welfare of the nation, and sometimes they betray it altogether.

Religion, superstition, zeal, licentiousness, learning, ignorance, industry, sloth, vice, and virtue, are carried to an extreme in this country; all are cultivated to their perfect ma-

turity. And while, on the one hand, the Spaniards and Italians. There are those among the former who make no scruple in risking their lives, their fortunes, their honour, nor even to betray their country, for the Pope of Rome. There are others again, who always set the pope and the devil in the same class; so that with these people there are no bounds to the love and hatred of the same person. The furious zeal on one side, and the laxity on the other, is also the occasion that religion, or the want of it, are no where more violently attacked, nor more obstinately defended, than in England.

It is therefore manifest how much those writers have erred, who, in the picture they have drawn of the English, have attributed those virtues and vices to the whole nation, that properly belong to a part only. The English may be said at once to be the best and worst of all nations. Other nations have their virtues and vices as well as the English, but the latter are more in proportion with each other than they are among the former, and never do they rise to such extremes. However, there are some characteristic traits that properly belong to the English nation altogether. They in general possess that degree of self-sufficiency which leads them to despise every thing which they deem foreign or outlandish; but we may very readily forgive them for this high opinion of themselves, when we consider what a degree of happiness, natural riches, fruitfulness, and other glorious privileges, are the endowments of this country. The men, generally speaking, are intrepid, the women handsome; the men govern out of the house, and the women govern in the house. The English who have endeavoured to subdue foreign nations, are at home governed by their wives; so far they resemble the lion, the terror of all beasts, but who at the same time, is in his turn terrified at a mouse. We have lately seen a duke here, whose name made all Europe tremble, but who was in every respect, as to his domestic concerns, governed by his duchess; and this is by no means a solitary instance.

The English are far from being so quick in their apprehensions of any thing as the French, but their

On the other hand, the industrious among them will suffer no obstacle to oppose their endeavours—they spare neither pains nor labour—they expose themselves to the greatest dangers by sea—they visit foreign kingdoms and states, and penetrate into the most distant quarters of the earth—they equally attempt the possible and the impossible—in fact, they bring such things about that no other people would ever think of attempting; and all either to satisfy their curiosity or increase their fortunes. On this account it has been said of the English, that they either perish through idleness, or kill themselves with excessive labour.

Even in the sciences they know of no medium. They either renounce books and learning altogether, or pursue their studies to such a degree of zeal, that often, in endeavouring to refine their understanding too much, they lose it entirely. There is perhaps no country in the world where there are so many very learned and very ignorant clergymen as in England. As for religion, they either receive it with the utmost sincerity of heart, or contend against it with extreme bitterness. Superstition, infidelity, fanaticism, and even scepticism, all rule by turns in England. The English either believe nothing at all, or else they believe too much. The unbelievers among the English, however, are generally good naturalists; but the English Roman Catholics are much more bigotted than

judgment has more solidity. They speak but little, but that little is generally maturely considered. Eloquence they seem to have brought to perfection; and among all the nations of Europe, they appear to be the only people who most successfully imitate and equal the ancient Greeks and Romans. Orations in other countries may be highly florid, and well composed, still they are without pith and energy: for, as the orators are destitute of the enjoyment of real freedom of speech, their speeches can have nothing but their ornaments to recommend them. But the speeches of the members of the British Parliament are certainly the most perfect models of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Like them they generally turn upon the most important affairs of the state. The English speakers are by no means declaimers; trifling points, epigrammatic turns, or far-fetched expressions, have any place among them, nor have they any necessity for any thing of this nature; their matter is sufficiently copious without any extrinsic embellishments. The orators in England are orators in reality. It is also the freedom of speaking and writing in England which causes the English to excel others in such writings: likewise which concern religion and morality. The French, however, are supposed to be better historians, for though the English never conceal the truth through fear, they do not confine themselves to that regularity and order which the French attend to; their histories of course resemble chronicles, or annals, rather than a well digested collection of facts; and as all kinds of parties prevail by turns in England, the truth is very often suppressed.

The English language, as it is borrowed from several others, is copious in the highest degree; it is to this copiousness, and the exalted manner of thinking in this country, that we owe those excellent epic poems which it has produced. Since the age of Homer and Virgil, no writers have carried the art of epic poetry to greater perfection than Milton and Pope. In comedy the English taste is so peculiar to itself, that to other nations it appears unpleasant. For a trial, I some time since translated

some English comedies into the Danish language, and brought them forward at Copenhagen, but they were not relished. Neither humour, nor striking incidents were wanting in these pieces; but that sprightliness, which is the soul of a good drama, was certainly deficient.

The English are such deep thinkers in general, that the whole country might be called a school of philosophers; and their philosophers are equally as respectable in their lives as in their learning. Indeed, they are only to be distinguished from the ancients by this, viz. that they neither imitate them in their pride, their externals, or their ridiculous behaviour. Of England it may be said, that philosophers are there always to be met, but without long cloaks or beards. The progress the English have made in mathematical learning is equal to their advancement of moral science; and England cannot be denied the credit of producing distinguished heroes and genuine philosophers.

The taste of the English in literature has often varied. Sir Richard Blackmore says, "Formerly, my countrymen read the most extravagant fables of giants, monsters, and knights-errant, with the greatest avidity." Pun and banter came next into use, even in sermons. A more free and figurative mode of expression followed next, in which the use of similitudes and the antithesis was carried so far as to make the whole unnatural. A style, however, chaste and sober, has, at length, generally succeeded, and every kind of meretricious ornament is no longer perceived here, than it is exposed to censure and ridicule. It is by no means strange that authors in England have had this power in changing the language of the country, and promoting the sciences, when it is considered that their diligence is rewarded both by wealth and honour.

Ministers of State, Generals, and even Kings themselves, have not thought it beneath them to publish books, and thus increase the number of writers. It is but a short time since the celebrated Sir Isaac Newton was interred with a degree of royal splendor, as some of the principal persons in the kingdom attended

his funeral. And when Bishop Burnet completed his history of his reformation, he received the thanks of the House of Commons in the usual form. Where the sciences are thus honoured, it cannot be surprising that the people should claim the privilege of being at the head of their rivals; for, of Great Britain, it may be said, that the arts and sciences have made it their residence. With respect to prejudice in general no nation is more devoid of it than they; the understanding of an Englishman may be compared to a clean smooth tablet, which easily receives upon its surface every impression made by sound reason; while custom and precedent is commonly so strong among other nations that one might imagine they were a different race. If one would convince a Spaniard, for instance, of the truth of any thing with which he is unacquainted, you must first remove all his prejudices; and thus the labour is doubled in extracting the old error, and implanting the new truth. On the contrary, tell an Englishman any thing to which he has been unaccustomed, he will hear you, and examine with candour. If he approves it, he will adopt and acknowledge it without scruple. The English are not inclined to believe any thing they do not thoroughly comprehend, but what they really believe they are not backward to acknowledge; and since free-thinking is carried to a great extent in this country, from the nature of the constitution, so we meet with as many sceptics as there are hypocrites in other places. But though in Italy the number of atheists and sceptics seem to be very small, they are, in reality, more than elsewhere, because most of them wear the mask of religion through fear. In England, generally speaking, it is very easy to distinguish characters; the religious, of course, is commonly what he appears to be. This is the general result of English liberty, which, with some inconveniences, is productive of much more good than evil, and a superiority of benefits to the people at large.

The English have a great deal of charity for the unfortunate, and they do not absolutely hate those who are

guilty of trivial failings in their conduct, and tolerate Jews, Turks, and Pagans; yet, when their own countrymen differ from them in religious opinions, or in matters really indifferent, their hatred and persecution frequently knows no bounds; so that in England, if a man wishes to live in peace, he must, of course, be esteemed perfectly orthodox, or perfectly heterodox. A stranger among them must believe all or nothing; but in this religious antipathy they are not singular; a Turk hates a Persian much more than he hates a Christian; a Catholic hates a Jansenist worse than a Calvinist.

The clergy in England are not so reserved in their manner of living as in many other countries. They do not deem it indecent to be seen at a playhouse, and even in the coffee-houses. However, their conduct and behaviour in the pulpit is serious and edifying. They generally stand up in their preaching as still as stocks or stones, and, with downcast eyes, explain their texts with method and perspicuity. In this respect they are quite the reverse of the preachers on this side of the water, whose theatrical and extravagant action, stamping, turning, and twisting about, is more adapted to excite the smiles than the sighs of their hearers. Some people censure the English divines because they read their sermons; but they forget this advantage, viz. that their discourses are connected, and without tautology. My ears, I confess, were not a little offended by the first sermon I heard after my return from England. I had not been used to desultory declamation, but in this instance I was witness to so many repetitions that I was convinced the whole sermon, which took up an hour, might have been delivered in a quarter of the time.

Between the English and French I have made the following comparison:—"The French reason, but the English think most. The French have the most wit, but the English the best judgment. The French are shewy in their clothing, the English are plain. The French eat most bread, the English most meat. Both are warm, but the heat of the French is in the blood, that of the English is

in the gall; hence the anger of a Frenchman is greater than the anger of the English, while the hatred of the English is of longer duration than a Frenchman's. A Frenchman spends his means in decking his person; an Englishman thinks of nothing so much as his belly. A Frenchman is governed by the fashion; an Englishman by his fancy. A Frenchman always goes with the stream; an Englishman against it. A Frenchman soon makes a friend, and soon dispenses with him; an Englishman is a long while making a friend, and keeps him long when he is made: the Englishman loses his friend by degrees; the Frenchman breaks with his friend all at once. The French honour their superiors; the English pay the most respect to themselves. The French are the best citizens; the English the best men. The French have the greatest latitude in their faculties, but the English excel them in the mind's gifts. Both of them frequently perform heroic actions, the French for the love of fame, the English for the love of virtue. The French seek reward in the approbation of their countrymen, the English in the act itself. The French, in common with other people, transgress the laws with the hope of escaping punishment; the English frequently transgress when they know that an escape is impossible. When a Frenchman says, I would willingly do so and so if it were not for the law; the Englishman says, I would never have done this or that if there had not been a law against it. The Frenchman denies himself little; the Englishman still less. In his meat the Frenchman regards quality; quantity is the Englishman's principal object. In his cookery, the Frenchman follows his fancy; the Englishman his palate. The French drink to quench thirst, or raise their spirits; the English for drinking sake. The Frenchman believes previously to examination; the Englishman examines all before he believes any. The French women are very free in their manners, though their husbands are never jealous; the English women are still more free than the French women, though their husbands are mad with jealousy. The imagination in the French and

English is extremely fruitful; but more orderly in the French than in the English, which frequently exceeds all bounds. The French mostly live cheerfully in care, want, and misery; the English have every thing in abundance, and yet seem to despise life. They need not be forced to go to the place of execution; their criminals go there laughing, singing, or jesting; and, if an executioner is not to be found, will hang themselves.

Hence it is not strange that a great degree of hatred should subsist between two nations, whose minds and manners are so discordant. The peculiarity of the English character is manifest from this representation of circumstances not to be found elsewhere. But should any one object that I have exaggerated the virtues and vices of the English, I reply that, in respect to a nation that observes no medium itself, it must be very difficult indeed for a writer to adopt a medium in describing their manners.

REMARKS on the PREVENTIVE  
CHECKS to restrain the INCREASE  
of the POOR, by the Rev. T. MAL-  
THUS and his REVIEWER.

SIR,

THERE are but few publications which have attracted the notice of reviewers, authors, legislators, and politicians, more than a treatise, by the Rev. T. Malthus, to shew the tendency there is in animated beings to increase life beyond the means of subsistence. The experience of passed ages, as well as of the present times, both teach us that, in the different classes of men, of animals, fishes, and insects, the offspring produced generally exceed the number of their parents. As their young grow up, they continue to multiply in every link of the descending chain; and if it were not for considerable checks, we should soon find the number much greater than that which immediately preceded it.

This powerful stimulus, which is observable in every class of beings inhabiting the water, the earth, and the air, for propagating their species, has lately been particularly noticed in the human race; and it is said that the increase produced is in a geomet-

trical ratio, while the means of subsistence can only advance in an arithmetical progression; and therefore some means ought to be adopted to prevent the poor from marrying till they shall have a prospect of providing for a family. To shew the necessity of such a preventive, it is admitted that the population of our island amounts to about eleven millions, and that the produce of the earth will afford an easy subsistence for this number; yet, in twenty-five years, the population will be increased to twenty-two millions; and if the means of subsistence be doubled at the same period, it will then be equal to the increase of the inhabitants.

In the next twenty-five years it is said that there will be forty-four millions, and the means of supporting them only equal to thirty-three millions. In seventy-five years the population will be equal to eighty-eight millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to half the number. At the end of the first century there will be an hundred and seventy-six millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to fifty-five millions, leaving a population of an hundred and twenty-one millions unprovided for.

Before we take for granted what experience tells us never has nor can happen in the present state of things, we ought to make ourselves acquainted with the progress of human life, in the several stages of society, from the infancy to the old age of nations; for they have their rise, their maturity, and their decay, like every thing subluxary.

If we suppose a small tribe of emigrants settled in a central spot, in an uninhabited country, and, as their population increases, they build their

habitations contiguous to each other, after the manner of a well peopled European town; then, as their houses extend and their cities spring up, the rapidity of their population will soon be checked in the internal parts of their settlement. Instead of going on in a geometrical ratio, it will gradually decrease, in proportion as their numbers in society increase.—We may find this to be the case in the oldest American colonies on the sea-coast, where the increase of their population does not much exceed that of European towns, while their population in the back settlements is immense.

If we were to suppose again that, as fast as the central tribe increased, the superfluous numbers were sent to distant stations, the rapidity of their increase would continue at its original rate, until the whole face of the country was covered with these scattered settlements; and, the people being thus equally spread, every little society would multiply with the greatest possible rapidity, till their district was equally and fully covered with inhabitants. In this case every new settlement would be a *punctum vite* for an increase. But we know from experience, that this progress of life is not to be found in large towns or in old governments, where the inhabitants are intemperate and debauched; for their population is much slower in its progress. This may be proved in many of our old towns in England; for it appears by the returns of the registers of baptisms to parliament, A.D. 1803, that the population of this island, instead of doubling itself every twenty-five years, was not doubled during the last century.

A Table shewing the number of the baptisms in each county for the years 1700 and 1800, with the difference between the two periods; by which we may find the population near enough to answer our present purpose.

COUNTIES.	Baptisms in 1700.	Baptisms in 1800.	Increased difference.	Diminished difference.
Bedford .....	1340	1731	391	
Berks .....	2147	3154	1007	
Bucks .....	2128	2903	774	
Cambridge .....	2200	2605	405	
Ches. ....	2690	4080	1390	

Corwall .....	5148	5788	2640
Cumberland .....	1181	2849	1268
Derby .....	2614	4401	1787
Devon .....	6710	9582	2872
Dorset .....	2216	2712	496
Durham .....	2462	4228	1761
Essex .....	4355	6312	1957
Gloucester .....	4162	6532	2480
Hereford .....	1474	2200	726
Hertford .....	1809	2525	716
Huntingdon .....	1031	1083	52
Kent .....	4897	10145	5248
Lancaster .....	4742	10644	14901
Leicester .....	2215	3610	1395
Lincoln .....	5451	6176	1023
Middlesex .....	7325	13972	6647
Monmouth .....	688	817	129
Norfolk .....	6111	8525	2114
Northampton .....	2922	3085	163
Nottingham .....	1989	4444	2455
Oxford .....	2205	3211	1006
Rutland .....	486	477	
Salop .....	2869	4594	1725
Somerset .....	4905	6924	2019
Southampton .....	3376	6594	3218
Stafford .....	3381	6708	3827
Suffolk .....	4337	6659	2722
Surrey .....	4016	6828	2812
Sussex .....	2845	5152	2307
Warwick .....	2670	5666	2996
Westmorland .....	786	1100	314
Wilts .....	3614	4131	520
Worcester .....	2523	3964	1441
York, East .....	2376	3513	1137
York, North .....	2683	4076	1391
York, West .....	6628	15934	9306
London and Westminster .....	16385	21776	5191
Total .....	138979	227093	83114

If the number of baptisms, 138,979, be multiplied by 37, the product will be equal to 5,142,223 for the population A.D. 1700; and, by multiplying 227,093 by the same number, we shall have 8,402,441 for the population A.D. 1800; and the difference will be 3,260,218, which is very far short of a geometrical ratio during the last century.

It appears in the table, that, in several of the counties, the baptisms have increased only a few hundreds, and in one of them they have diminished 9 within the last hundred years. The dissipated habits and the loathsome disease which has for some time been spreading from London through every provincial town and village, corrupting the morals and

sapping the constitution of a once sober, industrious, and hardy race of men, who supplied London with porters, coal-heavers, chairmen, and drudges, of various denominations, are by no means favourable for this rapid increase of population; and we may look forward for a decreasing ratio as our births increase. If this class of men are to be prevented from marrying, will it not be driving them to an illicit commerce, to produce a disordered progeny, diseased when they come into the world, to be maintained by the publick, as many of them will never be able to maintain themselves?

It is weakness in the extreme to think of checking the first great law of nature, "Increase and multiply,"



by an act of parliament; neither can it ever answer any good purpose to tell a pauper-parent that, "if the table at the feast of Nature should be filled, there is no seat for his offspring; and they must be left to perish, as they have made no provision for them." Will men in general, when goaded on by appetite, wait for the slow decisions of reason? Or will they listen to the lectures of prudence, when you tell them that; "by their producing an unprovided offspring, which must be maintained by the country, they have committed an offence against society, for which they ought to be punished, for gratifying themselves, without the smallest title, at the expense of their neighbours, and run in debt with the publick without permission?"

These are considerations they never think of; and, if they do, to whom are they to go for leave to indulge an appetite, when opportunity, and perhaps importunity, both favour their wishes? Can it be expected that an imperious passion will wait to obtain the permission of a justice of the peace?

Those who reason in this manner have never considered what effect the licentious examples of the great have on the conduct of those below them; nor what human nature is in the lowest order of the people. But, before we talk of there not being room at the feast of Nature for all her children, we should go back to a state of nature, and inquire whether any individual has a right to waste as much at a meal as would feed a hundred persons; and whether the All-bountiful Creator ever intended that a few should feed intemperately on the liberal supply of the earth, while the bulk of the people are left to starve.

We have every thing to hope from Infinite Wisdom; and we have every thing to fear from the insatiable desire of a certain description of men to accumulate that they may squander. Monopolies are now reduced to a system; and an embargo for a week, a shower in harvest, a whisper of a rupture with a foreign power, or a frost in the spring, are either of them sufficient to raise the price of provisions, and to distress the middling and ruin the lowest order of the peo-

ple. We know, from a recent event, how far the desire of accumulating wealth will induce some people to distress their own species; and we have a melancholy proof in the annals of the East, to shew that the feast of Nature is frequently interrupted by those who are grasping at more than their share.

He who saw the end from the beginning provided amply for the human race, when he blessed Noah and said, "The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hands are they delivered. Every moving creature that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb, have I given you all things." I do not pretend to say that the storehouse of Nature is inexhaustible, or that the tendency of the human race to increase may not be sufficient to consume the whole produce of the earth, the sea, and the air; but I think we have nothing to fear from it at present, and more especially if we consider that every thing is created in number, weight, and measure.

There are proper checks, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, to prevent (as they hitherto have done) that tendency in population to increase beyond fixed limits; thither can it go, but no further. Admitting that the population of Europe has been for some time pressing upon us, is not Napoleon sacrificing the human species by thousands at the altar of his boundless ambition? and will not the destructive havoc he has caused from east to west, and from north to south, be a considerable check to population for some years? The crowding together, in great cities and towns, to partake of the fashionable amusements, and to adopt the unnatural habits of life, which are there pursued by the unthinking part of mankind, proves fatal to thousands, and is as destructive as the pestilence, though more slow in its operations in sweeping away the human race.

We are told that, in London, one-half of the children die under three years of age; there are a great many more, which do not reach twelve; and within thirty years, Death has

swept away a portion of the rising generation

Dr. Price has supposed that London required a considerable annual supply to keep up the population. This is a proof that the course of nature is perverted in large societies, and that the very habits of life cannot fail of being a considerable check to a very rapid increase. If we consider the diseases which our irregularities and our intemperance produce, we shall discover a large source of checks to population, and which cannot fail of hastening a premature death. There are, in the vast field of animated beings, hundreds and thousands of separate commissions to keep up a relative proportion in life, and every species have a superior and a subordinate station, that one may not increase to the destruction of another.

It would be deemed tedious to enumerate all the checks which have been noticed; I shall, therefore, confine myself to a few of them.

Many of the inhabitants of the ocean are so exceedingly prolific, that, if they were suffered to propagate without proper checks, they would increase beyond all calculation. The spawn of the baccium is fixed to a rock, and of the sepia officinalis to a fucus, in large clusters; and a storm of a few hours will sweep away millions of the young ones before they are released from their cells, and drive them on the shore to perish.— There are also fishes of prey, which feed upon others, and which thin the inhabitants of the ocean: and, in every season, man is a considerable check to prevent any superfluous increase.

In the animal kingdom, the weaker are generally infested by the stronger in a continued series. "The tree-louse lives upon plants; the musca aphidivora lives upon the tree-louse; the hornet and the wasp upon the musca aphidivora; the dragon-fly upon the hornet and the wasp; the spider on the dragon-fly; the small birds on the spider; and, lastly, the hawk on the small birds." If we look through the different classes in life, we shall hardly find a creature that has not some enemy to contend with.

There is one circumstance which

deserves our highest admiration, as it seems to be designed to preserve the relative proportions of life; which is, that the least animals are propagated in the greatest number, and they are with the greatest difficulty totally extirpated.

It is asserted, that a single species of insects can commit more ravages in a village than an elephant: the latter may be shot, but the former cannot be totally destroyed. The prophet Joel has described their ravages in strong and figurative language; where he says, "A nation is come up upon my land, strong and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of a lion, and he hath the cheek-teeth of a great lion. He hath laid my vines waste, and barked my fig-tree: he has made it clean bare; the branches thereof are made white. A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them!"

The higher ministers of Nature, the animals of prey, are generally of a more indolent habit, as the lion, the tiger, and the eagle; which, by inhabiting in deserts and unfrequented places, sometimes find a difficulty in obtaining of food. Look where we will, in the different kingdoms of animal and vegetable life, we shall find that the economy of nature resembles a well-regulated state, in which every individual has its proper employment and subsistence, and a commission to correct and restrain every detrimental excess.

When we discover so much wisdom displayed in the government of the world, from the lowest tribe of insects up to man, and which has been continued without interruption from the creation down to the present time; and we have the promise that seed time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease; what reason can we have to fear that the produce of the earth will not be sufficient to support its inhabitants, when we see that life in all its various branches is working to one point, which is to keep up a relative proportion, that every thing may tend to the good of the whole?

If we have no reason to fear that either the wisdom or the goodness of God will ever fail us, we shall have no occasion to pass acts of parliament to prevent the poor from marring; for our irregular habits, our monopolies, the diseases occasioned by our vicious courses and our wars, will produce sufficient checks upon this supposed rapid increase of population, which has alarmed some of our politicians and legislators. But the cause of alarm is from our own mismanagement, and not from the wisdom of God in his government of the world.

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On the ORIGIN of the SYSTEMATIC COMBINATIONS of PHYSICAL BODIES, from general physical, mechanical PRINCIPLES.

THE origin of the motions of the bodies stands in the closest connexions with the origin, and the gradual increase of their masses.

In the state of the first formation of material accumulation every one of the dispersed parts of matter, as well as the smaller bodies, which were formed by their combinations, had their own peculiar motion, which originated in the powers by which all other matter operated on them *ab externo*.

This general motion of matter constantly changed the relative positions of the generated bodies, and also the intensities and directions of their motatory powers; a necessary consequence of which was, that the motion of every such body could not remain equal in direction nor in velocity. If now the motion of any such body, so generated and detached in space, be considered at any given moment, it is found to be compounded of the motion which it has acquired by the past operations of the powers of the remaining matter, *ab externo*, from the beginning, and of the motion which it obtained in that moment by the combined powers of all exterior matter.

If we now suppose that the operations of these present powers could have totally ceased at any particular moment, the body would have constantly proceeded in space exactly as if it had been thrown in the same direc-

tion, and with the velocity with which the continuing impression of all those past powers impelled it.

The motion, therefore, of every one of the generated bodies, considered at any given moment, is double. One, called the motion of projection, arises from the past influences of the remaining matter of the universe on the body, and attempts to effect a progress of the same in space, according to any straight direction, and with a velocity constantly remaining equal. The other motion is a consequence of the present influence of exterior matter on the body at any given moment, and which attempts to impel it, according to the mean direction, which is determined by the mechanical combination of all these powers.

During the progressive augmentation of every physical body, this twofold motion continues. Its projectile motion is constantly modified by the changes which take place in its relative position to the other physical bodies, and particularly by those accidents which tend to augment its mass. Its gravitating motion simplified itself in proportion as the number of bodies decreased, which were sufficiently proximate to it, to operate on it with considerable effect, by their attractive powers, and the nearer the world approached its present regulated state, in which the projectile motion, combined with the gravitating motion, guide the smaller physical bodies in regular courses round the greater, which attracts them to it by superior powers.

The progressive motion of a physical body is, accordingly, a compounded effect of all powers which have been efficient on its mass, *ab externo*, from its origin, to a given moment, not only on it as a whole, but also on its single parts, before and during the time of their junction. On the other hand, the gravitating motion is effect of the gravitation of the body towards the remaining matter at the given moment. Neither motion distinguishes itself by the nature of the powers from which it originates, but only by the time of their origin. The progressive motion is effect of the past, the gravitating motion, on the other hand, is effect of the present. Both motions are necessary effects of

the material powers, and therefore belong to all physical, but in their directions and velocities nature can and must have produced, in the different physical bodies, an infinite variety, as they depend on the present and all former relations of position of a physical body, and its single parts, towards the remaining matter; and as there are an infinite number of those parts, consequently an infinite number of various results are possible, *individually*. The inequalities in the progressive motions of the physical bodies, none of which will be perfectly equal to the others, have their origin, as simple as their common cause may be, in the difference, which is infinitely great, of the circumstances under which this cause may, at any particular time, have operated in every physical body. The same occurrences, to which the progressive motions of the physical bodies are indebted for their origin, have also produced on every one a determined rotation on an axis. This is evident from the following considerations:—In those times in which the physical bodies gradually advanced, by combination, to greater masses, the major part of matter was not, as at this day, combined in a few great physical bodies, spread in enormous districts of space, but on the contrary, in those districts of space floated a number of smaller detached bodies, which gravitated alternately towards each other. These bodies, on attaining such a position towards each other, in which two or more could come into contact, had already gained progressive motions; and the bodies coming into contact were impelled to motion, not solely and alone by their mutual attractive powers, which exerted themselves to give their fall on each other the perpendicular direction, but also by the considerable attractive powers of other bodies which were approximate to them. The bodies coming into contact could, therefore, at the moment of their junction, fall on one another in every oblique direction, in the same manner as a body thrown in any particular direction, or exposed to the effect of other powers, besides its gravity, can fall on the earth in every direction. Under these circumstances the perpendicular

collision was therefore only one of an infinite number of possible cases, in the same manner as the perpendicular direction is only one of an infinite number of possible directions, and it must therefore be presumed, that the major part of the collisions of the physical bodies are succeeded by oblique directions, passing at the side of their centres of gravity. If, now, a body receives an impetus, to a particular direction, which passes at the side of its centre of gravity, its different parts acquire, agreeable to the known laws of motion, unequal velocities, and thence arises a rotatory motion of it, about their centre of gravity, by which it is propelled, at the same time, with the same velocity which it would have acquired if the impetus of the direction had traversed it. If the body which receives the impetus be a ball equally thick in all its parts, and has its point of gravity in the centre, it revolves according to the impetus, constantly round a diameter, which is perpendicular to the plane, which passes through the centre, and through the direction of the impetus.

Accordingly, the physical bodies, at every eccentric impetus which was connected with the combinations of their parts to greater masses, must, from their origin, have obtained determined rotatory motions on axes, which passed through their centre of gravity, and whose position depended on the individual circumstances, attending each collision. These rotations on their axes are, in most bodies, diameters at the same time as their centres of gravity, almost or wholly converged with their centres. At every considerable collision, which augmented the masses of the physical bodies, these rotatory motions also underwent particular changes, not only in regard to the celestials, but also to the rotation on the axis; but, not only the collisions, but also all the great events which took place during the periods of formation of the bodies have, in regard to their relative positions, also had an influence on the rotations in their axes. Even in the present state of the system of the universe, the rotations of the physical bodies on their axes, are subject to slight oscillations from effects of

this kind, which display themselves in their different relative positions towards each other.

The rotatory motion of all physical bodies, in their present constitution, is therefore the result of the effects of all the eccentric collisions by which the mass of every body, from its origin, has gradually attained its present magnitude, and of all changes to which its position, in relation to the physical bodies nearest to it, has been exposed, until the present period.

Every physical body has increased to its present mass by particular combinations and collisions of smaller bodies, and every one has had from its origin, until the present day, its own relative positions to the other physical bodies. An unlimited variety must also reign individually in the effects of the particular events and relations. In the rotations of the physical bodies, every direction and every velocity is therefore equally possible, and in those points the same great differences must be perceived in single bodies as in their progressive and gravitating motions.

It is evident, from what has been already expounded, that the progressive, the rotatory, and the gravitating motions of the physical bodies, and therefore all the motions with which we are acquainted, in which the construction of the heavens is founded, are effects of the same essential powers of matter.

As the gravitating, or motion of sinking, is a present effect of the attractive powers of the physical bodies towards each other, so are the progressive and rotatory motions the results of the former effects of the attractive powers during the situations of the world long since elapsed. The cause of these two motions is concealed from our senses, as the many detached bodies which once floated in space nearer to one another, and each of which formed a peculiar centre of attraction towards the others, and also influenced their motions, are now combined only in a few. But it is certain that these smaller bodies have at one time existed in the state of abstraction, as the formation of every body, and also of a physical body, pre-supposes that its mass has

gradually increased by combinations of dispersed material parts, and of smaller bodies.

The various individual circumstances under which the physical bodies arose from detached matter, were at one time more favourable, at another less so, to the augmentation of their masses. In one place the positions and relations of a generated physical body promoted its combination with the other bodies which floated near it, and in another place they impeded it; and it is visible, that already, in the first periods of the formation of the worlds, their masses must have been very unequal.

Different bodies of unequal masses, attract, according to the law of gravitation, with equal power, the material accumulations round them, from those distances which stand in the same ratio with the square roots of their masses. For, if the masses of two bodies be  $A$ , and  $a$ , and the distances from them of other material parts which gravitate towards them, be  $D$ , and  $d$ , consequently, in that place, where the attraction of both bodies operates on the matter around them,  $A$  will be  $d^2 = a D^2$ , as the power with which the bodies, and their constituent parts, gravitate towards each other, regulates itself in the direct ratio of their masses, and in the inverse ratio of the squares of their distances; consequently  $A$  will be  $a = D^2 : d^2 = D : d = \sqrt{A} : \sqrt{a}$ .

If now, from the foregoing circumstances, the mass  $A$  of a self-forming physical body, became greater soon after its origin than the mass of another  $a$ ; the greater at the distance  $\sqrt{A}$  attracted the matter around it; according to the law of gravitation, in the same proportion of force as the smaller, at the distance  $\sqrt{a}$ . If we, therefore, conceive globular spaces about both bodies, in the centre of which they float, and whose diameters are in a direct ratio with the square roots of their masses; the greater body in the space, whose diameter is  $\sqrt{A}$  will have attracted the most distant parts of matter, with the same proportion of force as the smaller, in the space whose diameter is  $\sqrt{a}$ .

The corporeal capacities of these

spherical spaces, now stand in the same ratio as the cubes of their diameters, or, as  $A\sqrt{A}:-a\sqrt{a}$ . If we therefore suppose the circumstances to be equally favourable to the gradual augmentation of two generated bodies, whose masses were originally  $A$ : and  $a$ : and, that matter was equally distributed in the spaces about them, consequently the quantity of matter whose most distant parts, the smaller body, as the centre of a spherical space, attracted, according to the law of gravitation with a determined force, stood in the same proportion to the quantity of matter, the most distant parts of which, the greater body, as centre of another spherical space,

attracted, with equal force, as  $a\sqrt{a}$  to  $A\sqrt{A}$ : Now, according to this hypothesis,  $A$ : is greater than  $a$ : consequently  $\sqrt{A}$ : is greater than  $\sqrt{a}$ : therefore  $A\sqrt{A}$ : stands in a greater proportion to  $a\sqrt{a}$ : than  $A$  to  $a$ , or the quantity of matter, which the body, originally greater, attracted to itself, stood in a greater proportion to the quantity of matter, which the body originally smaller attracted to itself, than the proportion of their masses was, and the inequality of these two proportions increased, as the inequality of both the masses increased.

R. H.

## CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

BEAUTIES selected from the WRITINGS of JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D. arranged in a perspicuous and pleasing manner, under the following heads:—poetical, moral, philosophical, theological, critical, and epistolary. To which are prefixed, a Life of the Author, and an Account of his Writings. Together with Notes on the First Book of the Minstrel, by THOMAS GRAY, LL.B.

WE have already given our opinion as to the merit of *Beauties* from celebrated writers, when selected with taste and judgment, (See Univ. Mag. for last April, p. 327.) The present volume is not inferior to the one we there noticed. Indeed, from the nature of Dr. Beattie's writings, and from the sources that the compiler had at his command, the present volume might be expected to possess more interest than that which was obtained from the writings of Blair. The arrangement is different, and in some respects preferable perhaps.

There is a life prefixed from which we will extract the introductory paragraphs.

To the scholar and the poet, whose laurels may be slowly ripening in obscurity, the Life of Dr. Beattie will present consolation and hope: not perhaps more than the lives of some other literary men, but

at least as much. To the obscurity of his birth, were added other impediments in his career of fame, which only genius could surmount. Sequestered in a remote village of a remote province of Scotland, far from the circle of patronage and the opportunities for exertion, ambition found no aliment but what is derived from that inward consciousness of something superior, which is perhaps always united with extraordinary endowments. It is this consciousness which swells the heart with high forebodings; which prompts the soul to o'erleap its present state, and to snatch a brief glance at futurity; which accompanies the youthful genius to his midnight pillow, and gives a colour to the dreams of sleep; which awakens with him in the fresh morning hour, and sheds around his steps the dubious anticipations of that renown which is to give his name to posterity, and to compensate for the cold and comfortless neglect that now envelopes him. The acknowledgement of these feelings would be too nearly allied to repulsive egotism, to expect that they should be displayed by those who have felt them: but can it be doubted that the existence of those lofty powers which constitute the poet and the man of genius, have ever been unaccompanied by the silent conviction of superiority, which, like the rose of

spring, awaits the fostering sun of public praise to expand it into maturity and beauty? With a rapid, timid, but rapturous eye, the youthful Shakspeare or Milton pierced, perhaps, through the shadows that surrounded the future, and hung with rapture on the glorious scene that glanced upon their sight. Prophetic whispers of imperishable fame soothed their souls; and, proudly eminent in the consciousness of anticipated celebrity, they trod the path, obscure and hidden, which was to terminate in the wide field of renown and glory. These cherished visions of superior minds, serve not only to brighten the immediate course of life, but they act as stimulants by which they are themselves verified: and there can be little doubt that Beattie, who confessed that he has given an adumbration of his own boyhood in the character of *Edwin*, felt all those trembling expectations of future fame which he was destined to accomplish. This ardent, this cheering hope accompanied his progress from the humble privacy of a village schoolmaster, to the more dignified post of a teacher of moral wisdom.

"Of the life of Dr. Beattie not much is recorded. He has been made his own historian, by a plan well suited to supply deficiency of knowledge in the narrator, but which can seldom please equal to a perspicuous and copious detail of facts. Sir William Forbes, who had long been his friend, became also his biographer, but with few qualities for the task. As his communication with Dr. Beattie was more epistolary than personal, he knew little of the man beyond what he learned from his letters; and of these he has not been sparing. The narrative part of Sir William's *Life*, might be comprised within very scanty limits. Neither does he appear to possess the force or discrimination of mind which is requisite to paint the intellectual and moral character of Dr. Beattie. What he has written, any man might have written with the same accumulation of papers before him. His picture is but a copy of Dr. Beattie's self-delineation: such as Beattie describes himself, such his friend describes him: but he who has learned to penetrate the motives of

human action, and the principles of human thought, will receive, with cautious deliberation, the opinions each man entertains of himself.—There are two kinds of deception; voluntary and involuntary. A man practises the first when his speech is contrary to his knowledge; and this is criminal. The second is almost every man's error: for who is there that does not persuade himself into the belief of virtues which he possesses only in imagination? But this is venial: it is the inseparable lot of human fallibility; and I am willing to think, with Shaftsbury, that there is more of this innocent delusion than of voluntary imposture in the world. But this may teach us how unfit a man of ordinary faculties is to investigate the character, morally and intellectually, of others. Unless he have penetration of judgment which can pierce through the veil thrown by every man round his actions; unless he can separate apparent from real motives, taking that analogy of incitement for his guide which is found to exist in the general course of human events; and unless he have that perspicuity of intellect which can enable him to argue from effects to causes, he can never hope to scan the recesses of thought, nor consequently to detect the man, except by broad and undistinguishing features."

TALES of FASHIONABLE LIFE. By Miss EDGEWORTH, 3 vols. 12mo, 1809.

WHOEVER is acquainted with the writings of Miss Edgeworth, knows that they are distinguished by a great display of good sense and a small display of good language. When we say this, we mean that her diction, except when it is dramatic, (and then it is in general very appropriate) is disfigured by barbarisms and colloquial meanness. Words, which are merely the cant of fashion, are used as strictly legitimate, and phrases which are barely allowable in a literary chit-chat over a cup of tea, are familiarised to the reader by their too frequent use. This negligence of language, this slovenly dress in which she chooses to invest her offspring, is to be reprehended, for it

adds nothing either in perspicuity or force to the plain, common sense, by which she aims to please and instruct. She endeavours to become familiar, but she is mean.

With regard to the tales now before us, we shall briefly characterise their merits, and present an extract or two for the amusement of our readers.

The first volume is occupied with *Ennui*, in which the character of Lord Glenhorn (outrageously unnatural,) is made to develop the causes, consequences, and cure of that fashionable distemper. The catastrophe is purely the *astounding* of a novel. It is, however, beyond all comparison the best tale of the whole. It affords Miss Edgeworth an opportunity of delineating, what no living writer can delineate equal to her, the lower Irish character. Lady Geraldine is drawn with great spirit. At p. 23, Helio-gabalus is confounded with Xerxes; who was the person that offered a reward, in the satiety of luxurious enjoyment to any one who could discover a new pleasure. The following extract will exhibit Geraldine, and an English tour writer.

In another point of view, Lord Craiglethorpe afforded her ladyship amusement—as an English traveller, full of English prejudices against Ireland and every thing Irish. “Whenever Miss Tracey was out of the room, Lady Geraldine allowed Lord Craiglethorpe to be himself again; but he did not fare the better for this restoration to his honours. Lady Geraldine contrived to make him as ridiculous in his real, as in his assumed character. Lord Craiglethorpe was, as Miss Tracey had described him, very stiff, cold, and high. His manners were in the extreme of English reserve; and his ill-bred show of contempt for the Irish was sufficient provocation and justification of Lady Geraldine’s ridicule. He was much in awe of his fair and witty cousin; she could easily put him out of countenance, for he was extremely bashful.

His lordship had that sort of bashfulness, which makes a man surly and obstinate in his taciturnity; which makes him turn upon all who approach him, as if they were going to assault him; which makes him answer a ques-

tion as if it were an injury, and repel a compliment as if it were an insult. Once, when he was out of the room, Lady Geraldine exclaimed, ‘That cousin Craiglethorpe of mine is scarcely an agreeable man: the awkwardness of *mauvaise-honte* might be pitied and pardoned, even in a nobleman,’ continued her ladyship, ‘if it really proceeded from humility; but here, when I know it is connected with secret and inordinate arrogance, ’tis past all endurance. Even his ways of sitting and standing provoke me, they are so self-sufficient. Have you observed how he stands at the fire? Oh, the caricature of ‘*the English fire-side*’ outdone! Then, if he sits, we hope that change of posture may afford our eyes transient relief; but worse again: bolstered up, with his back against his chair, his hands in his pockets, and his legs thrown out, in defiance of all passengers and all decorum, there he sits, in magisterial silence, throwing a gloom upon all conversation. As the Frenchman said of the Englishman, for whom even his politeness could not find another compliment, ‘*Il faut avouer que ce Monsieur a un grand talent pour le silence.*’—he holds his tongue, till people actually believe that he has something to say—a mistake they could never fall into if he would but speak.’

“Some of the company attempted to interpose a word or two in favour of Lord Craiglethorpe’s timidity, but the vivacious and merciless lady went on.

“‘I tell you, my good friends, it is not timidity; it is all pride. I would pardon his dulness, and even his ignorance; for once, as you say, might be the fault of his nature, and the other of his education: but his self-sufficiency is his own fault, and that I will not, and cannot pardon. Somebody says, that nature may make a man, but a coxcomb is always of his own making. Now, my cousin—as he is my cousin, I may say what I please of him)—my cousin Craiglethorpe is a solemn coxcomb, who thinks, because his vanity is not talkative and sociable, that it’s not vanity. What a mistake! his silent superciliousness is to me more intolerable than the most garrulous egotism, that ever laid itself open to my ridicule.



For the honour of my country, I am determined to make this map, talk, and he shall say all that I know he thinks of us poor Irish savages. If he would but speak, one could answer him: if he would find fault, one might defend: if he would laugh, one might perhaps laugh again: but here he comes to hospitable, open-hearted Ireland, eats as well as he can in his own country; drinks better than he can in his own country; sleeps as well as he can in his own country; accepts of all our kindness, without a word or a look of thanks, and seems the whole time to think, that, 'Born for his use, we live but to oblige him.' There he is at this instant: look at him, walking in the park, with his note-book in his hand, setting down our faults, and conning them by rote. We are even with him. I understand my bright cousin Craiglethorpe means to write a book, a great book, upon Ireland! He! with his means of acquiring information—posting from one great man's house to another—what can he see or know of the manners of any rank of people, but of the class of gentry, which in England and Ireland is much the same? As to the lower classes, I don't think he ever speaks to them? or, if he does, what good can it do him? for he can't understand their modes of expression, nor they his; and if he inquire about a matter of fact, I defy him to get the truth out of them, if they don't wish to tell it; and, for some reason or other, they will, nine times in ten, not wish to tell it to an Englishman. There is not a man, woman, or child, in any cabin in Ireland, who would not have wit and *cuteness* enough to make *my lord* believe just what they please. So, after posting from Dublin to Cork, and from the Giants' Causeway to Killybegs: after travelling east, west, north, and south, my wise cousin Craiglethorpe will know just as much of the lower Irish, as the cockney who has never been out of London, and who has never, in *all his born days*, seen an Irishman, but on the English stage, where the representations are usually as like the originals as the Chinese pictures of lions, from their description, are to a real lion, which they never beheld. Yes, yes, write on, write on, my good cou-

sin Craiglethorpe; and fill the little note-book, which will soon, heigh! presto! turn to a ponderous quarto. I shall have a copy, bound in Morocco, no doubt, from the *author*, if I behave myself prettily; and I will earn it, by supplying valuable information. You shall see, my friends, how I'll deserve well of my country, if you'll only keep my counsel and your own countenances.

"Presently Lord Craiglethorpe entered the room, walking very pompously, and putting his note-book up as he advanced.

"O, my dear lord, open the book again, I have a bull for you."

"Lady Geraldine, after putting his lordship in good humour by this propitiatory offering of a bull, continued to supply him, either directly or indirectly, by some of her confederates, with the most absurd anecdotes, incredible facts, stale jests, and blunders, such as never were made by true-born Irishmen; all which my Lord Craiglethorpe took down with an industrious sobriety, at which the spectators could scarcely refrain from laughing. Sometimes he would pause, and exclaim, 'A capital anecdote! a curious fact! May I give my authority? may I quote your ladyship?' 'Yes, if you'll pay me a compliment in the preface,' whispered Lady Geraldine: 'and now, dear cousin, do go up stairs and put it all in ink.'

"When she had dispatched the noble author, her ladyship indulged her laughter. 'But now,' cried she, 'only imagine a set of sober English readers studying my cousin Craiglethorpe's new view of Ireland, and swallowing all the nonsense it will contain!'

"When Lord Killrush remonstrated against the cruelty of letting the man publish such stuff, and represented it as a fraud upon the public, Lady Geraldine laughed still more, and exclaimed, 'Surely you don't think I would use the public and my poor cousin so ill. No, I am doing him and the public the greatest possible service. Just when he is going to leave us, when the writing box is packed, I will step up to him, and tell him the truth. I will show him what a farrago of nonsense he has collected as materials for his quarto; and con-

vince him, at once, how utterly unfit he is to write a book, at least a book on Irish affairs. Won't this be deserving well of my country and of my cousin?"

"Neither on this occasion, nor on any other, were the remonstrances of my Lord Killrush of power to stop the course of this lady's flow of spirits and rallery."

In this character of Lord Craighthorpe, we shrewdly suspect that our authoress means to ridicule the insignificance of the travelling book-maker, *Sir John Carr*.

The second volume contains three tales: *Almeria; Madame de Fleury*; and the *Dun*. Of these the second is the best. The *Dun* exhibits nothing in incident or in sentiment beyond a well told tale in a magazine. *Almeria* has higher merits, for it develops a more intricate character, and displays with great dexterity, the progress of opinion in rooting up old habits and modes of thought. Miss Edgeworth, however, is ludicrous in all her attempts at the pathetic: let the reader peruse with what gravity he can, the exclamations of *Almeria* at page 39, when she has her lover's portrait returned to her by his father. In *Madame de Fleury* there is some trash, such as the child stealing the chestnuts (see p. 190); but it is upon the whole a pleasing narrative.—In the *Dun*, there is a scene described at p. 334, which we should deem wholly unfit for a female pen.

The third volume is occupied with the tale of *Maneuvering*, which is simply an amplification of the character of Young:

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,  
And knows her wiser husband is a fool;  
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread  
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;  
For difficult amours can smooth the way,  
And tender letters dictate or convey.  
But if deprived of such important cares,  
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs  
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,  
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

As we have passed our censure upon the language of Miss Edgeworth, we will, in conformity with our constant practice, produce a few

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instances of the incorrectness we speak of.

"Those who have the least value for their time, have usually the greatest number of watches." p. 10, vol. I. It should be *they* who have, &c.

"Frank, candid, and affable, yet opinionated, &c." p. 137, vol. I. It should be *opinionative*.

"I felt my nascent ambition," &c. p. 168, vol. I.—Not English.

"The number of bows and curtsies, and the consequence of the persons by whom they are given or received is," &c. p. 43, vol. II. A grammatical error.

"To keep a strong line of demarcation between nobility and *mollity*," p. 53, vol. II. A vulgar word; nor is *demarcation* an English one.

LETTERS from an IRISH STUDENT in ENGLAND to his FATHER in IRELAND. 2 vols. 1809.

OUR readers must not be deceived by this title page. These letters may be written by an Irish student: but they have never been sent to Ireland. They are home manufacture, and intended for home consumption. They contain nothing *new*. They consist of anecdotes, bon mots, scraps of information, pretended visits, factitious introductions to literary diners, imaginary acquaintance with celebrated characters, &c. &c. gleaned from no higher source, in a majority of cases, than newspaper chit-chat. Their origin is to be found in the wish of the bookseller and the writer to make a saleable commodity: their contents are such as we have described them. Yet we do not mean to deny that the book may be read with amusement, and perhaps by some with instruction. It is light and various: such a one as we would wish to take with us into a stage coach, or to find in the parlour of an inn while waiting for dinner to be served up. We will extract one letter as a specimen of the manufacture.

#### "COURTS OF JUSTICE.

"After having frequently visited our courts of justice in Dublin, I need not say how disappointed I was upon viewing those of this metropolis.—

Every thing, except women, appears to be valued in this country for the sake of its antiquity. We, on the contrary, care but little for age; upon all occasions, where we can, giving the preference to strength, use, and ornament.

"The courts of justice at Westminster hall, are very old, very shabby, and very inconvenient. You would be surprised, too, at the awful distance which is preserved between the judges and counsel, and the latter and the solicitors, whereas with us there is the greatest and most agreeable familiarity. I have heard an Irish judge, whilst the jury were being sworn in, address an attorney from the bench, and ask him whether he was disposed to part with his pony.

"Here even the counsel speak in the rudest manner to the attorneys, as if they were really so many sharpers.

"MR GARROW.

"If Mr. Garrow, one of the principal advocates here, were to dare to address the solicitors of our court as he does those in his own, he would convert his body into a target. This gentleman is the principal advocate. His voice is clear and silvery, and occasionally he is very eloquent. He is most celebrated for his talent for cross-examining witnesses, which he does with great dexterity; but his principal engines are an undaunted front, and a thorough contempt for the feelings of those who are placed under his lash. When I have seen a modest and respectable person, who has delivered his evidence clearly and conscientiously, forced into confusion, if not ensnared into contradiction, by the tricks and terrors of this advocate, I have blushed for my own profession, and reflected, that though the torture is abolished, a still more cruel and erring process for discovering the truth continues. I have been so disgusted with this man, that I am resolved, whatever may be the fate of my practice, I will never adopt the system he pursues: indeed, as you know, I were, I am sure my life would not be worth one day's purchase in my own country. I am told that he has been challenged two or three times by persons whom he has treated in this manner in public, and that he

has always placed himself under the broad shield of the court.

"ANECDOTE.

"I laughed heartily the other day, at the ingenuity and presence of mind by which an English serjeant at law, celebrated for bullying and brow-beating witnesses, saved himself from the indignity and corporal pain of a good flogging. He had, it appears, on the western circuit, most grossly insulted a very respectable gentleman in court, in the course of a cross-examination. The next morning, very early, the insulted party proceeded to the lodgings of the advocate, with a good horse-whip in his hand, and requested of the clerk to see his master, alledging that he had business of great importance with him. The clerk shewed the gentleman into his bed-room, where he lay fast asleep, and upon his awaking was addressed by his visitor as follows:—

'Sir, I am the person whom you so scandalously treated yesterday, in court, without any reason, and I am come personally to chastise you with this horse-whip, for your insolence.' 'Are you, indeed,' replied the barrister; 'but surely you will not strike a man in bed.' 'No, Sir, I pledge my honour not to do that,' said the gentleman. 'Then, by God,' exclaimed the serjeant, 'I will lie here till doomsday.' The humour of the thought disarmed the anger of the affronted gentleman, and bursting into a fit of laughing, he said, 'there, Sir, you may lie, as long as you like; I will not molest you this time; but let me recommend you never again to hold up a person of respectability, whose only object is to tell the truth, to the derision of a court of justice,' and left the man of law to console himself.

"Mr. Garrow commenced his legal career at the Old-Bailey; and the practice of that bar is said to impart to its pleader a considerable vulgarity of style, and to render him very much a *fer-à-bras*.

"Sir Vicary Gibbs, the Attorney-General, ranks next to Mr. Garrow as a pleader, whose superior he is by many thought, in profound legal knowledge. Owing to the acerbity of Sir Vicary's manner towards witnesses,

he is known to the common people by the name of Sir Vinegar Gibbs. His mode of treating witnesses is indeed sometimes shockingly coarse and unjustifiable.

Mr. Dallas is, in my opinion, the most elegant orator at the bar. Unfortunately he has much withdrawn himself from its practice. His voice is exquisitely sweet; his argument solid; and his language very chaste and beautiful. To all these qualities he unites all the polite manners of a gentleman, and never degrades that character by his treatment of witnesses who are adverse to the side he is retained upon. Mr. Dallas is the only advocate who offers some indemnity for the heavy loss which the British bar sustained when Mr. Erskine, now Lord Erskine, was elevated to the seals. How much do I regret that I never heard this distinguished orator before that event, in the early and habitual theatre of his great talents! I know of no other advocate much distinguished for ability in the Court of King's Bench, or in any other court, except Sir Samuel Romilly, in the Court of Chancery, where his practice is very deservedly great. In depth of learning, and on all occasions where the subject will admit, in the effusions of genuine eloquence, this upright and excellent lawyer is unrivalled in the Court of Equity. It is said of him, that, like the late Mr. Pitt, he is very fond of unbending his mind, by the perusal of novels, which afford him so much relief in the hours of relaxation, that he has the reputation, amongst those who know him intimately, of perusing almost every novel that is published.

The British bar is crowded with votaries for practice and distinction, hundreds of whom, in all probability, will never even have the felicity of making a half-guinea motion. Upon the whole I am much disappointed in the talent I expected to find. The best of the English pleaders would suffer by a comparison with Curran, whose elevation to the Rolls of Ireland I shall, for many reasons, regret,) McNally, and others, whom I could name in our own country.

#### "WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"From the courts, our party paid a visit to Westminster Abbey. With

all the principal features of this august and venerable pile you are doubtless well acquainted, from the numerous descriptions which have been given of them. Our St. Patrick's cathedral would cut as miserable a figure by the side of this stately and stupendous fabric, as the monuments of Doctor Smith, formerly the Earl of Cork, would, if they were within range of comparison, with those of the Duke of Argyle and Mrs. Nightingale. The attendant shows the visitor a great deal of trash, such as the Kings and Queens of England in wax-work! General Monk, in armour, resembles a great stuffed bear.

#### "HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

The interior of Henry the seventh's chapel is exquisitely beautiful. The banners and helmets of the Knights of the Bath conduct the mind back to the ages of chivalrous romance. The seats of the stalls are double, and upon the uppermost being raised, over-looked, but not till after I had left the chapel, the most abominably obscene subjects appear well carved upon the tops of the lower seats.

#### "ANECDOTE.

"A very intelligent friend of mine related the following circumstance, respecting this venerable pile, but little known. Many years since, when my friend was enjoying the three days and three nights hospitality which the monks of the rich convent of Alligham, between Ghent and Brussels, extend to all strangers who are disposed to tarry under their roof; the prior ordered one of the brethren to open a large iron-bound trunk, and bring him certain parchments. Upon their being produced, he placed them in the hands of the Englishman, and observed, 'there, Sir, these are the title-deeds of Westminster Abbey, which belongs to us: the priors of this convent are by right the priors of that abbey; and I have no doubt but that we shall one day or another recover our rights.' In corroboration of this curious declaration of the Prior of Alligham Monastery, the same gentleman, who is an antiquarian, assures me, that amongst the ancient tombs in Westminster Abbey, there are two that contain the ashes of the like number of priors of that monastery.

"After inspecting the abbey, which, by the destruction of several old houses, is now finely placed before the eye of the spectator, we adjourned to a coffee-house in the neighbourhood, where we dined, and afterwards proceeded to the House of Lords, in an a room of which we were met by Lord M—, who procured us admission into the House.

Our author falls into the common and vulgar error respecting the pronunciation of Mr Kemble. His authority for this seems to have been no higher than the witless editor of a Sunday Newspaper, who occasionally plates with great solemnity about theatrical matters. The author of the present volumes, following his wise original, tells us that Mr K. calls beard, *lurd* and virtue, *varchu* really those people have most perverse auditory nerves who talk thus, or else they never heard Mr K. pronounce these words. But our author also tells us that Mr Kemble calls sovereign, *sufran*, and three *thu*. Wonderful error! How would he have them called. Perhaps, if he be really an Irish student, he prefers the dear brogue of Ballynahinch.

There is a great deal of second-hand talk in these volumes about living celebrated characters, which seems to have been picked up at a free house, the servants hall, and from the newspapers of the day. The author has been diligent and he deserves such praise as such diligence requires.

TRAVELS through the South of France, and in the interior of the provinces of Provence and Languedoc, in the Years 1807 and 1808, by a Route never before performed, being along the Banks of the Loire, the Isère, and the Garonne, through the greater part of their course Made by permission of the French Government. By Lieutenant-Colonel PINKNEY, of the North American Native Rangers.

WE have read Colonel Pinkney's book without weariness. He writes without the formality of telling much, but simply narrates such events as happened and such things as he

Our author left America in 1802, and made the best of his way to Calais. When he got there he gave us an early intimation of the amorous particles of his nature for, he falls in love with the first lady he saw, and squeezes her hand because he did not know the language well enough to tell her how much he loved her for fetching him a quarter of a pound of tea from Calais, and he afterwards informs us, that it is impossible to travel through France without becoming something of a "coxcomb," Heaven keep us from it then!

We were amused with the awkward enlogium which Colonel P. pays to his American captain, good Mr. Eliab Jones. If honest Captain Eliab should behold his passenger's book, how will he rejoice to find himself so celebrated!

Colonel Pinkney is a determined admirer of the French character. He is never tired of praising their benevolence, their hospitality, their politeness, &c. &c. We meet with these encomiums in every page almost, but we must make large deductions from them. Sometimes, indeed, we admit their truth, as when he eulogises their obsequiousness we all know, that bid a Frenchman

Go to hell, to hell he goes.

Our author himself allows that they take a blow with great *sang froid*, (p. 13.) Mr. Mangout, the port corn-chamber of Calais, is well depicted. But why does our author call France a Republic?

We recommend the following to the lovers of physiognomy:

"A small party accompanied me into the village, which was lively, and had some very neat houses. The peasantry, both men and women, had bits of staves & manufactory which Mons. St. Quentin had introduced. A boy was reading at a cottage door, I had the curiosity to see the book. It was a volume of Marmontel. His brother came out, invited us into the house, and in the course of some conversation, produced some drawings by this youth, they were very simple and very masterly. The ladies purchased them at a good price. He had attained this excellence without a

master, and Mons. St. Quentin, as we were informed, had been so pleased with him as to take him into his house. His temper and manners, however, were not in unison with his wife, and his benefactor had been compelled to restore him to his mother, but still intended to send him to study at Paris. The boy's countenance was a direct lie to Lavater; his air was heavy, and absolutely without intelligence. Mons. St. Quentin had dismissed him, his house on account of a very malignant sally of passion: a horse having thrown him by accident, the young demon took a knife from his pocket, and deliberately stabbed him three several times. Such was a peasant boy, now seemingly enveloped in the interesting simplicity of Marmontel. How inconsistent is what is called character!"

Our author arrives in Paris, and leaves it after a week's residence, to commence his tour, in company with Younger, the confidential secretary of Mr. Armstrong, his wife, and her niece Mademoiselle St. Sillery, a spritely young lady, who catches Colonel Pinkney's heart as soon as he forgot the Calais beauty. While on on his journey he is undeceived in a point of "some importance."

"I had hitherto believed France to have been an open country, almost totally without enclosures, except the pales and ditches necessary to distinguish properties. This opinion had been confirmed by the appearances of the road from Calais to Paris. It was now, however, totally done away, as the country on each side of me was as thickly enclosed as any of the most cultivated counties in England. Hereafter, let no traveller assert that France is a country of open fields; three-fourths of the kingdom is enclosed, even to the most minute divisions. The enclosures, indeed, have not the neatness of those of England; the hedges are rough and open, and there are few gates, and no stiles. The French farmers, however, have already begun to adopt much of the English system in the management of their farms. According to the infor-

mation of Mr. Younger, many of the emigrés having returned to France, have given some valuable instructions to the people in these important points; France is accordingly much better cultivated than hitherto."

The following account of Rambouillet is interesting:

"In this conversation, after a long but wearisome journey, we reached Rambouillet. The trunk was again brought from the coach, and a table furnished with knives, spoons, and clean linen—a kind of essentials seldom to be seen in a French inn, and more particularly in such inns as we had reason to expect at some of our stages, in the course of our long tour. A servant had likewise been sent before, so that a tolerable dinner was already in a state of preparation. Being informed, however, that we had an hour still good, Mr. Younger and Mademoiselle St. Sillery insisted upon taking me to see the celebrated chateau in which Francis the First breathed his last.

"Nothing can be more miserable, nothing more calculated to inspire melancholy, than the situation and approach to this immense and most disproportioned building. It is situated in a park, in the midst of woods and waters, and most unaccountably, the very lowest ground in a park of two thousand acres is chosen for its site. The approach to it from the village is by a long avenue, planted on both sides by double and treble rows of lofty trees, the tops of which are so broad and thick as almost to meet each other. This avenue opens into a lawn, in the centre of which is the chateau. It is an heavy and vast structure, entirely of brick, and with turrets, arches, and corners, characteristic of the Gothic order. The property of it belongs at present to the nation, that is to say, it was not amongst the other confiscated estates; something of an Imperial establishment, therefore, is resident in the chateau, consisting of a company of soldiers, with two officers, and a housekeeper. One of the officers had the politeness to become our guide, and to lead us from room

to room, explaining as he went what ever seemed to excite our attention.

"Louis the Fourteenth held his court in this castle for some years; and from respect to his memory, the apartment in which he slept and held his levee, is still retained in the same condition in which it was left by that monarch. This chamber is a room nearly thirty yards in length by eighteen in width, and lofty in proportion: the windows like those of a church. On the further extremity is a raised floor, where stands the royal bed of purple velvet and gold, lined with white satin painted in a very superior style. The colours, both of the painting and the velvet, still remain; and two pieces of coarse linen are shewed as the royal sheets. The counterpane is of red velvet, embroidered, as it were, with white lace, and with a deep gold fringe round the edges: this is likewise lined with white satin, and marked at the corners with a crown and fleur de lys. On each side of the bed are the portraits of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, of Philip the Fourth of Spain, and of his Queen. The portrait of Louis the Fourteenth more peculiarly attracted my attention, having been mentioned by several historians to be the best existing likeness of that celebrated monarch. If Louis resembled his picture, he was much handsomer than he is described to have been by the memoir-writers of his age: his countenance has an air of much haughtiness and self-confidence, but without any mixture of ill humour. The chief peculiarity in his habit was a deep lace ruff, and a doublet of light blue, very nearly resembling the jacket of the English light cavalry. This portrait was taken when the king was in his twenty-eighth year, and therefore is probably a far more correct resemblance than those which were taken at a more advanced period—so true is the assertion of the poet, that old men are all alike.

"Immediately over that line of the

apartment where the raised floor terminates, is a gilded rod extending along the ceiling. When the King held his court at Rambouillet, a curtain only separated his chamber and the levee-room. In the latter room are several portraits of the Peers of France during the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, with those of some Spanish Grandees.

"We visited several other rooms, all of them magnificently furnished, and all the furniture apparently of the same era. The grand saloon appeared to me to be the largest room I had ever seen; the floor is of white marble, as are likewise two ranges of Corinthian pillars on each side of the apartment. Its height, however, is not proportioned to its length, a defect, which, added to its narrowness, gives it the air of a gallery rather than of a banquetting-room.

"We had not time enough to walk over the gardens; but, from a cursory view of them, did not much regret our loss. They appeared spacious enough, but so divided and intersected into plots, borders, narrow and broad walks, terraces, and flower-beds in the shape of stars, as to resemble any thing but what would be called a garden in England and America. This style of gardening was introduced into France by Le Notre, and some centuries must yet pass away before the French gardeners will acquire a more correct taste. What would not English taste have effected with the capabilities of Rambouillet? A park of two thousand acres in front, and a forest of nearly thirty thousand behind—all this, in the hands of Frenchmen, is thrown away; the park is but a meadow, and the forest a neglected wood."

"We are not much surprised that Colonel Murray should be unable to resist the impressions excited by Mademoiselle St. Sillery, for she appears to great advantage in the person of her admirer.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*LINES on seeing in the Papers the Death of Captain (CHARLES RAND, of the 25th Regiment of Native Infantry, and Town Major of Serengapatam who died at Bangalore in September 1808*

By CLIO RICKMAN.

If manhood saw thee flourish as in youth,  
The child of gay, good humour, science,  
truth;

If ripen years, and so thy friends reclaim,  
Gave added lustre to thy worth and fame,  
Then must those friends have had a loss  
severe,

Then must thy death have forc'd the general  
tear;

For when the good and brave are snatch'd  
away,

To those who are left it is a mourning day;  
To friend, relation dear, a day of woe,  
And honour'd is the spot where such re-  
pose:

Blest shade! receive this tribute, 'tis sin-  
cere,

From one who early saw thy worth appear;  
Who reared in boyhood what thy future  
day,

Of great and fair was destined to display;  
Who, while he mourns thy death with  
keener smart,

Feels their sad fate allid by blood and  
heart,

Who fondly hoped some day from India's  
shore

To greet their friend, their relative, once  
more;—

For these my bosom bleed:—the bard was  
wise,

Whom sung this truth,—'TIS THE SURVIVOR  
DIES!

#### THE SPANIARD'S WAR-SONG.

ADVANCE to the combat! brave pa-  
triot, advance!

In the far-beaming terrors of battle ar-  
ray'd;

Hurl the bolts of revenge on the despots of  
France,

Till the debt of your wrongs to oppres-  
sion be paid.

See! Freedom aloft with her aspect sublime,  
Waves the bright avon of justice with  
resolute hand,

And exhorts us to drive from Iberia's fair  
clime

Vile slavery, and Gallia's unprincipled  
band!

Hear the grand exhortation! the mandate  
obey!

For she all our hearts will with courage  
inspire;

Whose temples are crown'd with the splen-  
dor of day,  
Whom Virtue invests with her brightest  
attire.

Let us cleave to our country, our king, and  
our laws,

As the cubs of the lion so foud and so  
bold,

And reflect while we bleed in fair Freedom's  
just cause,

Of our forefather's glory, their triumphs  
of old.

Tho' home's sweet delights to our bosoms  
be dear—

Our flocks and our pastures, our children  
and wives;

Yet the loud voice of honor gives time for  
no tear,

But calls us to battle while hope still  
survives.

Then to arms! in your country resolve not  
to hear

The groans of the captive, the chains of  
the slave,

And Victory! bright Victory! to heroes  
most dear,

The struggle shall crown, and our Li-  
berty save!

WILLIAM TUCKER.

*Tilshead, Wiltshire Downs,  
Sept. 1st, 1809.*

#### QUATORZAINS.

No. I.

*Written in the first volume of Miss ELIZA-  
BETH SMITH'S "Fragments in Prose and  
Verse."*

THE plaintive Muse who strung her sim-  
ple lyre,

At midnight hour, on \*Henry's lowly  
tomb,

When swiftly rushing with appearance  
dire,

The lightnings pierc'd the circumambi-  
ent gloom,

And the loud thunders with portentous  
roll,

Shook the huge pillars of the triple sky,  
Yet once again, with an inspir'd soul,

To Death's cold ear attunes her min-  
istrelsy!

How vain is man, though blest with every  
charm,

To form the taste and captivate the  
heart!

How truly vain is even Learning's art,  
When stretch'd against the inevitable  
dart!

\* H. K. White.



But here together Death and Learning  
 unite,  
 While Heaven look'd down and blest its  
 lovely child.

## No II

AS late I roam'd the tangled grove along,  
 What time the twilight decks the west-  
 ern sky,  
 My thought I heard sweet Philomela's song  
 Burst from the rustling foliage on high  
 Then all was silent as the hour of night,  
 As sudden gloom invol'd the distant scene,  
 A troop of spirits rush'd upon my sight,  
 Winding their progress to the neigh-  
 bouring green.  
 A soft sound thrill'd gently on mine ear,  
 And still it seem'd most exquisitely wild;  
 Then a loud voice triumphantly clear,  
 Exclaim'd above "Behold th' immortal  
 child!"  
 A sudden splendor broke the lofty skies,  
 Where blis't Liza charm'd my wond'ring  
 eyes!

Grafton-street, Sept 1509.

J. G.

*The following Lines, never before published,  
 were written upon a Fan, and presented  
 to a young Lady, by Mr WILKINSON,  
 Surgeon, of Bath, about forty years since.  
 Mr WILKINSON is the Author of a  
 Poem, entitled WISDOM, &c. &c.*

EMBLEM of innocence, all spotless  
 white,  
 How loth the Muse thy purity to stain!  
 But Sylvia sees, and Mira's smiles invite,  
 Ah! who can thus be tempted, and re-  
 strain?

This graceful toy, for ornament and use,  
 At eve y turn attendant on the fun,  
 Shall from my freedom suffer no abuse,  
 Nor wait a breath of rude licentious air.

To fan the fire of love within the breast,  
 And brighten every sweet sensation  
 there,  
 Or teach fond friendship where to build her  
 nest  
 Secure from every danger, every snare—

The touch unhallow'd, and the lip profane,  
 Of him who feels no virtue at his heart,  
 The voice of Flattery, (or the villain's bane)  
 Which boasts of much, yet little can  
 impart;

The magic mind, with wit and learning  
 adorn'd,  
 And every grace by art and nature giv'n,  
 Are meant to bless, or to be bless'd,  
 And counsellors of the brighter grace of  
 benevolence;

The ruder joys that vulgar souls partake  
 In noisy mirth, or dissipating play,  
 Where sense is sacrific'd for folly's sake,  
 And wisdom, like an alien, sent away.

These snare to shame, and mark the hap-  
 pier road

Where love, at tended by the graces,  
 reigns;

Or point the path to Virtue's bright abode,  
 Or calm Contentment's pleasurable plains.

This were a task indeed to reach the goal!  
 And this for ever be the Muse's plea—

To draw in truction from a lock of hair,  
 Or fold up serious caution in a fan

The man who only knows the trifling strain  
 Of mirth, and mimic Love, and empty  
 joy,

May sport and frolic with the female train,  
 And please awhile like every other toy.

But let disreputable Beauty ask his aid,  
 And soft evil Filly woo him to her side,

Let fond Affection hope to be repaid,  
 And lo! at once, the infernal starts aside!

Not all the charms that bounteous Nature  
 grants,

Howe'er accomplish'd, or howe'er refin'd,  
 Are worth your wish, if the charmer wants  
 A sentimental soul, a serious mind

The brightest tints upon the canvas spread  
 I form not the portraits that would seem  
 to breathe;

Even your own pictures would be flat and  
 dead,

Without the sober colouring underneath.  
 If truths like these the young and gay can  
 trace,

And moral duty should chance to  
 please,

My verse this little implement may  
 be,

Better than Indian figures, fruits, or trees.

## THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

## A Song.

BRITONS arise! the voice of glory  
 brings

Illustrious tidings from Iberia's shore!  
 The Gauls are fled! the land with triumph  
 rings—

Their eagles burn their broken wings in  
 gore!

## CHORUS.

Brothers rejoice! your valiant sons have  
 wrought

A mighty deed which braves the Gods  
 decree;

Britons rejoice! your sons have won the  
 fought,

I have won the cause, and ended Roman  
 free!

When Gallia sent her lawless bands afar,  
To trample laws, or make some throne a  
prize,  
By spoil allur'd, the ravenous hounds of  
war,  
On Spain's rich climate fix'd their greedy  
eyes.

Britons rejoice, &c

The guardian genius of Britannia's isle  
Frown'd to behold a kindred nation's woe,  
On Britons call'd to avenge a deed so vile,  
And bade their souls with godlike fury  
glow.

Britons rejoice, &c

Soon as brave Wellesley on the shores of  
Spain  
Arrives, and leads to war his dauntless  
few,  
The Gauls, subdued by Albion's valiant  
train,  
Crown'd with disgrace, their backward  
flight pursue

Britons rejoice, &c

When Gallia's guns shall roar in foreign air,  
And fate once more put us to bright  
chance,  
For victory's sake, may Wellesley's arm be  
there,  
And Albion's lion crush the wolves of  
France'

Britons rejoice, &c.

WILLIAM TUCKER.

*Tilshend, Wiltshire Downs,  
Sept. 1st, 1809*

# LOVE LETTERS to MY WIFE. By JAMES WOODHOUSE. LETTER X.

[Continued from p. 138.]

HERE let one wealthy female form the  
text,  
Whose faithful picture may portray the  
rest,  
When all the plans her procurant head has  
hatch'd,  
And custom's round of calls are all dis-  
patch'd—  
When, haply, in those hours of mock pa-  
rade,  
Full forty visits, punctually paid;  
With equal expedition, hurrying back  
To rouse the sleepy, and wind up the slack,  
Each weary cble individual drive  
To dress and bring my dinner just by five—  
To dine, and then for fashion, now, to dine,  
When worms and pinces put it off till  
nine.  
With rich pomatums oil'd, and powder  
strewn,  
The beautiful grope in squalid clothes half  
seen.

With stately mien, and measur'd step, be-  
fore,  
Stalks slowly on to open her chamber door,  
Then, with a speedier pace, retires below,  
To finish there th' inimitable beau

Now, while her tedious hour de-  
stroy's,

And fawning French friseur his art em-  
ploys  
To comb, to paper, pinch, and friz the  
curls,  
And o'er them clouds of perfum'd powder  
hurls,

She reads romance, or play, or sportive  
rhyme,

Not to redeem, but to beguile, the time.  
Impatient Abigail in budoir waits,  
And next her complicated task completes,  
By exercising all her curls and airs  
To clothe and ornament semining parts,  
And while she warms the shift, or airs the  
suits,

Some narrative invents, or trust betrays,  
To please herself, and mistress to amuse,  
Knowing her hungry eagerness for news—  
Or, whilst thus the knots and sticks the pins,  
Still more to treat, some amorous tale be-  
gins,

Which, if time craves not, fully to recite,  
It helps to occupy an hour or night,  
With favourite furniture to store her head,  
And shut out thoughts of bothering things  
in bed

But if her inauspicious genius fails  
To forge or fabricate some pretty tale,  
Memory imagination lack supplies,  
And mixes up a mass of truth and lies,  
Producing anecdotes, with drawing proof,  
Against each culprit underneath his roof;  
To make suspicion on some rival fall,  
Or general jealousy involving all

Thus with her weak employer's heart  
she plays,

And gratifies her foible various ways,  
Thro' all the time those operations pass;  
Then flies to view herself in flattering glass,  
So to adorn each limb, each look to shape,  
That no male servant's heart can hope to  
escape

The roeking cook meantime her fires re-  
news  
For nameless bakes, and boils, and roasts,  
and steams

At greasy kitchen-girt and scullion bawling,  
Quick for materials, tools, utensils, call—  
More than the surgeon's shop and patient  
seeth,

For bleeding, toasting, leeches, extracting  
teeth—

With dry drops, fell; and fatal, cold drops,  
That crowds apothecaries' poisonous shop;  
With what in a widow's dreadful tale dis-  
play

For torturing life, or taking it away,

But different here's the sociable design,  
When cooks prepare, and gormandizers  
dine—

The leech cuts limbs to exercise hisknives,  
Or mixes simples for curtailing lives,  
The cook to lump their parts and make  
them stronger,  
And lengthen worthless lives a little longer;  
But neither mankind's welfare much en-  
gages  
So they can vend their wares, and get their  
wages

Will epicures affirm what facts deny,  
Who, daily, such delicious feasts enjoy,  
And dwell indulgent on such rich repasts,  
That life's more happy, or much longer  
lasts?

Do they drown sickness, or extirpate pain,  
And give the total balance obvious gain?  
Or do not both their best endeavours cross,  
And make their fancied winnings woful  
loss?

Nor cooks alone, but every man and  
maid,

Now meet employ in this momentous trade  
Steward and butler both must be a part,  
To furnish matter for this mighty art  
Nor can housekeeper idly stand aloof,  
Her clever nicknacks must be put to proof,  
The maid all exercise some useful gift—  
Each footman, porter, coachman, lead a  
lift—

Till time scarce serves to dress out neat and  
clean

To fill their office in the following scene.

An ignorant clown would gape with wild  
surprise,  
To note the bustle and to hear the noise,  
While kitchen, scullery, larder, look as  
strange  
As Bedlam or St. Luke's, at full and change.  
To small and understandings it might seem  
Enchanted vision, or diemonic dream;  
While frantic faces, with confused sound,  
Of clattering instruments, and roars, all  
round,  
With fires, and flames, and heat, and steam,  
must show

To nervous wand'rings, shapes, and shades  
of woe;

Or, with terror, timid minds oblige  
To think the place preparing for a siege,  
And in their phrensy fanning, ere they  
sup,

Such dread combustibles must blow them  
up  
But soon, like any other haunted room,  
The kitchen grows as quiet as a tomb,  
Nor scarcely gleams one feeble spark of fire  
While witchcraft operates strong two sto-  
nes high'r;

While all the imps, and sprites, and spec-  
tres, move

By incantations carried on above  
There all the ghosts that wizard cooks dis-  
play,

In magic circle soon the conjurors lay;  
For while the necromantic weapons think,  
The apparitions in the Red Sea sink—  
Not sent to Aine's desert, while they dine,  
But wholly overwhelm'd in floods of wine.

[To be continued.]

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

WE have been favoured with  
some interesting particulars  
concerning the introduction of the  
growth of madder into this country,  
under the auspices of that laudable  
institution, the society instituted at  
London, A.D. 1754, for the encou-  
ragement of arts, manufactures, and  
commerce. Some imperfect state-  
ments of this having appeared in va-  
rious daily papers and periodical pu-  
blications, we feel particularly glad at  
being enabled to gratify our readers  
by the following genuine account of  
the society's proceedings on that na-  
tional object.

At a general meeting, held 19th  
April, 1800, Nathaniel Crompton, Esq.  
in the chair, a motion was made  
by Mr. Midgley, that it be referred to  
the Committee of Chemistry, to con-  
sider the extract of madder raised by

Mr. W. Salisbury, from seed procured  
at Smyrna, by John Spencer Smith,  
Esq. (chairman of the Committee for  
Colonies and Trade) the extract being  
made by Mr. Hayward, after Sir H.  
Inglesfield's mode.

At a meeting of the Committee for  
Chemistry at the Adelphi, 20th April,  
1800, present, Henry Coxwell, Esq.  
chairman, Messrs. Midgley, Gill, and  
Osorio:

Considered a reference to this com-  
mittee of a letter to the society from  
Mr Salisbury, dated Exmouth, 20th  
April, 1800, stating that he had sent  
two samples of madder extract, mark-  
ed A B, whereof A is from the seed  
presented to the society by John  
Spencer Smith, Esq. and B from  
English roots, both prepared in the  
same manner, by decoction and pre-  
cipitation with alum and vegetable  
alkali; that the seeds A were given to

the botanical garden, Cadogan-place, in April 1808, in a clayish soil; and Mr. Salisbury had the satisfaction to find, from this experiment, that the culture thereof might be pursued with success; that from calculation upon the quantity grown, he supposed the produce, if sown in drills one foot apart, would not fall short of 15 cwt. of roots per acre; that he believes the culture of it upon a more extensive scale would be of service to the British Empire; as, upon comparison, Mr. Smith's madder was found to be infinitely superior, in its colouring quality, to the Dutch madder, and to other species of English growth; that he had reason to believe a still finer colour may be obtained from the madder A, but that he has limited his experiments, in order to increase, as far as possible, his remaining stock of that quality, having found the seed he had left in the spring would not vegetate; that he will hold the roots when propagated at the disposal of the Society, and any of its members are welcome to make experiments thereon; and further, he will, with pleasure, encourage the growth of any seed which may fall into the Society's hands; finally, Mr. Salisbury declared himself convinced of the national utility of botanical institutions.

*Resolved*.—That Mr. Salisbury's experiment on the growth of madder from seeds procured at Smyrna, is likely to prove beneficial to the public.

*Resolved to recommend*.—That thanks be returned by the Society to Mr. Salisbury, for his communication and offer of assistance.

*Resolved to recommend*.—That Mr. Salisbury's communication be referred to the Committee of Correspondence and Papers, for publication in the Transactions of the Society.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

The celebration of the anniversary of his Majesty's birth day was publicly attended. The chair was taken by Benjamin West, Esq. the venerable president, supported by a select and highly respectable company of noblemen, gentlemen, students, and children. After the cloth was clear-

ed, the president gave "The King, our founder and our patron," which was drank with the most enthusiastic applause. After a variety of other toasts, the president's health was proposed to be drank by Caleb Whiteford, Esq. which immediately called up Mr. Flaxman, who begged leave to address the company on this interesting occasion. Our venerable and worthy president, observed Mr. F. has the singular unprecedented fortune of having been one of the greatest supporters to the fine arts, of almost any man, in any age or country; for forty-six years, without a single intermission, he has exhibited in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy of England. Among which were the celebrated pictures of the Death of General Wolfe—Agrippina following the body of her husband—Agrippina bearing the ashes of Germanicus—the Battles of the Boyne and La Hogue—the Return of Regulus to Carthage—and many other equally celebrated pictures. This venerable man, continued he, is not more noted as an artist, and as the father of the British School of Painting, than he is for his inestimable character in private life, as a husband, a father, and a truly pious man; and from his own knowledge of the state of foreign academies, he could safely say, no other than the British Academy could boast such a president. Mr. Flaxman apologised to the company for intruding himself so long on their attention; but observed, he had three reasons, first, as being a member of the Academy, and not a painter—secondly, as a member of the council, and consequently a steward for the day—and thirdly, gratitude, Mr. West having been his first patron in life. Mr. Flaxman was here so overpowered with his feelings he was obliged to conclude. These are truly noble scenes, worthy of the best ages of Greece or Rome, and as such was this interesting scene contemplated by all present. Mr. West returned thanks in a neat and elegant manner, observing, that for nearly half a century had their friendship lasted, Mr. Whiteford being his first acquaintance in London. In reply to Mr. Flaxman, who had complimented him for his patronage, the venerable President

observed, that genius, or extraordinary abilities, always excited his attention, and that the surprising genius of the youthful sculptor, first attracted his notice and as such Mr. Flaxman was indebted only to his own powers. Gentlemen, said he, I have been called the father of the present British school of painting, by my friend opposite (Mr. F) and I certainly must say, never had a father such a promising progeny. I am sure (as I have in another way stated\*) that I know of no people since the Greeks, who have indicated a higher promise to equal them in the refinement of the arts, than the British nation. I was, gentlemen, one of the four artists who presented the plan of the Royal Academy to his present majesty, and truly happy have I been in observing the progress of the fine arts in our country, in defiance of the assertions of foreign writers, that we are placed in too cold a latitude for the refinement of the fine arts, which, I trust, have struck such deep root in Britain, that they never will be eradicated. He concluded with thanking the company for the honour he had just received, and hoped to meet them again that day twelvemonth.

Among other appropriate toasts, were—"The Royal Academy, the Earl of Dartmouth, and the British Institution"—"The Most Noble the Marquis of Stafford"—"Thomas Bernard, Esq. the founder of the British Institution"—"Those gentlemen who, as artists from Ireland and Scotland, had favoured the Academy with their works and company."

The first part of the Artist has made its appearance, and the second is forthcoming. Another number of Academic Annals, for 1805-6, 1807, 1808-9, is also published, and contains the history of the fine arts for these years. Mr. Hayley's Life of Romney the painter, is also published, with engravings, and is likely to excite much interest; it is from a provincial press (Chichester) on which it reflects typographical honour.

\* Letter to the Committee of the Northern Society for promoting the Fine Arts.

#### FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

##### *Substitute for Sugar.*

**M**ONSIEUR Parmentier has published a Memoir on this subject, which begins by stating, that the tract of land, throughout France alone, affected to the cultivation of the grape, or the vine, amounts to about one million eight hundred thousand acres; a production, he adds, which, since the French Revolution, in defiance of all discouragements or prohibitions, on the part of the Government, has annually increased, and occupied, from year to year, a larger proportion of the soil. Such has been the fecundity of late seasons, that the proprietors of vineyards were oppressed under the load of grapes which the earth yielded, and have been actually compelled to abandon, in many districts, the wine produced, from want of casks in which to keep it. Under these circumstances, the notification of a discovery, by which a saccharine matter might be extracted from the grape, which would enable the French people to submit to the renunciation of sugar, in all culinary or common purposes of life, was received with enthusiasm. It electrified all the Southern provinces, in particular those extending from the mouths of the Rhone to that of the Adour, the Tarn, the Dordogne, and the countries at the foot of the Pyrenees. All the Societies of Arts, Academies, Prefects, and Public Bodies, from Marseilles to Narbonne and Perpignan, offered prizes and rewards to encourage the attempts. Every family made a provision of it, during the last vintage, for their own private consumption; and the little town of Bergerac, in the ancient Guienne, the wines of which canton or territory are distinguished for their sweetness, actually fabricated or extracted, above 250,000 pounds weight of this syrup, for sale in the Autumn of 1808. Every pound was valued at half a crown, English money. If such was the effect of the first disclosure of this secret, what may not be expected, says Parmentier, from future efforts and ameliorations, aided as they are, and will be, by all the encouragement and protection of Government? On the last anniversary of Bonaparte's Coronation, a splendid entertainment

was given by one of the municipal public functionaries, in the south of France, where all the pastry, confectionaries, and jellies were made with the syrup, newly extracted; and the guests declared no less their perfect satisfaction at the taste and flavour of these delicacies, than their astonishment at finding that not a particle of sugar had entered into their composition. "The jug of syrup," adds he, "will soon, we trust, supplant the sugar-bason, in coffee, tea, and every infusion of that kind. Already it is adopted in lemonade, as well as in making gingerbread, and every species of pastry."

Nor will its use be limited to these articles. The War Minister, in consequence of a report made to him, by Savarizi, the physician-general to the French armies, who, by order of Napoleon, had undertaken a journey for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of substituting syrup in the place of sugar, in the compounding of

medicines, has commanded it to be introduced into all the hospitals of France and of Italy. Above half the sum, antecedently expended in the purchase of sugar and of honey, annually, for the use of the sick, has been already saved. The physicians and apothecaries attending the hospitals have taken care to second the views of the administration. Various individuals, among the professors of the healing art, have even published reports upon the effects resulting from the prescription of medicines in which the syrup formed an important ingredient; with a view to prove, and to persuade their countrymen, that it is far more beneficial, balsamic, and mucilaginous, than the production of the sugar-cane. In all diseases of the lungs, or of the chest, they affect to give it a decided preference over sugar. Above all, it is pretended that, in the disorder of the whooping-cough, it administers to infants and children immediate relief.

## VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

**M**R. ROBERT HURDIS is engaged in the translation of the sacred Dramas of Klopstock. The first of which, entitled Solomon, will appear in the course of the ensuing month. Mr. Hurdis has also completed his poem of the Peruvians, in ten cantos, which will be published this year.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alfieri*, the celebrated Italian Dramatist, will appear in the course of the present month. They are written by himself, and interspersed with anecdotes of several distinguished modern characters of this country.

A new Romance from the pen of Mrs. Norris, author of "Julia of England," will shortly be published, it is entitled "Euphronia."

An Italian work, with a French translation, for the purpose of facilitating the acquisition of those languages, is in the press. It is entitled "Il Modo di Piacere in Campagna," and consists of conversations on a variety of subjects, expressly written for the instruction of youth of both sexes,

in the art of pleasing in company on their introduction into the world.

The author of the Young Mother, or Albinia, has in the press, "Rosa in London, and other Tales," in four volumes.

A new edition of the Village Curate, and other poems, by the late Rev. James Hurdis, D.D. will appear in the course of this month.

Mr. Bowyer's splendid work on the Abolition of the Slave Trade will be ready for publication the beginning of next month. It will consist of original poems, written by Montgomery, Grahame, and others, expressly for the occasion; accompanied with engravings from pictures by Smirke, and enriched with portraits of Mr. Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Granville Sharpe.

The Rev. Mr. Hampson, of Sunderland, has in the press an octavo volume of Sermons.

A new miniature edition of the Purer Reflections, for every Day in the Month, being a companion to Pious Thoughts concerning the Knowledge and Love of God, already pub-

lished, translated from the French of Feneion, Archbishop of Cambray, will be ready for publication in the course of the month.

Mr. Bagster is printing the *Chronicles* of Robert of Gloucester and Peter Langtoft, with *Glossaries*. He intends them as a specimen of the manner in which he proposes to publish the whole of the works of antiquity, edited by Thomas Hearne.—The above chronicles will be followed by Hearne's other high priced and valuable publications, as fast as particular attention to accuracy, under the care of an able editor, will permit. The number of copies will be limited. Only fifty above the number subscribed for will be printed; and as soon as subscribers for 250 on demy paper and 100 on royal paper are obtained, the works will proceed. Great attention has been paid to the chronicles already in progress, by rendering the style of printing, paper, &c. harmonious with the old editions.

A translation of the Penal Code of China, entitled "Ta Tsing Leu Leu," will shortly appear in an English translation. This body of penal laws, successively promulgated by the Chinese Emperors of the reigning dynasty, which is in full force, must be uncommonly interesting to the statesman, legislator, and philosopher. It is also to contain illustrative notes by the translator, Sir George Staunton.

A new and, for the first time, an entire translation of the life of Apollonius of Tyanea, from the Greek of Philostratus, has been completed for publication, by the Rev. Edward Berwick. Of this curious and interesting work no English translation has been attempted since 1668, when Mr. Charles Bleunt published three only out of the eight books, of which the work is composed.

Mr. Stevenson's *Statistical and Agricultural Survey of Surrey*, is upon the point of publication by the Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Foshrooke's *Dictionary of Antiquities* contains the whole of the curious and valuable matter in the French *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, and the famous *Glossary of Ducange*, besides C. Ceylan, Winkelman, Gough, Strutt, the *Monkish Chronicles*, &c. &c. It illustrates the clas-

sics by the marbles, &c. supplies the superficial accounts of Andrews, Hengry, and other writers by commenting with the classical eras, and the symbols and legends of coins (omitted by Pinkerton) explains the costumes of Greece, Rome, and England in details and plates, as well as houses, temples, statues, arms. The local antiquities contain regular abridgements of Gough's *Camden*, Grose's *Antiquities*, and Tanner's *Notitia*, besides large selections from other writers and travellers, and descends to the minutest Particulars.

A second part of the *Philosophy of Christianity*, by Mr. Pitt, will very shortly appear.

Spence's *Polymetis* will shortly appear in a handsome quarto.

The Rev. Archdeacon Churton is preparing for publication an edition of the works of Dr. Tawson, in two volumes octavo.

Dr. Mavor's great work of *Voyages and Travels*, in twenty-eight volumes, including all works of importance from Columbus to Lord Valentia, will very shortly be ready for publication.

M. Hoffmannsegg is employed upon a splendid work, on the plants of Portugal and Brasil. The author has devoted the sum of forty thousand crowns to the purposes of this publication, each copy of which will cost one hundred guineas. The whole of which, it is said, is nearly provided for by subscriptions. The Emperor of Russia has subscribed for sixteen copies.

Miss Plumptre's *Account of her residence in France*, during the short interval of Peace, is now announced to be sent to press as soon as one hundred copies are subscribed for. This work is in three volumes octavo, and contains particulars of the French Revolution and the Emperor Napoleon, with other objects which have never appeared in print.

Mr. Chalmers' second volume of his *Caledonia* is in a state of considerable forwardness, and will soon appear in print.

The Rev. J. Parsons has undertaken to publish the remaining collection of the *Septuagint*, prepared by Dr. Holmes.

Professor White is printing *Byzantine Orators*, or an expla-

action in words at length of the abbreviations used by that critic in his edition of the New Testament.

A new edition of Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, with notes, by Dr. Mavor, is preparing for the press.

Mr. Clutterbuck is engaged upon a History of Hertfordshire, upon the plan of Chauncey's *Herts*.

#### ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The second public exhibition of paintings in Scotland by artists lately closed. During the short period of six weeks, while the exhibition rooms continued open, nearly five hundred guineas were collected. The society now have it in contemplation to build apartments for the express purpose of exhibiting their works in future.—This institution may afford a powerful stimulus to young artists in this quarter, and the most obscure individual will have an equal chance of public notice with the most celebrated, which in times past has been too little the case; but this exhibition being properly conducted, there can be no doubt of the remedy of this evil.

An instrument maker, named Ben-note, has discovered a process for preparing a mordant for rust; and a kind of paper for polishing wood and alabaster.

*A method of obtaining very elegant and exact Representations of Plants.*—Take the plant of which you wish to obtain a representation, and lay it on some sheets of blossom, or blotting paper, and having properly displayed the leaves and flowers, so as to lie in the most advantageous manner, lay upon more of the same kind of paper upon it, with a large book, or some other convenient weight, in order to press it with a gentle degree of pressure. In this state let it remain two or three days, then remove the upper paper, and see whether the plant be sufficiently firm or stiff to bear removing; when this is the case, smear over every part of the plant with ink, made by dissolving a quantity of Indian ink in warm water; then carefully lay the smeared side on a piece of clean and strong white paper, and covering it with a piece of the blos-

som, or soft paper, press with the hand on every part, and rub it uniformly over: after remaining some time longer, remove it from the paper, and a distinct and beautiful impression will remain, far exceeding, in softness of appearance, (if well conducted) and justness of representation, even the most elaborate and highly finished engraving.—It is only to be lamented that, in this method of figuring plants, some of the minuter characters of the flower must unavoidably be expressed indistinctly: these, however, as well as any other minute parts, which may not have been impressed with sufficient sharpness, may be added with a pencil and Indian ink; sometimes a small press is made use of in this process; and various compositions may also be used, as well as Indian ink, viz. a kind of fine printer's ink, composed of lamp-black, with linseed oil, &c. The figures may occasionally be coloured afterwards, in the manner of engravings. The great merit consists in so happily expressing what botanists term the habit, or true general aspect of the natural plants; a particular in which even the best and most elaborate engravings are found defective.

A patent has been recently obtained by a gentleman of Theobald's Road, for improvements on the stove, so as to prevent accidents from fire. This is effected by means of a guard or wire-screen that draws before the grate; and, when not wanted, is pushed behind it, and entirely concealed. By means of a small lever at the time the screen is pushed back, the bottom of the grate turns upon hinges, and lets out all the fire into an iron drawer, or ash-pit; which, however, shuts so close as to prevent either dust or smoke from rising into the room.—The whole of the apparatus is very simple, and not at all liable to accidents, or to be put out of order: Few new inventions combine so many useful, and indeed important properties as the above: besides which it affords, in general, with other screens, safety to ladies' light dresses, and will prevent the accidents to which children are frequently exposed from playing with the fire when left to themselves.

Mr. Curwen has, by some late agricultural experiments, thrown consi-



derable light on the theory of vegetables. The opening of the land by the plough, he has discovered, is attended with another benefit (hitherto unnoticed) than that of merely allowing the extension of the roots in the soil thus loosened: it promotes, in dry seasons, the evaporation of much moisture from the earth, and thereby creates for the plants a pabulum, which, absorbed by their leaves, renders them in a high degree luxuriant and productive. The mode of depositing manure is made subservient to this discovery, by equally good crops being produced with a less quantity of it.

The difficulty of procuring fibres sufficiently fine and elastic for micro-meters, has induced a gentleman to use the spider's web, which he found so fine, opaque, and elastic, as to answer all the purposes of practical astronomy. But as it is only the stretcher or long line which supports the web that possesses these valuable properties, the difficulty of procuring it has compelled many opticians and practical astronomers to employ the raw fibres of unwrought silk, or, what is still worse, the coarse silver wire manufactured in this country. For these a substitute has been obtained, in a delicate glass fibre, which enables the observer to remove the error of inflection, while it possesses the requisite properties of opacity and elasticity.

The following is given as an infallible cure for the rot in sheep, viz. Take five grains of calomel with two grains of opium, made into a pill.—The sheep should be removed upon dry land, and, whilst taking the pill, should be fed with malt-coom or good hay. If the first dose should be insufficient, it may be repeated, and an additional grain of calomel may be given with safety. But the only effectual preventive is a perfect drainage of the land.

Persons who take pleasure in drawing flowers, &c. would do well, at this particular season of the year, although not botanists, to direct their attention to the various species of *Fungus*, a class hitherto much neglected, especially as some of them are noxious. The short duration of many of them,

and the difficulty of preserving them, renders this the more necessary. If descriptions of these ephemeral productions are added, it will be so much the better. Many valuable additions might be added, through careful attention, even in one season. A garden grass-plot, a shrubbery, or a fir-plantation, might afford many a morning's amusement in the months of September and October, particularly after rain, to those persons who may not possess the enlarged opportunities for searching in woods and other places far distant from home.—N. B. Dr. Smith's volume, which will contain the *Fungi*, and Dr. Hull's last volume (new edit.) of the British Flora, not yet being published, render these investigations so much the more necessary.

#### France.

M. Maltbrun has issued proposals for commencing a work to contain a general Account of the Progress of Geographical Discovery. It will appear periodically, and consist of a selection of the most esteemed contemporary, or late voyages, translated from all the European languages and unpublished accounts of voyages, both by natives of France and foreigners. A subordinate department will contain a bulletin of all new discoveries, researches, or enterprises, which may tend to accelerate the progress of the sciences, particularly of geography. The work will be illustrated by plates.

M. Denis Santi, professor of architecture at Rome, has been invited to Paris by Cardinal Fesch, who is erecting a palace in the Rue du Mont Blanc. This edifice will be embellished with marble columns wrought at Rome, as well as the beautiful statue representing the immaculate conception, which is to be placed in the chapel.

The exhibition of magnificent ruins in cork, called the Philoplastic Cabinet of M. Stamaty, has been open some time at Paris. Nothing is so favourable for representing ruins as cork; its colour and the inequality of its pores heighten the illusion; but it is so difficult to cut, in that delicate manner in which it has been performed,

ed by M. Stamaty, that he has been twenty years executing the representation of about forty edifices, including the great pantheon of Agrippa, now the church of the rotunda at Rome; the tower of Pisa, with eight rows of columns; the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus; that of Constantinople; the Pont du Gard, the Maison Carrée of Nismes, which excite uncommon attention.

#### Germany.

M. Gottlob, B. Robenstein, of the Royal Cabinet of Antiquities at Dresden, has published an imitation of Lippert's Collection of Pastes, the impressions of which are not at all inferior in sharpness and elegance to the originals. It consists of three large folio volumes; the first containing one thousand and five mythological subjects from antique gems: the second, one thousand and ninety-five historical; and the third, one thousand and forty-nine, partly of the one and partly of the other. The Pastes have yellow borders, gilt on the edges. He has likewise copied *Viscontis* collection in sulphur, consisting of one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven casts.

Adelung's great work, the object of which was to give an analytical sketch of all languages, we find will not be suspended by his sudden death. Fortunately, he had time to chuse a worthy assistant to complete his designs, Professor Vater, of Halle, to whom Adelung's heirs have faithfully transmitted his manuscripts. In the first volume of the *Minerva*, which has been published, he gives his opinions respecting the origin of the human race and the cradle of civilization, which he places in Upper Asia; the languages of the east, &c.—The second volume is to embrace all that relates to what he denominates *Celtico-Gallo-Cimbrie*, six sheets of which was printed off before the death of M. Adelung. The third and fourth volumes will contain the languages of America and the South Sea Islands. To supply every deficiency in this part, M. Von Humboldt has generously transmitted to his friend, Professor

Vater, all his manuscripts relative to America.

Professor Bredow, of Helmstadt, is engaged upon a new edition of the Authors known by the Appellation of *Geographi Minores*, of whom there is none but Hudson's English edition extant, and that is very scarce and dear. The new work will contain all that has been published by Hudson, collated with the best manuscripts. Thus the Commentary of Eustathius on Dionysius Perigetes will appear with very numerous corrections. The Periphrastes of Dionysius will be, for the first time, published in a correct manner from the manuscript in the imperial library. M. Bredow further intends to include several geographers not comprised in Hudson's collection; as Dicuilus, Nicophorus, Blemmydas, Gemisthius, Pletho, Palladius, &c. The whole to be accompanied with geographical maps, successively formed of the world from the times of Homer and Moses to the discovery of America.

M. Riem will very soon publish his new system of *Pasigraphy*, or Universal Writing. The only signs which he uses are Arabic figures, and two lines, one perpendicular and the other horizontal.

M. Bernard Starck has recently found in a research, which he caused to be made near Ratisbon, vases, rings, coins, and a tomb, on which are four figures in relieve, with this inscription: *C. J. Donatus Eques*. The coins are chiefly of Antoninus and the Empress Faustina.

#### Italy.

M. Botta, a member of the Legislative Body, already known by his *Flora Medice di Corsu*, has completed, in Italian, the History of the American War. This work, which

form about six octavo volumes, is distinguished for perspicuity, fidelity, and impartiality. It likewise possesses the very rare merit of being written in the purest style, and forcibly reminds the lovers of the Italian language of the beauties of the writers who flourished in the age of Leo X.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

MATTHEW BOULTON, Esq. F. R. S.

**T**HIS gentleman, son of Matthew Boulton, by Christian, daughter of Mr. Peers, of Chester, was born at Birmingham on the 3d September, (O. S.) 1728, and was principally educated at a private Grammar School, kept by the Rev. Mr. Ansted, who officiated at St. John's Chapel, Deritend. He learned drawing under Worledge, and mathematics under Cooper, &c.—He was above the middle stature, and well built; was exceedingly encouraging to modest merit, and fascinating in his manner and conversation.

So early as the year 1745, Mr. Boulton invented and brought to great perfection, the inlaid steel buckles, buttons, watch chains, &c. Great quantities of these were exported to France, from whence they were re-purchased with avidity, by the English, *as the offspring of French ingenuity!*

Mr. Boulton's manufactory at Birmingham being inadequate to his extensive improvements and further experiments, he, in 1762, purchased a lease of the Soho, at Handsworth, in the county of Stafford, distant about two miles; at that time, a barren heath, on the bleak summit of which stood a naked hut, the habitation of of a warrener. These extensive tracts of common were converted by Mr. B. into the present superb manufactory, which was finished in 1765, at the expence of 9000*l.* and in the year 1794, he purchased the fee simple of Soho, and much of the other adjoining lands.

Impelled by an ardent attachment to the arts, and by the patriotic ambition of bringing his favorite Soho to the highest perfection, the ingenious Proprietor soon established a seminary of artists, for drawing and modelling; and men of genius were sought for, and liberally patronized, which shortly led to the successful establishment of an extensive manufactory of ornaments, in what the French call *OR MOUV*; and these ornaments not only found their way into the apartments of his Majesty, but also into those of the nobility and

curious of this kingdom, France, and the greatest part of Europe.

Finding that the mill which he had erected, fell infinitely short, even with the aid of horses, of the force which was necessary for the completion of his vast designs, Mr. B. in 1767, had recourse to that masterpiece of human ingenuity, the Steam Engine. This wonderful machine was yet in its infancy, and did not at first answer the expectations that had been formed of it. In 1769, Mr. James Watt, of Glasgow, obtained a patent for a prodigious improvement in the Steam Engine. This induced Mr. B. to form connections with Mr. Watt, and invited him to settle at Soho, to which the latter consented. In 1775, Parliament granted a prolongation of the patent for 25 years, and Messrs. Boulton and Watt entering into a partnership, established a very extensive manufactory of those engines at Soho, whence most of the great mines and manufactories in England continue to be supplied, and they are now applied in almost every mechanical purpose where great power is requisite.

Amongst the various applications of the Steam Engine, that of coining seems to be of considerable importance, as by its powers, all the operations are concentrated on the same spot. It works a number of coining machines with greater rapidity and exactness, by a few boys from 12 to 14 years of age, than could be done by a great number of strong men, without endangering their fingers, as the machine itself lays the blanks upon the dye perfectly concentric with it, and, when struck, displaces one piece and replaces another.

The coining-mill, which was erected in 1788, and has since been greatly improved, is adapted to work eight machines, and each is capable of striking from 60 to 100 pieces of money per minute, the size of a guinea, which is equal to between 36,000 and 40,000 per hour, and at the same blow, which strikes the face and reverse, the edge of the piece is also struck, either plain or with an inscription.

"The whole of this expensive and magnificent apparatus, (says Dr. Darwin) moves with such superior excellence and cheapness of workmanship, as well as with works of such powerful machinery, as must totally prevent clandestine imitations, and in consequence save many lives from the hands of the executioner; a circumstance worthy the attention of a great Minister. If a civic crown was given in Rome for preserving the life of one citizen, Mr. Boulton should be covered with a garland of oak."

About the year 1773, the ingenious art of copying pictures in oil colours, by a mechanical process was invented at Soho; and under the patronage of the above Proprietor, was brought to such a degree of perfection, as to be taken for originals by the most experienced connoisseurs. This art was brought to perfection under the management of the late ingenious Mr. F. Eginton, who was no less celebrated for his paintings on glass.

In 1788, Mr. Boulton struck a piece of gold, the size of a guinea, as a pattern, the letters of which were indented instead of a relief; and the head and other devices, although in relief, were protected from wear by a flat border, and from the perfect rotundity of shape, &c. with the aid of a steel gauge, it may, with great ease and certainty, by ascertaining its specific gravity, be distinguished from any base metal.

Previous to Mr. Boulton's engagement to supply government with copper pence, in order to bring his apparatus to perfection, he exercised it in coining silver money for Sierra Leone, and the African Company; and copper for the East-India Company and Bermuda.

Various beautiful medals, of superior workmanship to any of the modern money of this country, of our celebrated naval and other officers have, from time to time, been struck here by Mr. Boulton, for the purpose of employing and encouraging ingenious artists, to revive that branch of sculpture.

Since the demise of the late Empress Catherine, Mr. Boulton presented her successor, the late Emperor Paul I. with some of the curious articles of his manufactory, and in

return received a polite letter of thanks and approbation, together with a splendid collection of medals, minerals, from Siberia, and specimens of all the modern money of Russia. Among the medals, which, for elegance of design and beauty of execution, have never yet been equalled in this or any other country, is a massy one of gold, impressed with a striking likeness, it is said, of that monarch. Our readers will be surprised, when they are told, that this unrivalled piece was struck from a die engraved by the present Empress Dowager, who has from her youth taken great delight in the art of engraving on steel.

With a view of still further improving and facilitating the manufactory of steam engines, Messrs. Boulton and Watt have lately, in conjunction with their sons, established a foundry at Smethwick, a short distance from Soho. Here that powerful agent is employed, as it were, to multiply itself, and its various parts are fabricated and adapted together with the same regularity, neatness, and expedition, which distinguish all the operations of their manufactory. Those engines are afterwards distributed to all parts of the kingdom by the Birmingham canal, which communicates with a wet dock belonging to the foundry.

In a national view, Mr. Boulton's undertakings are highly valuable and important. By collecting around him artists of various descriptions, rival talents have been called forth; and, by successive competition, have been multiplied to an extent highly beneficial to the public. A barren heath has been covered with plenty and population; and these works, which in their infancy were little known and attended to, now cover several acres, give employment to many more than 600 persons, and are indubitably the first of their kind in Europe.

Mr. Boulton was not only a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, but likewise of that which bears the Imperial Title of the Free and Economical at St. Petersburg, and many other Foreign Institutions of the highest celebrity in Europe.

For a long time previous to his decease, he had been confined to his

room by illness, and his dissolution mourning and scarfs; the hearse and daily expected. His memory will ever remain dear to the British nation, whose glory was advanced in proportion to his own fame. While we commemorate those great men, who have sought their country's honour in the fields of war, we ought not to omit paying a just tribute of applause to those who have promoted arts, industry, and commerce, and diffused plenty and comfort through the realm, by cultivating science, and applying it to the useful arts of peace.

The funeral of this distinguished man, took place, with appropriate solemnity, at Handsworth, about three quarters of a mile from Soho. A hearse and nine mourning coaches attended, but the coffin was carried by three sets of bearers, by hand, in

coaches, and numberless carriages of the deceased's friends followed. Eighteen singers, in cloaks, preceded, singing appropriate psalms the whole way. All the beadles of Birmingham rode on horseback, and kept the way open. The corpse was followed to the grave by 600 workmen of the manufactory of Soho, who had each a silver medal presented to him, struck for the occasion, they wore hat-bands and gloves, and some mourning. The town was emptied of its principal inhabitants. The workmen were provided, after the funeral, with a dinner at Handsworth, and allowed to regale themselves for two hours. The expence of the funeral is calculated at 2000*l*.

## THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

**AUGUST 28**—This evening a new comic opera, under the title of *Safe and Sound*, was brought out at this theatre—The scene is in the Prussian state, and the plot has its foundation in the celebrated law of the Great Frederick against duelling. Two young officers, *Lindor* and *Albert*, intimate friends, quarrel, fight, and the latter, who falls, is supposed to be dead. *Lindor*, flying to escape the punishment of the law, gets into the garden of *Baron Belmont*, whom he soon learns is the father of his opponent. He contrives a story to account for his appearance there, and as his person is unknown, passes under the name of *Steinback*. *Albert*, who, it at last appears, has recovered from his wounds, returns to the house of his father, and the friends are reconciled. After some escapes from the soldiers, who are pursuing them, the duellists are taken, and about to be carried off. The audience are, however, quickly relieved from all anxiety for the fate of the two heroes. A pardon arrives, it is difficult to tell why, except that it comes in very conveniently to put an end to this scene of distress and the piece. *Lindor* is united to *Annette*, the sister of his friend, and *Albert* has a fair one in his father's

house, anxiously waiting his return; and thus they go off in the usual manner in pairs.

This piece is said to be from the pen of Mr. Theodore Hooke, but it is much inferior to the other productions of that gentleman. It bears in some respects the marks of a foreign origin, and is perhaps a version from the French, hastily adapted to our stage. The plot is simple; but it is not conducted with much regard to probability. *Lindor*, in getting over the wall, meets a servant, who at first takes him for a robber: but in a few minutes this servant, without any apparent motive, and even without any solicitation, introduces the intruder to his master's daughter, and another lady, and advises him to make love to them. The ladies on their part are as susceptible of the *tender passion*, as if they had been born in a circulating library, and *Lindor* finds that the trifling circumstance of leaping a wall, or even dropping from the clouds, could be no obstacle in his way to the heart of *Annette*. The dialogue is pretty well written, and occasionally displays humour, though some of the jokes are old acquaintance, introduced under very slender disguises. The love sentiments too are as extravagant as the plot. But notwithstanding these defects, the piece is, upon

the whole, pleasing. The music is sweet, but, we believe, not all new. It has, however, been selected and adapted with taste and judgment. Many of the airs sung by Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Horn, were encored. The overture too is very beautiful.

The acting also deserves much praise. *Baron Bellmont* by Mr. Downton, his old steward by Penson, were performed in a way highly advantageous to the piece. Mrs. Orger, Oxberry, and all the other performers did their best. The audience in general seemed much gratified, and the announcement of the next performance was received by a great majority with strong marks of approbation. The house was quite full.

#### ▶ COVENT-GARDEN NEW THEATRE.

At length, after patiently suffering for several years the successive extortions of human meal-worms, maw-worms, and monopolists of every description, in their depredations upon the meat, drink, cloth, &c. used by John Bull; John has shewn that the susceptibility which used to reside in his belly, has been transferred to his diversions, in which he will not tamely submit to any abridgement whatever. In vain has the magnificent exterior of the New Theatre lately burst upon the astonished optics of the gazing multitude. Attic taste and modern elegance have in vain united to divert John's attention from other designs concealed under this magnificent exterior. The sculpture upon the Bow-street front, which at first was all that could be wished, represents the *Ancient Drama*, viz.

In the centre, three Greek poets are sitting; the two looking towards the portico, are Aristophanes, representing the Old Comedy, and (nearest to the spectator) Menander, representing the New Comedy. Before them *Thalia* presents herself with her crook and comic mask, as the object of their imitation. She is followed by *Polyhymnia* playing on the greater lyre, *Euterpe* on the lesser lyre, *Clio* with the long pipes, and *Terpsichore*, the Muse of Action or Pantomime. These are succeeded by three Nymphs, crowned with the leaves of the fir-pine,

and in succinct tunics, representing the hours or seasons, governing and attending the winged horse *Pegasus*.

The third sitting figure in the centre, looking from the portico, is *Æschylus*, the father of Tragedy. He holds a scroll open on his knee: his attention is fixed on *Wisdom*, or *Minerva*, seated opposite to the poet. She is distinguished by her helmet and shield. Between *Æschylus* and *Minerva*, *Bacchus* stands leaning on his fawn, because the Greeks represented Tragedies in honour of *Bacchus*. Behind *Minerva* stands *Melpomene*, or Tragedy, holding a sword and mask; then follow two *Furies*, with snakes and torches, pursuing *Orestes*, who stretches his hands to supplicate *Apollo* for protection.—*Apollo* is represented in the quadriga, or four hoised chariot of the sun. The last described figures relate to part of *Æschylus's* Tragedy of *Orestes*.

*The Modern Drama*.—In the centre, (looking from the portico) *Shakspeare* is sitting; the Comic and Tragic Masks, with the lyre, are about his seat; his right hand is raised, expressive of calling up the following characters in the *Tempest*:—First, *Caliban*, laden with wood; next *Ferdinand*, sheathing his sword; then *Miranda*, entreating *Prospero* in behalf of her lover; they are led on by *Ariel* above, playing on a lyre. This part of the composition is terminated by *Hecate* (the three-formed Goddess) in her car, drawn by oxen, descending. She is attended by *Lady Macbeth* with the daggers in her hands, followed by *Macbeth* turning in horror from the body of *Duncan* behind him.

In the centre, looking towards the portico, is *Milton*, seated, contemplating *Urania*, according to his own description in the *Paradise Lost*. *Urania* is seated, facing him above; at his feet is *Sampson Agonistes* chained. The remaining figures represent the *Masque of Comus*; the two brothers drive out three *Bacchanals*, with their staggering leader *Comus*. The *Enchanted Lady* is seated in the chair, and the series is ended by two tigers, representing the transformation of *Comus's* devotees.

Two niches in the wings are occupied by statues representing Tragedy and Comedy: the former in the nich

nearest to Russell-street hold the tragic mask and dagger: the latter holds the shepherd's crook or pedum, and occupies the nich in the northern extremity of the building next to Long Acre. On the first view of the exterior of the new theatre, from Bow-street, the massy pillars of the portico strikes the eye, as out of proportion to the capital they support. This must arise from the nearness of position you stand in to view them, the architect, doubtless, having taken care to observe the due scale between them and the main body. The emblematic sculpture on each side the portico being finished, afford an agreeable novelty to the spectators, and a fine specimen of the art. If the relief had been greater, that is, the figures more prominent, the effect would have been more satisfactory: that they are in *basso*, not *alto rilievo*, the most uninformed admirer need not be told. But, generally speaking, if we were pleased with the *coup d'œil* of the exterior of this vast theatre, we were more pleased, and equally surprised, with the inside view of it. The stage is finished, and in a style which does the greatest credit to Mr. Saul. It surpasses the old one in space. By means of slides, it can be opened at any part, to admit of sinking the scenes, or for the traps. About ten feet below this is another stage, where the machinery is placed for the working of traps and the wings. Under both these stages is a cellar, sufficiently deep to allow a scene, the whole height of the stage, to be sunk down. Above are two tiers of commodious flies, where the machinery for raising the drop-scenes and borders are placed; and so complete and simple is all this machinery, that a scene the whole extent of the stage will, by the magic touch of Mr. Harlequin's bat, disappear in a moment, either by sinking, rising, or going off at the side. Unfortunately a mixture of meanness in the managers has spoiled all the magnificence of the architect and the ingenuity of the artist. The galleries divided into unnecessary compartments, are so small, and so ill adapted for an advantageous view of the stage, as to merit the name of *pigeon-holes*, which has been given to them by the audience. Boxes or slips, raised almost to an equal elevation, are gene-

rally disliked; and the whole design seems to shew an intention in a great measure of doing away the galleries altogether, and forcing the audience into other parts of the house, in which the prices have been openly and avowedly raised.

But to return to the interior of this theatre: the fronts of the boxes are painted of a dove colour ground, with different gold Etruscan borders, of the breadth of the whole pannel, running round each tier. The different tiers are supported by gold pillars, from the top of each of which runs a gilt iron basket, suspending a superb glass and gold chandelier for wax candles. The backs of the boxes are pink, and the doors solid mahogany. The prevailing colour of the theatre is therefore pink, excepting in the tier of private boxes, where the slanting sides of each box, which hinder the back of it from being seen, are of the dove colour.

The ceiling of the theatre is painted to imitate a dome. The proscenium of the stage is a large arch, from the top of which hang red curtains, festooned in the Grecian style, and ornamented with a black Grecian border and gold fringe; on each of these festoons is painted a gold wreath, in the centre of one of which is written in gold letters the motto of the stage, "*Veluti in Speculum*;" The proscenium is supported by pillars, painted to imitate yellow stained marble, of which colour are the sides of the pit; and the stage doors are white and gold. The drop is peculiarly grand. It represents a temple dedicated to Shakspeare, in the back of which is seen his statue, from Westminster Abbey, supported by Tragedy and Comedy; and between pillars on each side are statues of Æschylus, Plautus, Lope de Vega, Ben Johnson, Moliere, &c. &c.

On the evening of Monday, September 18, the managers first learned that their calculations about raising the prices had been made upon a fallacious ground. *Macbeth* was the piece announced; and the audience having being gratified with the favourite tunes of *God save the King*, and *Rule Britannia*, the curtain was drawn up with the loudest reiterated marks of applause, and Mr. Kemble came forward to speak the address,

which was very tame: then began the expression of the dislike which a considerable party had taken to the advance of the admission prices; viz. boxes from 6s. to 7s. pit 3s. 6d. to 4s. and so loud and vehement was the displeasure, that not one syllable of the address could be heard. The play of *Macbeth* and after-piece of *The Quaker* followed, but the uproar continued with such unceasing violence, that throughout the whole evening not a single sentence could be caught by any person in the house. The rage of the party seemed directed principally against Mr. Kemble; but not even Mrs. Siddons, with all her impassioned representation of *Lady Macbeth*, could procure a moment's intermission of the clamour. The cry generally was, *No imposition—No extortion—No foreigners—No Catalani*. No other violence was offered, but many persons continued to a late hour after the performance, vociferating for the manager. Two or three magistrates appeared on the stage with apparently the *Riot Act* in their hands, but they were disregarded. The manager, however, never appeared. The overflow was prodigious; before six o'clock every avenue was blocked up. There were but very few females in any part of the house.

On Tuesday evening the *Beggar's Opera* was intended to have been represented, but like the *Tragedy of Macbeth* on the preceding night, it was a mere piece of mummery. From the rising of the curtain till the conclusion of the whole performance, which was over by ten o'clock, there was one incessant clamour. When the curtain was let down, the call for the manager was extremely loud, but nobody appeared. Printed papers with the words "*Old Prices*" were affixed on the front of the boxes, and held up in the pit, but no notice was taken of them. At length there was a cry of "*Get on the stage*," on which a posse of Bow-street officers appeared, and the stage traps were let down: these proceedings deterred the audience from venturing on that part of the theatre. A gentleman of the name of Leigh, an attorney, then addressed the audience from the boxes, and urged them to persevere in the temperate opposition they had begun, and

he would insure them success. This was received with great applause. The people not dispersing, the constables at length began to attempt to clear the pit and galleries, to which considerable opposition was made, and several persons were taken into custody. It was half-past twelve before the house was emptied.

*Richard the Third* was on Wednesday night as completely spoiled as either of the preceding performances. Printed papers were exalted in several places, with "*Old Prices—Resist the imposition every night until abated—No Catalani—Native talents*." In addition to all the noises that had before been made, somebody blew a post-boy's horn. A little before the conclusion of the performances, Mr. Kemble appeared, and begged to know what was wanted?—"What affectation!" exclaimed several, and the shouting prevented his being further heard. When the performances were finished, many of the audience kept their seats as on the former night, Mr. Leigh again addressed them. He began by exhorting the audience to persevere in the same line of conduct they had hitherto done, and assured them whilst they did so they were not amenable to the law. They were perfectly justified in expressing their disapprobation of any performance, or on account of the advanced prices of the boxes and pit; but he advised them by all means not to give the officers in waiting a handle to ill use them. He had, himself, witnessed several acts of outrage committed that evening by officers and persons sent into the house by the manager. He had particularly marked the foreman of the workmen employed about the theatre, who had conducted himself with the greatest impropriety. He knew, too, that some hundreds of orders had been distributed, in order to procure a full attendance of the friends to the imposition. Mr. Leigh also adverted to a circumstance which happened at the doors of the theatre; the door-keepers were charged to refuse money, and admit orders in preference; but what seemed to him most surprising was, that Mr. Kemble should express his ignorance of what they had to complain of. Their grievances, he said, were not confined



to the advance of prices. He hoped that the British stage would never be suffered to be contaminated with Italian depravity and French duplicity. (*Thunders of applause.*) He conjured the public to be firm, and promised to meet them on the following evening.

Mr. Smith, a barrister, next addressed the audience from the opposite boxes. He said, that Mr. Kemble had professed his ignorance of their complaints; he therefore proposed that Mr. Kemble should be required to attend for the purpose of hearing them, provided the audience would promise to listen patiently to him. This was agreed to, and in less than five minutes Mr. Kemble appeared on the stage, and spoke as follows:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—With great respect I wait your demands.”—(Here was a cry of “You know them!” and Mr. Leigh added, “I will tell you in three words—the old prices.”)—Mr. Kemble then proceeded—

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I have at last comprehended that the cause of your displeasure consists in the small advance of price on the boxes and pit.—(cries of *Yes, Yes.*)—Ladies and Gentlemen, in the reign of Queen Anne the price of admission to the pit was three shillings. One hundred years ago the galleries, Ladies and Gentlemen, were at the same prices as at present. Really I throw myself entirely on your generosity and liberality. For the last ten years the proprietors have not received more than six per cent. for their capital, which is certainly very trifling, considering the great hazard of the property. The proprietors have laid out 150,000*l.* in building a theatre which should be worthy of a British public, and in making it the finest theatre in Europe; besides which, the enormous expense of dresses, &c. and the getting up (as we phrase it) of plays, in a style that shall be worthy of you, is beyond comprehension. The expenses of dresses and scenery have, within these few years, doubled, tripled, quadrupled; and, indeed, there are other expenses, to numerous to mention, and with which I am in fact unacquainted. (*A laugh.*) Suffer me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to speak a few words in reply to a gentleman, who

observed *the other night*, that not one farthing of the advance would ever find its way into the pockets of the performers. Now, in truth, I state to you, (and I am sure that no one will doubt of my speaking the truth before you) that at the last raising of the prices, the performers were also benefited; and I am sure, all the performers are ready to come forward to testify it. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have only to say, that I fully rely on your liberality; and that on mature deliberation, you will not see any thing unreasonable in the proposed regulation of the prices.”

The speech was interrupted, and received with a return of the audience's vehement disapprobation; and they did not leave the house till they had encouraged each other with three cheers, and promised to persevere. The house was nearly empty at a quarter before eleven.

On Thursday night *Love in a Village* was given out; but after *God save the King* had been called for and sung by the band, the whole performance was interrupted by a scene of disorder and confusion similar to the preceding nights, with the addition of bells, rattles, horns, and trumpets; and a variety of new placards were exhibited in different parts of the house. Mr. Kemble again came forward, and attempted to repeat his unsatisfactory speech of the night before; but he was obliged to leave the stage. Mr. Leigh and several gentlemen in the opposition addressed the house and were patiently heard. The audience departed about eleven o'clock.

Friday—*John Bull* was the play announced; and if judgment was to be passed by the bellowing, and horns it was certainly most energetically played by the performers in the boxes, pit, and galleries. The vocal music, previous to drawing up the curtain, and indeed throughout the evening, was not so great as on former occasions, but this absence of the human voice divine was most amply compensated by the great and increased variety of instrumental performers. The horns, rattles, catcalls, &c. were more abundant than ever, and were plied incessantly during the time the actors were on the stage. One person in the

pit produced an octave fife, which he sounded so sharply, that all the bass in the orchestra could not drown his notes, while *God save the King, Rule Britannia*, and *Hearts of Oak*, alternately employed his powers. In these tunes, many of the audience fervently joined, and although the cadences were not *fine*, they were decidedly *full enough*.

The play proceeded with unexampled rapidity, and, while "huge uproar *lorded it wide*," in the middle of the second act, Mr. Kemble made his appearance. He was greeted with mingled acclamations of encouragement, and hootings, and reviling. It was long before silence could be obtained, and the fits of stillness were of very short duration, and liable to be interrupted every instant from the most casual occasions. Mr. Kemble was dressed as before, in black, and, while on the stage, exhibited a considerable degree of agitation. He spoke to the following effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I have a proposal to submit to you, if I may have the honour to have it heard, which I am in hopes will effectually contribute to the restoration of the public tranquillity. Ladies and Gentlemen—the proprietors are willing to submit their accounts and books (*no! no! hear! hear!*) to the inspection of a committee of gentlemen of unimpeachable impartiality and honour, proposed by the public, who, from their rank and characters, must be acknowledged to be above all suspicion. (*Hear! hear!*) To convince the whole world, and shew the state of their affairs, the proprietors are anxious that they should be submitted, for instance, (if he could be prevailed on kindly to undertake the trouble of

investigating their accounts) to the Governor of the Bank of England. (*A partial cry of no! no!*) Ladies and Gentlemen—I only ask, what I am sure you won't deny me—*Impartial Justice*. (*Universal applause, interrupted by sounding a horn, at which great indignation was expressed.*) Let the Attorney-General of England—This was answered with disapprobation—"None of your law officers, Black Jack. The Governor of the Bank of England, &c.". The placards of the night were more numerous than ever, and some of them extremely large and long.

Saturday.—The *Woodman and Raising the Wind* was attempted, when as usual, cat-calls, rattles, &c. struck up at the beginning of the play, and continued in full chorus nearly the evening. Among the placards struck up was, the exhibition of a coffin with cross bones, &c. and the words, "Here lies the body of New Prices, an ugly child, and base born, who died of the whooping-cough, on the 23d of September, 1809, aged six days." Mr. Kemble at length informed the audience, that a committee of gentlemen should be appointed to inspect the state of the concern, and decide whether the old or new prices were the most fit and reasonable; and that, until the report of these gentlemen could be obtained, the house should be closed: he also stated that Madam Catalani had relinquished her engagement with Mr. Harris. The interruptions to Mr. Kemble's speech were frequent and loud, and he retired amidst a contending storm of applause and disapprobation.—The placards of this evening were still more numerous than the preceding, some of which displayed considerable ingenuity.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent "R. H." complains that his communications have been copied into the *Globe* newspaper, without any acknowledgement on the part of the editor from what work he took them. The injury, if any, is done to us; for while our correspondent's honours are multiplied, we are robbed of the merit of having introduced the subject of those honours to public notice. We should be glad, however, to see such mean practices abandoned.

Our friend "R. T." writes a doleful phillippic against *stinking breath*. We pity his sufferings, but know not how to relieve them.

"William Tucker" has our best wishes, and we hope his muse is more propitious, now that he is in the enjoyment of the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

"J. G." confidential communication shall be treated with strict secrecy. Several of his favours have yet to appear.

Numerous communications are deferred for want of room.

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

*Parturiant montes!*

THE grandest expedition that has ever been sent from the ports of England, has returned home again; and the news it brings with it must make every English heart ready to burst with sorrow and indignation. We have alluded sufficiently often to the profligacy of some of our public papers: and it might have been expected that those, which had endeavoured to raise the expectation of the public to the highest pitch, would have been the first to feel for the disgrace of the nation. But no! they are base enough, if an individual should discover any warmth on the subject of the corruptions of the country, to endeavour, by all means in their power, to ruin him in the nation's esteem. But should the nation be ruined, either by evil councils, or by timid wavering or cowardly execution, they would rather screen the culprits, than endeavour to bring them to justice.

The expedition has been attended with the most melancholy circumstances. We could join in the laughter at its folly,—at the partings of Lord Castlereagh and Alderman Curtis,—at the feasts of the turtle-loving Falstaff,—if the groans from our military hospitals did not destroy every inclination to merriment. We are the laughter and scorn of our enemies. We have put forth all our strength, and what have we effected? We have taken two islands, garrisoned by not a tenth part of the number of assailants:—we have demolished a town, which we might have taken with scarcely any effort.—we have frittered away our time on these two islands; have quitted one entirely, and it is supposed that if we do not speedily decamp from the other, we shall be overpowered by the enemy. The French, indeed, mean to leave us in possession of the place, during the unhealthy season; but, as soon as the cold weather sets in, they will attack the troops, weakened with sickness, and restore the island to its former master.

The Earl of Chatham was the commander of this ill fated expedition;

the brother of Mr. Pitt, the tax-monger, and, we regret to say it, the son of Pitt, the statesman. That the brother of Pitt, the tax-monger, should have acted in this manner, excites in us no surprise: he has been in the field as great as the tax-monger in the cabinet. The two brothers have expended more of English money, to no purpose, than any pair of ministers and commanders in the annals of our history. How would the immortal Chatham have felt upon this occasion! What would he have said to a son, returning to town without a single voice being raised to congratulate his arrival?—He would indignantly have turned away, and the recollection of a Wolfe must have overpowered his feelings.

It is appointed, by nature, that great minds, with small powers, will produce great effects; whilst little minds, with the greatest powers, will only betray the more their insignificance.—Nothing can be said on this expedition to palliate the conduct of those who planned, or those who superintended its execution. The navy and the army were ready to perform every duty. To the army, indeed, little opportunity was offered for distinguishing itself. All that was done was done by the navy and the artillery; and we need not say that the former acted with the utmost skill, promptitude, and bravery. The latter was served with that judgment which marks this excellent corps: a corps, whose officers are not parade gentlemen, but men who know their duties, and study to perform them with diligence and propriety.

With such a force what might not have been effected?—As to the object of the undertaking, the destroying of the French navy in the Scheldt, we have not the least doubt that if it had been left entirely to our ships of war, they would have performed the task with eagerness and facility. As it is, our navy is not involved in any of the disgrace. Our admirals did not form a part of the military council which gave up the undertaking. The Earl of Chatham and his lieutenant-generals must answer to the country for this part

of the expedition; and we cannot fix culpability on them, till we know on what data their opinion was founded. The time may have been so frittered away, that a force was collected on both sides the Scheldt too strong to be attacked by our army, probably at that time too much enfeebled with sickness. Yet why was such a force permitted to be collected? The planners of the expedition had opportunities of knowing the strength of the Netherlands; but in this the lieutenant-generals will say, that they had no concern; they could answer only for the precise point of time when the Earl of Chatham consulted them; and then they were unanimous that they could not stir a step farther. We lament only that the matter was necessarily referred to such a council.—we wish that the question had been decided by the admirals and captains of the fleet.

But what was the present Earl of Chatham about during his residence in Beveland? How came it that he could not stir from Beveland long before he called this council? What prevented him from making the attack immediately after his landing on this island? This question ought to be decided by a military enquiry. It cannot be doubted that he had sufficient instructions before he went; and, if the plan failed through his mismanagement, his employers are interested in making it known to the public.

The Earl of Chatham, however, may not have been culpable. He may have been active and energetic.—rising at the dawn of day to prepare his troops for action, retiring late to a few hours of disturbed repose; contenting himself with the commonest fare; every moment on the alert, to take every advantage.—if we grant all this, which however is rather difficult, since it does not appear that he ever was within sight or hearing of the enemy, what becomes of his employers? Where was their skill in forming the plan; their sagacity in providing every thing for its execution?—The guilt must be shared between them and Lord Chatham, or lay exclusively on the shoulders of one or other of these parties. Let it fall where it will, it becomes the nation

that a notable example shall be made; or our army will continue to exhibit the miserable scenes of the Helder, Buénos Ayres, and the Scheldt.

It is no wonder that, after such a transaction, we should have heard of squabbles in the cabinet, and that some of the ministers have been exasperated against each other beyond the usual bounds of public men's resentment. But a pistol ball is a small satisfaction to a nation; and we do not wish ministers to take into their own hands what would better be performed by the justice of the country. The expedition to Holland is not the only thing to create among them a spirit of discord; and the news from Spain is supposed to have imparted no small degree of acrimony. We closed our last with a supposed triumph at Talavera; and it was natural to expect, after the triumphant details in the Gazette, and the firing of the park and tower gun, that the next dispatches would inform us of the advance of the combined army, and the retreat of the Gallo-Spanish King to the north of the Ebro.

But no such news arrived.—The battle of Talavera was productive of one event, which will stamp it for ever in the annals of our peerage, whilst the unennobled will never think of the title but with scorn and contempt, though the wearer of it is a man of distinguished courage and acknowledged talents. The Wellesley, who commanded the British troops on the plains of Talavera, has been made a peer upon the occasion, receiving the title of Viscount from that ill-fated city. He is now Lord Viscount Wellington of Talavera. The title was conferred upon him as soon as possible after the arrival of his first dispatch; and his next dispatches shewed with what propriety it was conferred. We have seen a British admiral, after having defeated the enemy, and taken two of his ships, degraded for not pursuing farther the advantages of his victory. A general is made a Viscount for repelling the enemy one day: but he had no signs of victory to shew, and the event proved what little claims he had to the rewards of distinguished merit.

Whilst England was congratulating herself on the bravery of the troops,

and conceiving, from the marks of honour conferred on the commander, that the ministers had sufficient grounds for their conduct, the fatal truth broke out by degrees, and, at last, the letters of the new-made Lord Talavera completely undeceived the nation. Not a step did he advance beyond the field of battle; and, what was worse, he made a most precipitate and hasty flight, leaving behind him the sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy. It was natural that he should complain of one cause or the other, of any thing, in short, but his own imprudence and indiscretion.—He had before him the example of the unfortunate General Moore; and it was his own fault that he had not taken due care for the provisioning of the army. He knew also the strength of the French in Spain, and what troops he had to oppose them. What then shall be said for him, if he marches into an enemy's country, and, at the moment that he is attacked in front, is ignorant of an army in his rear? We must presume on this ignorance, or he would not in his dispatches of victory have been totally silent on that head: he would not have left us to conclude that he was a conqueror, at the moment that he knew that he was running out of the kingdom that he came to deliver.

This, however, was the case. The combined army had scarcely recovered from the fatigue of the battle of Talavera, when news came that Marshal Soult was at Placencia, and that the Gallo-Spanish King was returning in great force to take them in front, whilst the Marshal attacked them in the rear. There was no time for much deliberation: but difficulties it seems occurred between the Spanish and British general on the troops which were to make the first retrograde movement; that is, not to run away, but to go to the attack of the Marshal. The British troops quitted the ground first, and got safely to the other side

the Tagus: the Spaniards did not approve of being left behind, and they marched in haste to join their beloved companions. They were not, however, so fortunate: the French came up with their rear, slaughtered a great many, made a great number of prisoners, and took a considerable

quantity of baggage and ammunition.

The French had now possession of all the north of the Tagus, and almost all the country to Madrid. Yet we had, on that ground, an English hero, whose name for the first time has been mentioned in the Gazette in the history of this campaign, and yet who has signalised himself more than any other commander. Lord Talavera tells us, in plain terms, that he was defeated: yet they, who justly appreciate military exploits, will give to Sir Robert Wilson the praise due to a skilful, enterprising, and brave commander, who did every thing that a man could do in the circumstances in which he was placed. Sir Robert Wilson was at the head of an army of about eight thousand men, consisting of Spanish, Portuguese, and English troops. The confidence of these different nations he had obtained, and had penetrated almost up to the walls of Madrid.—Ordered to retreat by the commander in chief, he was to make his way back in the best manner he could; and whilst he was supposing that the combined army of British and Spaniards would advance, he found that the French were interposed between him and them, and that nothing remained for him to do but to consider in what manner he could best apuoy the enemy in his retreat.

The opportunity soon occurred, but fatal necessity placed him in a situation out of which nothing but superior skill and bravery could extricate him. In his retreat he was attacked by Soult's army, and the disparity in numbers was too great to leave him any course to pursue but that of cutting his way through the enemy. With his usual bravery, Sir Robert Wilson made the proper arrangements, and the Marshal had no reason to rejoice at what Lord Talavera is pleased to call the defeat of this brave little army. Sir Robert did all that could be done—and his letter on the occasion shews the brave and generous commander. He makes no complaints; brings forward no insinuations; he tells us plainly what his situation was, and in what manner he extricated himself, namely, by hard fighting, and with considerable loss; but with such loss to the enemy, as must considerably impede his march

against our retreating army. We should like a fair comparison to be made between Sir Robert Wilson and the new-made Peer. Sir Robert gained his title by the part he took in the valiant charge of the fifteenth, in the last war, in the Netherlands, which saved the Emperor of Germany, who, without it, would have been taken prisoner by the French. He has shewn himself, in every respect, to be worthy of military honours. We may congratulate our country that we have a soldier, who, if he had been in Bonaparte's army, would have been in the list of his favoured generals.

Whilst these things were going forward in the middle of Spain, great rejoicings were made at Seville on the arrival of the Marquis Wellesley, who was to infuse new vigour into the Junta. A grand dinner was given on the occasion; at which were present, all that are, or are reckoned to be, of any importance in the city and neighbourhood. The healths of the sovereign of England, and the ex-sovereign of Spain, were drank with great enthusiasm; and to shew the zeal of all parties in the same cause, the health of the Pope was drank with equal ardour by both protestants and papists. Changeableness of religious opinions has been often imputed to Bonaparte; but what must the No Popery administration think of this dereliction of principle in their ambassador. To wish well to the Pope, to hope to raise him again to his trifling throne and crown, are objects surely not grateful to those who hold in abhorrence the thoughts of catholic emancipation. But whatever may have been the design of Marquis Wellesley in drinking this toast, we hold it as a bad presage of his future success. With whatever zeal the Pope's health might be received at the convivial feast, it is far from clear, that the Spanish nation is equally interested in his cause. The toast may be considered as a kind of pledge, that no improvement was to be expected in the religious establishment of the country.

But the Gallo-Spanish King is of a different opinion. He is in no dread of the Pope, and is carrying on his religious reforms with great alacrity. The monasteries are suppressed much

in the same way as our Harry the Eighth got rid of the same sort of gentry; and a variety of abuses have been put an end to, which had prevailed in the mal-administration of the preceeding reigns. Thus, to the terror of his arms he adds the encouragement of better times; whilst the junta, holds out only the hopes of a Cortez, but has not given the least intimation of a reform, which every good Spaniard knows to be absolutely necessary. In such a state of things we almost despair of any further effectual resistance being made to the French. Our army, by the last accounts, had reached Elvas in Portugal. It is not likely that they will be able again to render any assistance to the Spanish cause. The Spanish armies have retreated to the south of Spain. They are still numerous enough to make a considerable resistance; but when we consider the numbers, discipline, and skill of the French, the apathy of a very great body of the Spaniards, and the wish for a change in another large proportion, we cannot expect that the Bourbon race will ever be again permitted to ruin the energies, and to keep in superstition, ignorance, and sloth, so fine a country.

Its fate will not, however, be completely decided till the peace is established between the two late contending emperors. The armistice still subsists, though the term for which it was first established, has long since expired. In a negotiation of so much importance, delay was inevitable, but it does not appear that the French can be losers by it. The only part that remains unquiet is the Tyrolese, which, from the nature of its mountains, must always be a longer time before it submits to any arrangement, than a plain country. However, the armistice has left the French every opportunity of bringing it into subjection; and though it is not known to whom it will belong in future, it is severed from the house of Austria for ever. Many are the conjectures on the state of the negotiation, but nothing has transpired on which any dependence can be placed. It is sufficient to observe, that Bonaparte still remains in Austria; that he there celebrated his birth-day. We may be

certain therefore, that something remains to be done which requires his presence; for he thinks nothing done whilst any thing remains undone.

The state of the Austrian cabinet is worse, probably, than that of our own country; but we do not hear that any of its ministers have fought duels. The emperor must now, to a certain degree, act for himself, and his abilities are less equal to the conflict in the cabinet, than his troops to cope with the adversary in the field. The report is strong, that he is to quit his dominions on the south of the Danube; it is doubted whether he will retain the whole of what is the north. Some have assigned to him only the kingdoms of Bohemia and Moravia; and it is not at all improbable that he will be rendered inferior to Bavaria. Thus the two houses of Austria and Brandenburg, which, last century, filled all Europe with their exploits, are reduced to a very inferior situation; and the Austrian nobility, the proudest on the earth, will no longer have a splendid court in which to display the folly of their family pedigrees.

In the midst of these changes Bonaparte, the great arbiter, has been issuing some decrees, gratifying equally to his own pride, and to the satisfaction of his army. Annuities are granted to all his wounded, according to the rank which they hold; and provision is made for the widows and children of the deceased. It is no wonder that his army is steadily attached to him, whom fortune has thus befriended, who rewards merit in all ranks, and who provides for the wounded and the relations of the slain. In imitation of the Roman Emperors, he has, by another edict, ordered the erection of a lofty obelisk, in Paris, on which is to be described the principal battles he has lately fought; and the passage over the Danube; and the names of his principal heroes are to be engraved on the pillar. If a similar pillar was to be erected for the feats of our armies during the war, the contrast would be very remarkable.

The part that the Russian Emperor takes, in the negotiation is not known. He is, without doubt, consulted in it, and his interest will be attended to.

Peace is said to be ratified between him and Sweden, with the loss of Finland to the latter power, and with some modifications as to the communication between that country and Great Britain, which relates chiefly to ships of war. The trade between the two countries is not to be interrupted.

The American dispute cannot be expected to have terminated so easily, yet the exasperation on that side of the water seems rather to increase than decrease. It is reported that France will take advantage of the dispute, and enter into terms interesting to both nations. The Brazilians do not seem to get forward so well as could be wished. Already there has been a trial of strength between the court and the country; and the former finds that it cannot govern with the same facility as at Lisbon. The dispute arose respecting some military arrangements. Our intercourse with that country does not communicate much solid information on the nature of its government, the parties sent from this country being too much employed in their commercial speculations to attend to such matters.

But all foreign politics give place to two great domestic occurrences; the most important is the agitation at a playhouse, the second the grand agitation in the cabinet, attended by a duel between two of its members. The playhouse agitation puts us in mind of the attachment of the Athenians to the theatre in their fallen and degraded state. Neither the flight from Talevera, nor the retreat from Holland occupy so much the public mind as the grand question, whether the proprietors of a playhouse should set six or seven shillings as the price of a certain commodity, and make arrangements for the accommodation of private persons. Covent Garden Theatre has been rebuilt, and adorned at a great expence. In consequence, the proprietors think themselves entitled to increase the price of admission; the public object to this increase, and their opposition has been manifested in a most decisive manner—no bear-garden exhibiting greater scenes of riot and confusion. The proprietors persisted for six nights with the great-

est firmness, and the actors recited their parts to an audience occupied in noise and tumult. Here is evidently the want of some arbiter between them; and if the case was not provided for in the patent, it is high time that a regulation should be made. The proprietors cannot be considered as other dealers and chapmen; for if they prevent other people from exhibiting, it is but right that there should be some check to their demands on the public.

But not only the increase of price, but the disposition of their boxes requires animadversion. Our theatres certainly want much regulation; and the disorders frequent there from loose women and ill-bred young men, are a disgrace to a civilized country. But we cannot see the propriety of permitting a considerable part of the house to be devoted to the use of private persons. The theatre is and ought to be public, and the example of the Opera House is no precedent for an English audience. Private boxes afford great encouragement to immorality, and we do not wish to see our theatre in the disgraceful state of an Italian house, where the boxes are filled with people turning their backs on the performers, and annoying their neighbours with their noise. Should the innovation succeed at Covent-Garden, we shall gradually become Italianised; and a worse fate cannot befall a country.

After six nights conflict an amicable took place. The managers have given notice, that the subject in dispute should be referred to a committee, and, till their answer is received, and has been made public, the theatre is to be shut up. Of course the committee must be appointed by themselves, and the documents will be submitted by themselves. The public cannot have any one to plead their cause. This arrangement is, however, far better than the late disturbances in the playhouse; and should the public not be satisfied by the award, they are at liberty to commence their usual offensive operations. But the whole matter shews that the management of our theatres is not on the best footing, and probably the riotous behaviour that takes place in them may call for farther regulations. The whole bust-

ness, however, brings too strongly to mind the recollection of the fall of the Athenians; and the triumph over managers is a small compensation in a contest with Bonaparte.

During the agitation of this grand question, the town was surprised with the account of a duel between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, in which the former was wounded, but not dangerously, in the thigh. The divisions in the cabinet had been long circulated, but it was not expected that they had been carried to so great lengths. Lord Castlereagh was the challenger, he is an Irishman. They fired a brace of pistols each; the first sensation of the public was, that of pity and contempt at their being so bad marksmen. It is Mr. Canning's first duel. Various reasons have been assigned for it, in which the expedition to Walcheren, and the dispatches from Lord Talavera, were the most prominent features; but the more immediate cause is said to have been the attempt of Mr. Canning to get rid of his colleague, in consequence of the discoveries that had been made in the House of Commons, relative to his conduct. This was combined with the desire of introducing Marquis Wellesley into the cabinet; and it was said that the plan had been in agitation for some time. Lord Castlereagh considered this as a disgraceful underhand dealing; for underhand dealing these gentry, when their own interest is concerned, is called by them very disgraceful; whilst all the underhand dealing in the traffic for seats of parliament, or any underhand dealing, when the interest of the public are concerned, conveys no disgrace at all. Of course Lord Castlereagh challenged, and Mr. Canning accepted the challenge; the result is a wound, and probably the parties will shake hands, and, like the knaves in the play, cry out, Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong. Every Englishman, however, if any spark of ancient honour remains in his breast, must feel indignant that the councils of his sovereign must have been for so long a time committed to the council of two men who, by this action, seem to have little sense of the high trust with which they were invested. Neither of them has any



longer a seat in the cabinet; and the Duke of Portland has resigned. The filling up of their places occasions great movements in the higher circles. The prospect to the country is melancholy. At a time when the greatest vigour, and the soundest wisdom, are called for, there seems to be either a dearth of talents, or a system which prevents their being called into action.

In this state of confusion at home and abroad, the fiftieth year of his majesty's reign is approaching. A similar event in domestic life calls forth peculiar marks of joy and festivity, and the occasion seemed to demand a demonstration of the public opinion. Some merchants and bankers first took up the question, and obtained the use of Merchant-Taylors Hall, in which a grand dinner is to be given, the tickets of admission being three guineas each, on the day of the accession. A requisition was signed to the Lord Mayor, to summon a Common Council, to take the subject into consideration; and there Alderman Curtis opened the business with a speech in his way, that is, as undignified as can possibly be imagined, and completely unworthy of the occasion, concluding with a resolution for a committee to

digest the mode in which the celebration of the event should be conducted. This brought up Mr. Waithman, who, in a very energetic speech, passed in review the public acts of the last half century. Little are they, assuredly, calculated to dignify the page of history; and the orator was not sparing of his censure. If, indeed, those acts could be called the king's acts, little occasion should we have to rejoice; but it was properly contended, that the constitution had separated the personal character of the king from that of his ministers. We lay it down as a maxim, that the king can do no wrong, and when misconduct arises, the ministers are to be impeached. The personal compliment to the sovereign was therefore justly thought due, and a committee was in consequence appointed. It has met, we understand, but its scale of rejoicing is on a very confined plan, and scarcely suited to the occasion; but this will be in the press before the Common Council has received the report. The other cities of England will probably take their clue from the city of London. We shall of course have a variety of loyal addresses, and the day will make an addition to our list of knights and baronets.

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At his house in Piccadilly, George William, sixth Earl of Coventry and Viscount Deerhurst. His Lordship was 87 years of age, being born on the 26th of April, 1722, and succeeded his father in the honours and estates of the family in 1751: he married, first, March 5, 1752, Maria, eldest daughter of John Gunning, Esq. (by his wife Bridget, daughter of John Viscount Mayo), and sister to the Duchess of Hamilton; by this lady he had issue, George William, now Earl of Coventry, Maria, Alicia, and Anne Margaret—He married, secondly, Sept. 27, 1764, Barbara, daughter of John, tenth Lord St. John, by whom he had issue, two sons, John and Thomas, and a daughter, Barbara, who died an infant. The memory of this venerable Nobleman will deservedly be held in high respect

by all who had the honour and pleasure of his acquaintance. In the long period of fifty eight years, during which he held the high office of Lord Lieutenant of the county of Worcester, the integrity of his public conduct, ever directed by a sound judgment, active in promoting the public good, and adorned by affability and politeness, ensured universal esteem. Nor was his conduct less worthy of imitation as a Peer of Parliament; he well understood the principles of the Constitution, and acted at all times in conformity with them, supporting the government of the country with zeal and integrity; but when, during the American war, he could no longer approve of the conduct of the then Minister, Lord North, he resigned the place of one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, though contrary to his Majesty's wishes, resolving that no private considerations should shackle

his public conduct. He was a highly polished gentleman, an elegant scholar, and a man of superior taste; that he possessed this latter accomplishment in an eminent degree will be manifest to every one who recollects what the Croome demesne once was, and what it now is; with few natural advantages, it has been laid out and adorned, under his Lordship's immediate direction, with so much judgment, as evidently to shew what art and industry can perform "when science marks the progress of their toil." He was Recorder of Worcester, and ever attentive to its interests for the space of 35 years, being elected and sworn into that office in 1774, in the room of Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward, and was highly respected by the corporation.

#### OPERATIONS of the BRITISH ARMY in SPAIN.

[Continued from p. 163.]

DOWNING STREET, Sept. 2.

A Dispatch, of which the following is a copy, was received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, from Lieut.-Gen. Lord Viscount Wellington, K. B.

*Delegatosa, Aug. 8, 1809.*

MY LORD—I apprised you Lordship on the 1st inst. of the advance of a French corps towards the Puerto de Banos, and of the probable embarrassments to the operations of the army, which its arrival at Placentia would occasion; and these embarrassments having since existed to a degree so considerable as to oblige us to fall back, and to take up a defensive position on the Tagus, I am induced to trouble you more at length with an account of what has passed upon this subject.

When I entered Spain, I had a communication with General Cuesta, through Sir R. Wilson and Colonel Roche, respecting the occupation of the Puerto de Banos, and the Puerto de Perales, the former of which, it was at last settled, should be held by a corps to be formed under the Marquis de la Reyna, to consist of two battalions from General Cuesta's army, and two from Bejar; and that the Puerto de Perales was to be taken care of by the Duque del Parque, by detachments from the garrison of

Cindid Rodrigo.—I doubted of the capacity of the garrison of Cindad Rodrigo to make the detachment to the latter, but had so little doubt of the effectual occupation of the former, that in writing to Marshal Beresford on the 17th of July, I desired him to look to the Puerto de Perales, but that I considered Banos as secure.—On the 30th, intelligence was received at Talavera, that 12,000 rations had been ordered at Fuente Du nos for the 28th, and 21,000 at Los Santos for the same day, for a French corps, which it was believed was on its march towards the Puerto de Banos.—General Cuesta expressed some anxiety respecting this post, and sent me a message, to propose that Sir Robert Wilson should be sent there with his corps.

Sir Robert was on that day at Talavera, but his corps was in the mountains towards Escalona; and as he had already made himself very useful in that quarter and had been near Madrid, with which city he had a communication, which I was desirous of keeping up, I proposed that a Spanish corps should be sent to Banos without loss of time. I could not prevail with General Cuesta, although he certainly admitted the necessity of a reinforcement when he proposed that Sir Robert should be sent to Banos; and he was equally sensible with myself, of the benefit to be derived to the cause, from sending Sir Robert back to Escalona. At this time we had no further intelligence of the enemy's advance than that the rations were ordered; and I had hopes that the enemy might be deterred from advancing, by the intelligence of our successes on the 28th, and that the troops in the Puerto might make some defence: and that under these circumstances it was not desirable to divert Sir Robert Wilson from Escalona.

On the 30th, however, I renewed my application to General Cuesta to send there a Spanish division of sufficient strength, in a letter to General O'Donoghue; and he did not detach Gen. Bassecourt till the morning of the 2d, after we had heard that the enemy had entered Bejar, and it was obvious that the troops in the Puerto would make no defence. On the 2d

we received accounts that the enemy had entered Placentia in two columns. The Marquis de la Reyna, whose two battalions consisted of only 600 men, with only 20 rounds of ammunition each man, retired from the Puerto and from Placentia, without firing a shot, and went to the bridge of Almaraz, which he declared that he intended to remove; the battalions of Bejar dispersed without making any resistance. The General called upon me on that day, and proposed that half of the army should march to the rear to oppose the enemy, while the other half should maintain the post at Talavera. My answer was, that if by half the army, he meant half of each army, I could only answer that I was ready either to go or to stay with the whole British army, but that I could not separate it. He then desired me to chuse whether I would go or stay, and I preferred to go, from thinking that the British troops were most likely to do the business effectually, and without contest; and from being of opinion it was more important to us than to the Spanish army, to open a communication through Placentia, although very important to them. With this decision, General Cuesta appeared perfectly satisfied.

The movements of the enemy in our front since the 1st, had induced me to be of opinion, that despairing of forcing us at Talavera, they intended to force a passage by Escalona, and thus to open a communication with the French corps coming from Placentia. This suspicion was confirmed on the night of the 2d, by letters received from Sir Robt. Wilson; and before I quitted Talavera on the 3d, I waited upon General O'Donoghue and conversed with him upon the whole of our situation, and pointed out to him the possibility, that in the case of the enemy coming through Escalona, General Cuesta might find himself obliged to quit Talavera before I should be able to return to him; and I urged him to collect all the carts that could be got, in order to remove our hospital. At his desire I put the purport of this conversation in writing, and sent him a letter to be laid before Gen. Cuesta.

The British army marched on the 3d to Oropesa. About five o'clock in

the evening I heard that the French had arrived from Placentia at Naval-moral, whereby they were between us and the bridge of Almaraz. About an hour afterwards, I received from General O'Donoghue the letter and its enclosures, announcing to me the intention of General Cuesta to march from Talavera in the evening, and to leave there my hospital, excepting such men as could be moved by the means he already had, on the ground of his apprehensions that I was not strong enough for the corps coming from Placentia, and that the enemy was moving upon his flank, and had returned to Santa Olalla in his front. I acknowledge that these reasons did not appear to me sufficient for giving up so important a post as Talavera, for exposing the combined armies to an attack in front and rear at the same time, and for abandoning my hospital; and I wrote a letter which unfortunately reached the General after he had marched, and he arrived at Oropesa shortly after day-light, on the morning of the 4th.

The question what was to be done, was then to be considered. The enemy, stated to be 30,000 strong, but at all events consisting of the corps of Soult and Ney, either united, or not very distant from each other, and supposed by Marshal Jourdan and Joseph Bonaparte to be sufficiently strong to attack the British army, stated to be 25,000 strong, were, on one side in possession of the high road to the passage of the Tagus, at Almaraz, the bridge at which place we knew had been removed, although the boats still necessarily remained in the river. On the other side we had reason to expect the advance of Victor's corps to Talavera, as soon as General Cuesta's march should be known, and after leaving 12,000 men to watch Vanegas, and allowing him from 10 to 11,000 killed and wounded in the late action, this corps would have amounted to 25,000. We could extricate ourselves from this difficult situation only by great celerity of movement, to which the troops were unequal, as they had not had their allowance of provisions for several days, and by success in two battles. If unsuccessful in either, we should have been without a retreat; and if

Soult and Ney, avoiding an action, had retired before us, and had waited the arrival of Victor, we should have been exposed to a general action with 50,000 men, equally without a retreat.

We had reason to expect, that as the Marquis de la Reyna could not remove the boats from the river Almaraz, Soult would have destroyed them.—Our only retreat was therefore, by the bridge of Arco Bispo; and if we had moved on, the enemy, by breaking that bridge while the army should be engaged with Soult and Ney, would have deprived us of that only resource.—We could not take a position at Oropesa, as we thereby left open the road to the bridge of Arco Bispo from Talavera by Calera; and, after considering the whole subject maturely, I was of opinion that it was advisable to retire to the bridge of Arco Bispo, and to take up a defensive position upon the Tagus. I was induced to adopt this last opinion, because the French have now at least 50,000 men disposable to oppose to the Combined Armies, and a corps of 12,000 to watch Vanegas; and I was likewise of opinion, that the sooner the defensive line should be taken up, the more likely were the troops to be able to defend it.—Accordingly I marched on the 4th, and crossed the Tagus by the bridge of Arco Bispo, and have continued my route to this place, in which I am well situated to defend the passage of Almaraz and the lower parts of the Tagus. Gen. Cuesta crossed the river on the night of the 5th, and he is still at the bridge of Arco Bispo.

About 2000 of the wounded have been brought away from Talavera, the remaining 1500 are there; and I doubt whether, under any circumstances, it would have been possible or consistent with humanity to attempt to remove any more of them.—From the treatment which some of the soldiers wounded on the 27th, and who fell into the hands of the enemy, experienced from them, and from the manner in which I have always treated the wounded who have fallen into my hands, I expect that these men will be well treated; and I have only to lament that a new concurrence of events, over which

from circumstances I had, and could have no controul, should have placed the army in a situation to be obliged to leave any of them behind.

I have the honour, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

[To be continued.]

# OFFICIAL DETAILS of the OPERATIONS of the BRITISH FORCES in HOLLAND.

[Continued from p. 168.]

DOWNING-STREET, SEPT. 2.

A Dispatch, of which the following is a Copy, was yesterday morning received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, from Lieut.-Gen. the Earl of Chatham.

Head-Quarters, Bathz, Aug. 29, 1809.

MY LORD,—Major Bradford delivered to me your lordship's dispatch of the 21st inst. signifying to me his Majesty's commands that I should convey to Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Coote, the General and other officers and troops employed before Flushing, and particularly to those of the artillery and engineer departments, his Majesty's most gracious approbation of their conduct: and which I have obeyed with the most entire satisfaction. I had the honour in my last dispatch of acquainting your lordship with my intention of proceeding to this place, and I should have been most happy to have been enabled to have announced to your lordship the further progress of this army. Unfortunately, however, it becomes my duty to state to your lordship that, from the concurrent testimony from so many quarters, as to leave no doubt of the truth of the information, the enemy appears to have collected so formidable a force, as so convinced me that the period was arrived, at which my instructions would have directed me to withdraw the army under my command, even if engaged in actual operation. I had certainly early understood on my arrival at Walcheren, that the enemy were assembling in considerable force on all points; but I was unwilling to give too much credit to these reports, and I was determined to persevere until I

was satisfied, upon the fullest information, that all further attempts would be unavailing. From all our intelligence it appears that the force of the enemy in this quarter, distributed between the environs of Bergen-op-Zoom, Breda, Lillo, and Antwerp, and cantoned on the opposite coast, is not less than 35,000 men; and by some statements is estimated higher. Though a landing on the continent night, I have no doubt, have been forced, yet, as the siege of Antwerp, the possession of which could alone have secured to us any of the ulterior objects of the expedition, was by this state of things rendered utterly impracticable, such a measure, if successful, could have led to no solid advantage; and the retreat of the army, which must at an early period have been inevitable, would have been exposed to much hazard. The utmost force (and that daily decreasing) that I could have brought into the field, after providing for the occupation of Walcheren and South Beveland, would have amounted to about 23,000 infantry and 2000 cavalry. Your lordship must at once see, even if the enemy's force had been less numerous than represented, after the necessary detachments to observe the garrisons of Bergen-op-Zoom and Breda, and securing our communications, how very inadequate a force must have remained for operations against Lillo and Liefkenshoeik, and ultimately against Antwerp; which town, so far from being in the state which had been reported, is, from very correct accounts, represented to be in a complete state of defence; and the enemy's ships had been brought up and placed in security, under the guns of the citadel. Under these circumstances, however mortifying to me to see the progress arrested of an army, from whose good conduct and valour I had every thing to hope, I feel that my duty left me no other course than to close my operations here; and it will always be a satisfaction to me to think, that I have not been induced lightly to commit the safety of the army confided to me, or the reputation of his Majesty's arms. It was an additional satisfaction to me to find that the unanimous opinion of the Lieutenant-Generals of this army,

whom I thought it right to consult, more out of respect to them, than that I thought a doubt could be entertained on the subject, concurred entirely in the sentiments I have submitted to your lordship.—I am concerned to say, that the effect of the climate at this unhealthy period of the year is felt most seriously, and that the number of sick already is little short of 3000 men. It is my intention to withdraw gradually from the advanced position in this island, and sending into Walcheren such an additional force as may be necessary to secure that important possession, to embark the remainder of the troops, and to hold them in readiness to avail his Majesty's further commands, which I shall most anxiously expect.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CHATHAM.

[Here follows the copy of a dispatch from Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, dated on board the *St. Domingo*, off Bathz, the 27th ult. The Rear-Admiral states, that having made the necessary naval arrangements for landing the army near Santfleet, without hearing from Lord Chatham, communicated with his lordship on the 24th, and found him undecided. On the 26th, attended with Rear-Admiral Sir R. Keats a meeting of the Lieutenant-Generals of the army, when, for the reasons already stated in Lord Chatham's dispatch, the ulterior objects of the expedition were abandoned. Having offered every naval assistance in reducing the fortresses, and conceiving the subject of the deliberation to be purely military, he withdrew with Sir R. Keats. The Rear-Admiral then states, that the enemy's ships, which were five miles above Antwerp, have come down, and are extended in a line fronting it, except two of the line, which are in the reach above Liefkenshoeik, and four frigates gone to Lillo. An immense number of small gun-boats are on the boom, behind them a crescent of 60 guns, and mortar-brigs, and the battery of 10 guns, between forts Lillo and Hendrich, is finished, though that on the Doel side is abandoned.]

SUPPLEMENT to the LONDON GAZETTE, Tuesday, July 11.

*An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfeld, on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809.*

[Continued from p. 169]

#### BATTLE OF THE 21st OF MAY.

##### *Second Column.*

The advanced guard, commanded by Lieut.-General Fresnel, advanced by Leopoldau and Kagan towards Hirschstetten, and consisted of one battalion of Chasseurs and two battalions of Anton Mitsovsky under General Winzingerode, as well as the brigades of cavalry, Klenau, and Vincent, under General Vecsey. It was followed in the same direction by the column from its position near Gerasdorf.

The enemy having been discovered from the eminences near Hirschstetten to be near Aspern and Esslingen, the brigade Vecsey was detached against the latter place, and the brigade Winzingerode to dislodge the enemy from Aspern.

The column deployed before Hirschstetten in two lines, in order to support the advanced guard, and leaving Aspern to the right, followed upon the plain, at a proper distance.

The brigade of Winzingerode, however, met with so spirited a resistance in its attempts upon Aspern, that an attack upon the front alone was not likely to be attended with success; the cavalry, therefore, of the advanced guard, was pushed forward from Aspern on the left, in order to support the attack on the flank with the two batteries of cavalry, as well as to facilitate the junction with the third column which was advancing by Breitenlee. At the same time the regiment of Reuss-Plauen was ordered to the right side of Aspern, with a view to an attack on that place, the rest of the corps was formed into close columns of battalions.

Meanwhile the enemy formed his left wing, which he directed towards Aspern, and his right upon Esslingen. Thus he advanced with columns of infantry and cavalry upon the main army, while an extremely brisk cannonade supported him. A line of twelve regiments of cuirassiers form-

ed the centre of the second line of the enemy, giving to the whole an imposing aspect.

Meanwhile the attack of a battalion of Reuss-Plauen on Aspern was repulsed, and it gave way, being thrown into consternation by the loss of its commander, but it rallied immediately after. Count Bellegarde ordered Gen. Bacquant to renew the attack with the regiment of Vogelsang, and to carry the village at all hazards. The latter obeyed the order with the most brilliant success, and Aspern, though defended by twelve thousand of the best of the enemy's troops, was carried by storm; Bacquant being assisted by the regiment of Reuss-Plauen, by a battalion of Archduke Rainer, and by the brigade of Mir of the third column.

To frustrate this attack, the enemy advanced with two columns of infantry, supported by his heavy cavalry, upon the main army, repulsed the regiments of Klenau and Vincent's light horse, and fell upon the infantry.

The latter expecting him with their firelocks ready, and with cool intrepidity, fired at ten paces distance so effectually, as totally to rout the enemy, upon which General Vecsey, at the head of a division of Klenau, attacked the enemies' cuirassiers with such energy, that their retreat was followed by that of the infantry.

Hereby the army along the whole of its line was disengaged from the enemy, obtained communication on the left with the corps of Prince Hohenzollern, and became possessed of the important post of Aspern. The enemy being in full retreat, attempted no further attack, and confined himself merely to a cannonade. The corps remained during the night under arms. The enemy repeated, indeed, his attacks on Aspern, but they all proved unsuccessful.

##### *Third Column.*

This column, according to its destination, had begun its march from its position at Seiering, by the road of Sussenbrunn and Breitenlee. Some divisions of O'Reilly's light horse and Chasseurs formed the advanced guard of the column, and at three o'clock in the afternoon met near Hirschstetten, the left wing of the enemy, which consisted mostly of cavalry.



At about this time the first and second columns advanced intrepidly upon Aspern, and the enemy began to fall back to his position between Esslingen and Aspern, Lieut.-Gen. Hohenzollern, ordered up his batteries, and a very brisk cannonade commenced on both sides.

The first line formed in close columns of battalions, and advanced with the greatest resolution upon the enemy, when his cavalry suddenly rushed forward in such disproportionate numbers, and with such rapidity, that there was scarcely time to save the artillery which had been brought up, and the battalions were left to defend themselves by their own unsupported exertions. This was the remarkable moment in which the regiments of Zach, Joseph Colloredo, Zertwitz, Froom, a battalion of Stein's, and the second battalion of the Archduke Charles's Legion, under the conduct of Lieut.-General Biady, and Generals Buresch, Maier, and Koller, demonstrated with unparalleled fortitude what the fixed determination to conquer or die is capable of effecting against the most impetuous attacks.

The enemy's cavalry turned these battalions on both wings, penetrated between them, repulsed the squadrons of O'Reilly's light horse, who were unable to withstand such a superior force, and in the confidence of victory, summoned these corps of heroes to lay down their arms. A well directed and destructive fire was the answer to this degrading proposition, and the enemy's cavalry abandoned the field, leaving behind them a considerable number of dead.

This corps, as well as the others, passed the night on the field of battle.

#### *Fourth and Fifth Columns.*

These were both composed of the corps of Lieutenant-General Prince Rosenberg, on either bank of the Russbach, and directed their march from their position to the right and left of Deutsch-Wagram.

The fourth proceeded through Roschdorf straight to Esslingen. Col. Hardegg, of Schwarzenberg's Hulus, conducted the advanced guard.

The fifth directed its march towards the left, in order to go a circuit round the little town of Enzersdorf, and

drive the enemy out of the place. It was reinforced by Stipsic's Hussars, under the command of Col. Frolich. Lieutenant-General Klenau led the advanced guard of both columns.

As this circuit round Enzersdorf obliged the fifth to describe a longer line, it was necessary for the fourth to advance rather more slowly.

Enzersdorf, however, was quickly taken possession of by a detachment of Stipsic's Hussars, and of the Wallacho-Illyrian Frontier regiment, as it was already for the greatest part evacuated by the enemy, from whom no more than 30 prisoners could be taken.

Both columns now received orders to advance upon Esslingen.

The fourth in close columns of battalions of Czartorisky's, Archduke Louis's and Coburg, who were twice successively attacked by upwards of two thousand of the enemy's heavy cavalry: but these were each time put to flight by our brave infantry with considerable loss.

Of the fifth column, two battalions of Chasteler's advanced directly upon Esslingen, while two battalions of Bellegarde's were ordered to penetrate the left bank of the village, and the small contiguous wood. Two battalions of Hiller's and Sztarray's besides the Archduke Ferdinand's and Stipsic's regiments of Hussars, and two divisions of Rosenberg's light horse, were in the plain in readiness to support them.

These combined attacks were made twice successively with uncommon intrepidity, the enemy's troops were repulsed at all points, and driven into the village of Esslingen which had been set on fire. But as the enemy's army was drawn up in several lines between Esslingen and Aspern, and met each new attack with fresh reinforcements, because the safety of his retreat depended on the possession of this village, our troops were obliged to abandon it at the approach of night, and to await, under arms, the arrival of morning.

The reserve corps of cavalry had marched in two columns, under the command of General Prince Lichtenstein, and advanced upon the New Inn between Raschdorf and Breitenlee. General Count Wartensleben, with Blankenstein's Hussars, conducted the advanced guard.

No sooner did the enemy perceive the general advance of the army, than he placed the bulk of his cavalry, supported by some battalions of infantry, in order of battle between Esslingen and Aspern, and commenced a brisk cannonade upon the columns of Austrian cavalry as they advanced.

Prince Lichtenstein directed his columns to march forward in two lines, on which the enemy detached four or five thousand cavalry from his position to the right by way of Esslingen, and excited some apprehension that he would impede the progress of the fourth column, or even break through it. The Prince, therefore ordered four regiments to the left, and kept the second column formed in two lines, till he was convinced that the fourth would not meet with any impediment to its march.

During this movement the remainder of the enemy's cavalry, also advanced with the greatest confidence, towards the right wing of the Austrian. They were received with a firmness which they probably did not expect. The intrepidity of the cavalry which had marched up, particularly Maurice Lichtenstein's regiment and the Archduke Francis's cuirassiers, the former headed by its gallant Colonel, Roussel, frustrated the repeated assaults of the enemy by counter-attacks, by which they at length put a stop to his impetuous advance, and completely repulsed him with considerable loss. In these conflicts the French General of division, Durosnel, Equerry to the Emperor, was taken prisoner a few paces from him, as was also General Foulcr, Equerry to the Empress, after having been slightly wounded. Notwithstanding the fire of musketry which now ensued, the Prince ordered a general advance, by which the enemy was straitened in the alignment between Esslingen and Aspern, but on account of the flanking fire from Esslingen, could not be pursued any farther. The fire of his guns was answered with spirit by the horse artillery. About seven in the evening, three thousand horse were again detached towards the point of union between the cavalry of the corps of reserve and the left wing of Prince Hohenzollern, and fell *en masse* upon the brigades of cuirassiers of Generals Kroyher, Klary, and Siegenthal; but

by the steady intrepidity of the Lichtenstein's and Riesch's regiments, who with the utmost gallantry made a sudden attack on the enemy's flanks, his cavalry was again repulsed, and part of it, which had fallen upon some of the regiments of the new levies, placed in the third line, was cut off, and there taken.

Meanwhile night came on, and it was passed by the Prince in the best state of preparation on the ground which he had gained from the enemy.

For the first time Napoleon had sustained a defeat in Germany. From this moment he was reduced to the rank of bold and successful Generals, who, like himself, after a long service of destructive achievements, experienced the vicissitudes of fortune. The charm of his invincibility was dissolved. No longer the *spoiled child* of fortune; by posterity he will be characterised as the sport of the fickle goddess. New hopes begin to animate the oppressed nations. To the Austrian army the 21st of May was a grand and glorious epoch, that must inspire it with a consciousness of its strength, and a confidence in its energies.—Overwhelmed by our irresistible infantry, its proud opponents were extended in the dust, and the presence of their hitherto unconquered Emperor was no longer capable of snatching from the heroes of Austria the laurels which they had acquired.

Napoleon's glory was obviously at stake. New efforts were to be expected the following day; but he was also obliged to fight for his existence. By means of fire-ships sent down the Danube, the Archduke had caused the enemy's bridge on the Lobau to be broken down, and its repairs would take up several hours. Meanwhile Napoleon had already in the evening been joined by the corps of General Oudinot; and all the disposable troops followed from Vienna and the Upper Danube, and were transported across the river in vessels as fast as they arrived. The Archduke on his part, ordered the grenadier corps which had not had any share in the first engagement, to advance from its position near Gerasdorf to Breitenlee; and the short night was scarcely sufficient to complete the respective preparations for the commencement of a second tragedy.—[*To be Continued.*]

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

## ESSEX.

**COLCHESTER WATER-WORKS.**—This work of art is now brought from the great reservoir at the bottom of Balkeine-lane, without the walls, to the summit level of the town, at the top of North-hill, from whence the main pipes branch three ways, viz. to Head-street, High-street, and North-hill, for serving the fifteen parishes. The water is forced about 100 feet from the lower to the upper level, by means of a powerful patent *simplified* steam-engine. These are certainly the completest works of this kind in the kingdom, as a slight description will evince.—The great reservoir is principally made with mounds of earth planted with shrubs, containing twelve feet depth of water. Round the tops of the mounds or banks are elegant gravel-walks, thrown open to the public. In the center of the reservoir is a beautiful fountain, which throws the water to a considerable height. The reservoir is fed by seven soft transparent springs, arising from its bottom. The whole of the reservoir can at any time be emptied, by drawing up the considerable valve at the bottom, constructed for that purpose, which lets the water run into the river Colne. The engine-house, which is built with turrets round it, in the castle style, has a very pleasing effect. On the centre turret, nearest the reservoir, stands a figure, excellently carved, in the dress of a London fireman, with a fire-engine branch in his hand, from whence, at pleasure, issues a beautiful jet of water into the reservoir: this device has a most elegant and pleasing effect. Attached to the works below the reservoir, adjoining the engine-house, is formed a spacious cold bath, also warm and vapour baths, with a tasteful cottage, and a reading room, for the use of company using the baths. Much to the credit of the ingenious Mr. Dood, the designer and executor of the works, the whole has been completed in less than a year.

We should have before observed, that the patent pipes through which the water passes, are manufactured from iron lined with artificial stone;

so that the water is kept as perfectly sweet as if passing through glass or china tubes; which is an excellent invention, as serious objections have arisen both to wood and iron pipes for passing water. The wood produces a fungus, which taints and spoils the flavour of the water flowing through them: sulphate of lime, or even calcareous qualities, which most waters, more or less possess, cause iron pipes to oxidate, or rust, thereby occasioning the water to become ferruginous, rendering it not so fit for domestic purposes, and even, in some cases, prejudicial to health.

We hear that a large reservoir is intended to be erected on some high ground near the town, in case of accidents from fire.

## KENT.

**FORTIFICATIONS.**—The immense works erected on that part of the coast of Kent, which cannot be considered under the protection of our shipping in the Downs, and which is immediately opposite to that great rendezvous of the French flotilla, Boulogne, are now nearly completed; they begin with the ancient castle of Dover, which, from its peculiar strength and elevated situation, has long been considered impregnable; Government has, however, been employed in constructing subterraneous works, consisting of three tiers of batteries, casemates, &c. &c. with barracks for 10,000 men. The height opposite the barracks is also regularly fortified by flanking redoubts, bastions, &c. &c. There is also a citadel, with ditch and draw-bridge, and barracks for 5000 men; a shaft of a most beautiful and commodious description, having four different stair-cases (round an open area, which both lights and ventilates) communicates with the town, the height of which is upwards of 300 feet. By this shaft it is calculated that 20,000 men might pass from the height to the town, or, *vice versa*, in half an hour. There are also four other batteries, called Guildford's, Townshend's, Amherst's, and Archcliffe's; so that Dover is now the most completely fortified (excepting Malta and Gibraltar) of any place in the

British dominions, and forms a most novel and interesting spectacle to the eye of the stranger.

From Dover to Folkestone no works of defence are necessary, as the cliff is inaccessible. From Folkestone to Dungeness, forming an open bay of about twenty miles in breadth, a great number of martello towers are constructed, which are of a circular form, bomb proof, and have one gun of very large calibre on the top; they are so distributed, that no part of the coast which is assailable is without the range of their shot; thirty men in each might defend themselves as long as their provision lasted, in perfect security. The old castle of Sandgate has also been greatly enlarged, and now contains a number of guns.

A redoubt, consisting of bomb-proof towers and very formidable out-works, has also been erected at Brockman's Barn. At Shornecliffe there is a battery, called by that name; and at Hythe, Sutherland, and Mouchief, batteries which, with three others at Dungeness, complete the line of coast. In addition to the above, a military canal has been cut from Shornecliffe to near Rye. Much difference of opinion has arisen as to the utility of this canal, as a defensive military work; but thus much is certain, that it opens an easy communication with a part of the country called the Weald or Wild of Kent, which, from the badness of its roads, and consequent difficulty of getting its produce (consisting of timber) to market, has been cut off from intercourse with the rest of the county, and which this canal will most effectually obviate. It also begins to be of the most essential service for the conveyance of troops and baggage, many regiments having passed from Rye to Hythe, a distance of twenty-five miles, without fatigue; and immediately after landing, a distance of fifteen miles farther by land, without halting, thereby performing a distance of forty miles in one day, saving a great expense to government, and relieving the innkeepers, who are very thinly scattered in that neighbourhood, from an oppressive burthen.

The whole of the works above described are performed in the most substantial and skilful manner, dis-

play a great deal of science in the engineer department, and are worthy a great country; indeed, it is matter of pleasing reflection, that many of the roads, canals, &c. unite great commercial advantages with that indispensable defensive preparation, which the politics of Europe now requiring us to adopt. With a soldiery thus employed AT HOME we have nothing to fear.

#### LANCASHIRE.

A few weeks since Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, received an anonymous letter with information that six black slaves had been thrown into prison by their owner, a Portuguese captain, upon alledged actions of debt, but, in reality, because he found they were free on their arrival in England, and had hit upon this expedient to detain them till his vessel was ready to sail. Mr. Roscoe, however, sent a person to bail all the actions, when an order was accordingly given for the discharge of the prisoners. But it then transpired that the Portuguese captain had mustered about an hundred of his countrymen to seize them by force: but this was happily prevented, by timely application to a magistrate, who took the captain into custody, and bound him over to his good behaviour, which put the poor blacks in the full enjoyment of their newly-acquired liberty.

#### NORFOLK.

A female school, on the Lancastrian plan, has been established in Norwich, under the direction of a female friend from Bristol, introduced and supported by the females of that family of friends who are always alive to the comfort, morals, and happiness of the poorer classes in this city. The benevolent lady above referred to attended some time at Mr. Lancaster's school, for the purpose of making herself thoroughly acquainted with his system; since which she has assisted in establishing schools at Lynn, Cambridge, and Downham, to promote the intellectual knowledge of many of her own sex, who might otherwise have remained in ignorance. The school at present consists of between forty and fifty pupils, and is daily increasing.

At a special general meeting of the trustees of the charity schools of the same city, it was unanimously resolved,

to new model the girls' schools upon Dr. Bell's and Mr. Lancaster's plan; and a committee of gentlemen were chosen to procure a room, appoint a proper mistress, and to take such other steps as may best carry the designs of the meeting into effect. This plan will enable the trustees to educate double the number of children now taught, at a very little additional expense.

#### SHERIFFS.

The evils arising from the monopoly of farms are numerous, and even alarming to the country. We can mention instances where this monopoly has been the cause of depopulating whole villages.

In Shropshire we have an instance of thirteen farms having been thrown into one, each of which, a few years ago, supported an industrious farmer and his family, and the peasantry of a happy village, which is now deserted. The 13 farm houses were levelled to the ground, and in their stead a stately mansion was erected for the avaricious monopolist, which rears its proud head over a depopulated village, and an unwieldy farm, not half worked. The like instances we could mention, and we could name many farms thus monopolized, in Herefordshire, in Oxfordshire, in Hampshire, in Sussex, &c. where the same system has had the same dire effect.

Another evil arising from it is, that the propagation of the human species has been found to diminish to an alarming degree wherever this monopoly is allowed. Formerly the sons and daughters of small neighbouring farmers (whose families were generally numerous) found it convenient and pleasant to associate with each other, virtuous courtship ensued, marriages succeeded, and population, in those parts, was kept up to a certain point; now we may here and there see a solitary instance of a small farmer, whose lease has not yet dropt, and whose farm borders on that of the baughty monopolist, possessing a family of amiable and industrious daughters, who, from the small neighbouring farmers having been driven away from them, have no equals to associate with; no chance is left them to select a worthy partner for life; but they are doomed either to lead a life of

gloomy celibacy, or to marry their father's husbandmen, and sink at once into penury and wretchedness.

Notwithstanding the above alarming system too much prevails, yet we can produce an instance of a contrary nature: A worthy nobleman in Wiltshire, the leases of whose farms have lately dropt, has divided those farms, some into two and some into three; a noble example, which we hope and trust will ere long be followed by all those possessing landed property in the kingdom. The principles of this nobleman may be said to be truly patriotic, and for this deed alone he deserves well of his country.

#### SOMERSETSHIRE.

*Died.*] A. Keyford, Frome, in his 86th year, John Stevens, Esq. who, for more than half a century, carried on the trade of a farmer, and whose active and unremitting industry was amply rewarded in the honest acquirement of a large fortune. He was brother to the late Richard Stevens, Esq.

He, a few years since, left 20,000*l.* to the building and endowing of an asylum for poor girls, and an hospital for poor old men, and other charitable purposes, in the town of Frome. The deceased has contributed to the public charities in his native town, by establishing a fund for clothing and educating ten additional boys in the charity-school.

#### SUFFOLK.

At a very numerous and highly respectable meeting of the Suffolk Humane Society, lately held at Lowestoft, Lord Rous in the chair, the following very interesting narrative was read. The humanity and prudence shewn will render it worthy of perusal, whilst the success which followed the efforts of benevolence will encourage others to persevere in their endeavours to restore life, when no signs of its return are for a long time apparent:—December 16th, 1808, Edward Ellis, and three other men, were in a small boat, searching for anchors off the shore at Lowestoft; they saw a ship wrecked on the Home Sand; upon observing her, they immediately rowed to her, and found her lying on her side, with the sea breaking over her. Nine persons were on the wreck, who had lashed themselves to her side; among these were two women and a

child, about seven months old, who were nearly perished with wet and cold. They were all brought to the shore by the assistance of the boat in which Ellis was, and another which was launched in consequence of observing a man on the wreck waving his hat. But the conduct which merits peculiar record, and which was authenticated by the clearest evidence, was, that the child, in order to be extricated from the vessel, was dragged some way through the sea completely naked. Edward Ellis, as soon as he was able, after the child was in the boat, stripped off his own flannel waistcoat and great coat, in which he immediately wrapped the child, and in this covering carried her to the shore. During the time of passing between the vessel and the shore, the child shewed no symptoms of life, and the other persons in the boat believed it dead. As soon, however, as they were landed, James Farrier, jun. carried the child to Martha Longstaff, widow, who resides on the beach at Lowestoft, who, though she considered the child as most likely dead, yet as she had heard that warmth and rubbing were the most effectual methods of restoring suspended animation, she immediately stripped herself, and placed the child close to her own body, in a warm bed. In three quarters of an hour the child shewed signs of recovery, and in a short time after was restored to her friends. She is the daughter of William and Anne Stephen, of Budlington, Yorkshire.

[Died.] After a decline of some months, at his seat at Costessey, in the 74th year of his age, Sir William Jerningham, Bart. and (subject to the decision now pending in the House of Lords) Baron Stafford, of Stafford Castle. Of the grief occasioned by this irreparable loss to his numerous family, it becomes us to say nothing; but we cannot permit the death of so distinguished a personage in our neighbourhood to go by without offering the tribute of our sincere condolence. His loss is too recent, and his character too fresh in the remembrance of our readers, to render it necessary for us to expatiate on his merits. In him his tenantry, both in this county, and on his great estates in Staffordshire and Shropshire, have lost a liberal landlord, the poor a most charitable patron, and the numerous friends to whom his unbounded hospitality offered an ever-open mansion, can never forget his frank and courteous manners, and the extraordinary suavity of his deportment. He was truly a kind hearted man, and we believe that no individual was ever received into his house who did not find himself the happier for the attentions paid him by its hospitable master. Descended from one of the most ancient families in the country, he added to the solid worth of the old English gentleman, the winning courtesy and gracefulness of modern refinement. He is succeeded in his title and estate, by his eldest son, George Jerningham, Esq. of Haughley Park, near Bury.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

AUGUST 23, to SEPT. 23, 1809, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

**BLOXAM** Sir M. Gracechurch-street, banker, (Ellison and Co. White Hart-court). Bailey J. Long Acre, fringemanufacturer, (Naylor, Great Newport-street). Barry T. Tooley-street, tailor, (Millward, Size-lane).

Calver J. Brook-street, victualler, (Unwin, High-street). Cleasby W. York, grocer, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Coward F. Fugglestone St. Peter, Wilts, and Brewer J. Burcombe, in the same county, clothiers, (Blake and Co. Essex-street). Carr T. Oxford, grocer, (McMichael, Finch-lane). Curtis R. Worcester, linen-draper, (James, Gray's-Inn-square).

Dyson J. Liverpool, druggist, (Shep-

hard and Co. Bedford-row.) Deacon J. Baker-street, confectioner, (Shepherd and Co. Bedford-row). Dowling H. Castle-street, St. Martin's, linen-draper, (Wadson and Co. Austin Friars).

Ellis J. Rathbone-place, butcher, (Orchard, Hatton-garden). Elton P. Bolton-le-Moors, innkeeper, (Windle, John-street). Edwards G. Louth, spirit merchant, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street).

Frost W. H. Broad-street, merchant, (Kirkham, Shorter's-court).

Gregory J. Eccles, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Goddon W. Cranbourn-alley, linen-draper, (Swaine and Co. Old Jewry).

Giddy W. Truro, chemist, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row).

Hodgson J. Coleman-street, merchant, (Collins and Co. Spital-square). Hillier J. Rathbone place, upholsterer, (Mills, Vine-street). Holloway J. Frome Selwood, (Fells, Hatton-garden). Henshaw C. Tower-street, wine-merchant, (Berridge, Hatton-garden). Hillyer E. Mark-lane, pork-butcher, (Roy, Mincing-lane). Hinds W. and Jones J. Old Ford, dyers and shawl printers, (Jones New-court, Crutched-friars). Harvey C. Monmouth, ironmonger, (Mayo and Co. Gray's Inn). Hoskyn W. Causand, Cornwall, brewer, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court). Huson J. Dunstable, victualler, (Hurd, Temple). Hunter W. G. Lillingthorpe, underwriter, (Courtceen, Walbrook).

Johns R. Truro, victualler, Sandys and Co. Crane-court).

King J. King-street, silk-mercier, (Webster and Co. Queen-street). Kinsey W. Oxford-street, coachmaker, (Beckitt, Broad-street). Keighley W. Castle-street, East, stationer, (Dawson and Co. Warwick-street). Kelly J. Shoreditch, chesemonger, (Wright, Dowgate-hill).

Lowe W. Coventry, soap-boiler, (Mason, St. Michael's Church-yard). Lewis J. Bristol, brick maker, (Pearson, Pump-court). Lavender W. Old Cavendish-street, japanner, (Dawson and Co. Warwick-street). Lee J. Lewes, linen-draper, (Bennett, Philpot-lane).

Malt, J. Jermyn-street, victualler, (Cuppage, Jermyn-street). Marshall J. Fleet-market, clothes-sale-man, (Cook, Austin-Friars). Marson J. Walsall, ironmonger, (Hunt, Surrey-street). McCloud J. Woolwich, wheelwright, (Langham, Bartlett's-buildings).

Potter T. Manchester, grocer, (Milne and Co. Temple). Phillips W. Wragley, shopkeeper, (Amici, Sion College-gardens). Pearson G. Friday-street, warehousman, (Holmes and Co. Clement's-lane). Pass W. Ingram-court, hardwareman, (Mayhew, Symond's-lane). Pilkington G. W. Eawtry, York, innholder, (Taylor, Southampton-buildings).

Robertson D. Finsbury-square, wine-merchant, (Swaine and Co. Old Jewry). Rogers M. Tooting, victualler, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street).

Smith H. and Holton J. Charles-street, coachmakers, (Steventon, Chequer-court). Swift J. Liverpool, stationer, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). South J. Cardiff, Glamorgan, ironmonger, (Sweet, King's Bench-walk). Smith T. elder, and Smith T. the younger, York, linen-draper, (Battye, Chancery lane). Shorte F. H. New Sarum, cutler, (Pearson and Son, Middle Temple). Sault W. South Moulton-street, callenderer, (Rutherford, Bartholomew-close). Saxelbye T. Derby, merchant, (Lambert, Hatton-garden). Simmonds G. Copice row, baker, (Bennett, Philpot-lane). Seace J. Widcombe, builder, (Frank, Hart-street). Stuart Berwick-street, tailor, (Allen, Carlisle-street). Smurfit J. Bell-wharf, Shadwell, spirit-merchant, (Setree, St. Mary Axe).

Thom, W. Leeds, cloth-merchant, (Robinson, Essex street). Towne J. Oxford market, carcase-butcher, (Turner, Edward-street).

Winters J. and J. Acre lane, Brixton-causeway, builders, (Saunders and Co. Clifford's-lane). Watson, A. Walworth, corn-chandler, (Cluston, St. Thomas's-street). Waylen R. Devizes, victualler, (Salmon, Devizes).

## PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Sept. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 125*l*. per cent.  
West-India ditto, 183*l*. ditto.  
East-India ditto, 131*l*. ditto.  
Commercial ditto, 175*l*. ditto.  
East Country ditto, 90*l*. per share  
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 190*l*. ditto  
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l*. ditto.  
Grand Union ditto, 20*l*. per share prem.  
Thames and Medway ditto, 19*l*. ditto  
Kennett and Avon ditto, 47*l*. to 49*l*. per share  
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 120*l*. ditto.  
Albion ditto, 55*l*. per share.  
Hope ditto, par  
Eagle ditto, par

Atlas ditto, par  
Imperial Fire Assurance, 60*l*. ditto  
Kent ditto, 47*l*. ditto.  
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s*. to 5*s*. per share prem.  
Commercial Road Stock, 126*l*. per cent.  
London Institution, 84*l*. per share  
Surrey ditto, par  
South London Water Works, 138*l*. pr. share  
East London ditto, 200*l*. ditto:  
West Middlesex ditto, 137*l*. per share prem.  
Kent Water Works, 50*l*. ditto.  
Huddersfield Canal 35*l*. per share  
Wilts and Berks ditto 37*l*. ditto.  
Tavistock Mineral ditto, 140*l*. ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers,

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

SOME of the new wheats have been found to turn out rather thin and light. The red it is supposed will be found to have produced the best samples. Barley in some parts has been considerably damaged by the late rains. Some oats also have lost their colour from the same cause. The latest sown turnips promise most for next spring. Pasture in general was never more luxuriant. The wheat particularly in the north promises by no means a despicable crop. From the easy and well known method of preparing the seed, there is no such thing as blacks hardly ever to be seen. Peas and beans are said to be generally good. Potatoes are universally planted; and though they look well above ground, are reported to be rather thin. In the north the crops of hay have been rather deficient. Naturalists in general expect a very severe winter.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.;—Mutton, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.;—Veal, 5s. to 6s.;—Pork, 6s. 8d. to 7s.

Middlesex, Sept. 25.

## AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Sept. 16, 1809.

## INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat			Rye			Barley			Oats		
	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.	
Middsx	105	4		55	2		41	7		34	9	
Surrey	107	0		52	9		41	0		40	0	
Hertford	92	8		52	6		41	0		35	5	
Bedford	99	5		59	2		44	6		36	0	
Hunting	95	11					43	9		33	0	
Northa.	96	4					47	6		34	0	
Rutland	99	6					52	0		35	0	
Leicest	94	5					52	0		33	10	
Notting	99	0		60	0		18	6		36	4	
Derby	105	6								42	0	
Stafford	110	0					52	9		38	4	
Salop	106	8		55	8		55	6		35	4	
Herefor	106	1		52	0		44	9		38	0	
Worste	105	3		51	4		50	9		42	5	
Warwic	107	6					54	8		41	11	
Wilts	99	4					42	8		34	8	
Berks	103	2		61	0		40	6		37	13	
Oxford	101	0					43	10		38	9	
Bucks	101	4					45	8		35	10	
Brecon	112	9		78	4		55	11		32	0	
Montgo.	101	7								30	8	
Radnor	111	5					47	7		32	9	

## MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat			Rye			Barley			Oats		
	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.	
Essex	96	4		52	0		41	6		38	0	
Kent	97	5		54	0		41	9		35	0	
Sussex	99	6								34	0	
Suffolk	85	4		46	6		42	4		33	1	
Cambridge	93	2					56	0		25	2	
Norfolk	84	8					56	0		33	0	
Lincoln	97	10		58	6		48	5		28	8	
York	89	7		65	2		54	11		29	7	
Durham	106	0					57	11		37	1	
Northumberland	95	11		66	4		46	0		34	0	
Cumberland	121	6		80	0		58	1		36	0	
Westmorland	112	0		72	0		51	2		35	2	
Lancaster	104	1					48	4		31	9	
Chester	97	4								33	2	
Flint	115	2					55	2		27	4	
Denbigh	120	7					70	4		33	7	
Anglesea							44	0		19	0	
Carmarvon	103	8					52	0		27	0	
Merioneth	113	1					59	0		30	8	
Cardigan	84	0					40	0				
Pembroke	81	11					50	8		18	0	
Carmarthen	95	0					52	0		18	3	
Glamorgan	104	6					53	4		26	8	
Gloucester	107	6					48	11		28	11	
Somerset	102	7					48	0		30	10	
Moomouth	119	4										
Devon	95	9					43	1				
Cornwall	95	3					42	10		27	4	
Dorset	107	4					47	0				
Glants	103	5					45	0		35	9	

## Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 104. 9d.; Rye 61s. 1d.; Barley 47s. 3d.; Oats 33s. 4d.; Beans 59s. 3d.; Pease 58s. 6d.; Oatmeal 54s. 7d.

## BILL of MORTALITY, from AUG. 23, to SEPT. 26, 1809.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.			
Males	973	Males	737		
Females	918	Females	681		
Whereof have died under two years old		1098			
Peck Loaf, 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d. 5s. 4d.					
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4s. per lb.		[5s. 7d.]			

Between	2 and 5	165	60 and 70	77
	5 and 10	65	70 and 80	80
	10 and 20	60	80 and 90	30
	20 and 30	90	90 and 100	6
	30 and 40	109		
	40 and 50	147		
	50 and 60	103		

Peck Loaf, 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d. 5s. 4d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4s. per lb. [5s. 7d.]



# PRICE OF STOCKS, from AUGUST 26, 1899, to SEPTEMBER 25, 1899, both inclusive.

Days 1899	Bank Stock.	2 p Cent.	3 p Cent.	4 p Cent.	Navy Cons.	5 p Cent.	N. 5 p. Ct.	Long Auns.	Om- nium.	Imperial 9 p. Cent	Imperial Ann.	Irish 5 p. C.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Ann.	India Bonds.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets.	City Freeh. Ticks.	Conts. for Acct.
Aug																				
26	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
27	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
28	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
29	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
30	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
Sep																				
1	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
2	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
3	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
4	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
5	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
6	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
7	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
8	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
9	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
10	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
11	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
12	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
13	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
14	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
15	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
16	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
17	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
18	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
19	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
20	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
21	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
22	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
23	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
24	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	
25	267 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 12-16ths	18 12-16ths	2 pm.							25s. pm	19s. pm	21	178 12	68 1/2	

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, CORNHILL.

# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Nº LXXI.—VOL. XII.]

For OCTOBER, 1809.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. JOHNSON

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Universal Magazine

DEAR SIR,

THE *Universal Magazine* forms part of a considerable work on languages, and mark the principles by which I have been able to learn with facility all the languages of Europe, and most of those which are used in Asia. If you think it will be amusing to your numerous readers, I shall be happy.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,  
JOSEPH TOWNSEND

Of the SPANISH LANGUAGE By  
the Rev. JOSEPH TOWNSEND, A.A.  
Author of *Travels in Spain*

THE Spanish is a mixture of a great variety of languages, left either by the first settlers in the country, or by subsequent invaders.

We learn from Strabo and from Pliny, that the Celts were among the most ancient inhabitants of the Asturias and of Biscay.

Agreeable to this report, I found much Galic and some Welch in various parts of Spain, but more especially in the fore-mentioned province Of Galicia I can say nothing from personal acquaintance, but the name of this province speaks for itself.

The language of Biscay is Iberian, brought from Africa, and still spoken by the mountaineers of Mauritania. This, according to Marins, was not confined to the Cantabri, but was common to all Spain.

It is probable, that the Phœnicians sent colonies to the sea coast, and we know that the Carthaginians, their descendants, established themselves in Spain. After these were conquered by the Scipios, Rome acquired dominion, and Spain became subject, in succession, to the Romans, Van-

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XII.

dals, Alans, Suevi, Silinges, Goths, and Moors.

Hence it is that we observe such a mixture of languages in Spain. Cantabric, Carthaginian, Roman, Gothic, and Arabic. But among these the most prevalent is Romance, or corrupted Latin.

From the nature of these corruptions it appears that, after the first irruption of the Romans, the rude inhabitants adopted, as far as they were able, the language of the conquerors, because, as vassals, or as Septs, they were solicitous to attract the notice and secure the favour of their lords.

Had the Romans been few in number, they would have learnt the language of the vanquished. But, as they were numerous, they disarmed the natives and divided the lands among themselves. Hence the peasantry found a new language necessary to qualify themselves for pleading their own cause in the courts before which they had occasion to appear.

But when, on the dissolution of the Roman empire, Gothic hordes pressed forward to the south, and passed the Pyrenæes, finding the peasants both dispirited and disarmed, they made an easy conquest of the country. Being, however, comparatively few in number, they found it expedient to learn, as well as they were able, the language of their vassals.

Hence in Spain we may refer the corruption of the Roman language to two epochs, and may expect to find it exceedingly depraved.

Of the Spanish in its Derivatives from Latin

1st Like the Italian, it takes, for its nominative case, the ablative of Latin. As for instance, *huevo*, ovum, *oro*, 2 L

*aurum*; poco, paucus; *aspid*, aspis; *carne*, caro; *diente*, dens; *ladron*, la-tro; *negro*, niger; *nieve*, nix; *obre*, opus; *pared*, paries; *padre*, pater; *parte*, pars; *plebe*, plebs; *toro*, taurus; *torpe*, turpis; *virgen*, virgo; *liebre*, lepus. In these examples, attention was evidently paid to the regular declension of the Latin. But when we observe *cuerpo* for corpore, *tiempo* for tempore, and instead of *homine* find *hombre*; we instantly discern the rude efforts of a barbarous people to learn a language which was not their own.

It is thus we account for *lumbre*, lumen; *legumbre*, legumen; *mansedumbre*, mansuetudo; *nombre*, nomen; *sangre*, sanguis.

2d. It rejects the aspirate in pronunciation, although pertinaciously retained in its orthography, or even assumes it without authority.

3d. It is fond of abbreviation.—

*Baño*, balneum; *beber*, bibere; *beneoir*, benedicere; *caer*, cadere; *coger*, colligere; *comer*, comedere; *don*, dominus; *dado*, digitus; *frio*, frigus; *fiel*, fidelis; *ho*, habeo; *has*, habes; *ha*, habet; *jade*, jaspide; *liar*, ligare; *ayudar*, adjuvare; *oir*, audire; *raiz*, radice; *reir*, ridere; *rio*, rivus; *roer*, rodere; *sacra*, sigitta; *tos*, tussis; *remar*, remigare; *ya*, jam; *auto*, actus; *mas*, magis; *mes*, mensis; *vul*, vitis; *vergüenza*, verecundia; *velar*, vigilare; *nueso*, nostro.

4th. It considers *b*, *v*, *u*, *p*, as equivalent, and frequently pronounces the reverse of what is written. *Nabo*, napus; *abierto*, apertus; *abril*, Aprilis; *bagala*, palea; *buada*, vidua; *branar*, fremere; *bivora* and *vibora*, vipera; *cabildo*, capitulum; *cabron*, caper; *cubrir*, co-operire; *robar*, rapere; *lolo*, lupus; *sabor*, sapor; *saber*, sapere; *sobre*, super; *soplar*, sufflare; *trebol*, trifolium; *deudor*, debitor.

5th. It considers *c*, *ch*, *g*, *j*, *q*, *y*, as equivalent and commutable. *Agrio*, acris; *amigo*, amicus; *arcilla*, argilla; *lago*, lacus; *fuego*, focus; *agua*, aqua; *echar*, ejicere; *techa*, tegula; *techo*, tectum; *arquear*, arcuare; *arquillo*, arculus; *calidad*, qualitas; *cocer*, co-quere; *cocina*, coquina; *cotidiano*, quotidianus; *cascar*, quassare; *queso*, caseus; *gritar*, quiritare; *gastar*, constare; *monje*, monachus; *pregon*, preconium; *jaula*, caula; *juntar*, jun-gere; *vayna*, vagina; *ayudar*, adjuvare;

*ayunar*, jejunare; *proyecta*, projeta; *ya*, jam; *yacer*, jacere; *yelo*, gelu; *yema*, gemma; *yeto*, gypsum; *yo*, ego; *yugo*, jugum; *ninjada*, magalia; *lente-ja*, leuticulus.

6th. It considers *d*, *t*, *z*, as equivalent and commutable. *Agudo*, acu-tus; *bondad*, bonitate; *caridad*, caritate; *bramido*, fremitus; *mudo*, mutus; *mudar*, mutare; *medir*, metiri; *red*, rete; *rueda*, rota; *rodar*, rotare; *redro*, retro; *salud*, salute; *red*, sitis; *verdad*, veritas; *urar*, durare; *vida*, vita; *vid*, vitis; *abesta*, caput; *poz*, puteus; *razon*, ratio; *vileza*, villitas; *juagar*, judicare.

7th. It converts *ce* into *e* and *z*. *Eficaz*, efficace; *juaz*, judice; *luz*, luce; *mordaz*, mordace; *nuez*, nucis; *nutric*, nutrice; *paz*, pace; *pez*, pisce; *tenaz*, tenace; *veloz*, veloce; *veraz*, verace; *vez*, vice; *vivaz*, vivace; *voz* and *boz*, voce.

8th. It converts *l* into *j* and *g*, which must be pronounced as a guttural, like *ch* in choir and chorus.—*Consejo*, consilium; *abeja*, apis, apicula; *majar*, malleare; *mejor*, melior; *mojar*, mol-lire; *ojo*, oculus; *oreja*, auricula; *semejante*, similis; *muger*, mulier.

9th. It converts *c*, *f*, *p* into *h*, when they precede that letter, thus forming a double-*h*, as in the Welch. But having performed this operation, it, in conformity to the Italian, converts the second *l* into the vocal *i*, as in *lla-mar*, clamare, pronounced liamar and *llave*, clavis, pronounced liave.

In like manner we have *llama*, flamma; *llaga*, plaga; *llano*, planus; *llanto*, planctus; *lleno*, plenus; *llorar*, plorare; *llover*, plueri; *lluvia*, pluvia.

10th. It converts *f* into *h*, which however must not be pronounced.—*Huba*, faba; *hablar*, fabulari; *hacer*, facere; *hacha*, fax; *hada*, fatum; *haia*, fagus; *halcon*, falco; *hambre*, fames; *harina*, farina; *hastio*, fastidium; *haya*, fagus; *har*, facies; *he-billa*, fibula; *hater*, fateri; *hotecho*, filix; *hembra*, femina; *hender*, hendere; *heno*, fenum; *herra*, ferris; *hermoso*, formosus; *herrer*, ferrum; *herbor*, fervor; *herren*, farrago; *heta*, fel; *hez*, fœx; *hierro*, ferrum; *hijo*, filius; *hila*, filum; *hilo*, filiculus; *hagar*, focus; *haya*, folium; *holleja*, folliculus; *honda*, fundus; *honda*, fundum; *hongo*, fungus; *horda*, foramen; *horca*, furca; *horma*, forma;

*hormiga*, formica; *horno*, fornax; *hoya*, fresa; *huir*, fugere; *humo*, fumus; *hurto*, furtum; *huso*, fusus.

11th. It converts *m* into *n*.—*Lindo*, limpidus; *linfa*, lymphæ; *ninfa*, nymphæ; *tan*, tam.

Many other peculiarities of this language might have been noticed; but these are the most important to any one, who is solicitous to gain a knowledge of the Spanish.

With this key, and the application of one hour a day for ten days, I am persuaded, a proficient in Latin would find no difficulty in reading the best Spanish historians, whose works are as highly interesting as those of other nations.

Should the Spaniards, either at this crisis, or at any time hereafter, be able to establish their independence, the knowledge of their language will be of the last importance to our commerce, because of their extreme partiality for the English, and the intercourse which will take place between us.

Should they be detached from us, and be compelled at any time to join the enemies of England; a perfect acquaintance with their language will be inestimable to our naval officers.

When Lord St. Vincent was off Cadiz, a register ship, richly laden, passed through his fleet, and hailed in Spanish; but not receiving the expected answer she discovered her mistake, made the best of her way to shore, and landed her cargo on the beach.

By the application of this key to languages, which, for the information of your readers, I have communicated to them, as exemplified in German and in Spanish, the acquisition of French, Italian, and Portuguese will be greatly expedited, and, as they advance in knowledge, they will be pleased to find, that all languages are radically one.

*The Errors of the Author of  
Nubilia vindicata.*

Y<sup>our</sup> correspondent from St. Albans has expressed his surprise at the grammatical errors which I enumerated in my review of *Nubilia*, and he has endeavoured to prove

that they are not errors. I trust I shall be ever open to conviction, nor would I defend my former opinion of those errors if there were any truth in the arguments of Justus, but there is no truth in them, and the premises on which they are built are wholly false.

The following I quoted as a specimen of tautology,—"Or wish to recollect with solemn reminiscence;" but Justus denies it to be tautology, and in his remarks has established a new principle in philology. He says it is not tautology of meaning, for the adjective *solemn* being applied to reminiscence, gives to this last word a signification differing from mere recollection. This is a principle of which I candidly acknowledge my ignorance, and I believe it will be a difficult point for Justus to adduce a single instance in which the adjective has the power of changing the meaning of the substantive. In my opinion, recollection and reminiscence are synonyma, nor can any adjective change their absolute meaning. Johnson defines reminiscence to be recollection; but Justus says, that the passage in question is not tautology in language, because the words are different. Tautology consists in a difference of words, bearing the same sense; and I think it will be granted, that recollection and reminiscence are words which bear the same sense. Therefore, to recollect with reminiscence is, in my opinion, *gross* tautology; nor can the application of the adjective *solemn* give to reminiscence a different meaning than it really possesses. Whether it be a solemn reminiscence or a lively reminiscence, it is still the same as if we said a solemn recollection or a lively recollection. The adjective is applied merely in a relative sense, and signifies the addition of some quality; but it was left for Justus to discover that an adjective altered the established meaning of a substantive.

In regard to the second instance of bad grammar, Justus is not more happy in his strictures; and in vindication of his first position, he quotes a passage from Addison's Travels in Italy. As I am not in possession of the book, I cannot judge of the context of the passage which is quoted,

but it appears that Justus has mistaken the sense of the passage, for it is the picture of Zetus which represents, and not the group of figures. But, supposing that the sense runs as Justus has quoted it, still my objections are not invalidated. I know that group and number are often used in the singular, and govern the verb accordingly; but I am inclined to think, that the instances which Justus quotes, of the relative pronoun being used in the plural, are of home manufacture. "The meeting was large, and *they* came to several resolutions."

Were I to meet with this phrase in our best philologists, supposing they could so commit themselves as to write it, I should not hesitate to pronounce it erroneous, not only in the construction, but its grammar. The construction ought to be, "The meeting was large, and several resolutions were agreed to;" or, if the construction is to stand with the pronoun, it undoubtedly ought to be,— "and it came to several resolutions."

Thus Horne Tooke, whose philological powers, I think, no one will be inclined to dispute, says in one his letters to Junius, "But I must protest against the doctrine of any persons pretending to determine when *the parliament* is to exercise *its* (not *their*) undoubted privilege." Hume, in his History of England, says,— "The meeting was held at Aix la Chapelle, and it may be said with justice, that the resolutions which *it* passed." Again, "The house met at four o'clock, pursuant to adjournment, and having passed the bills in their respective stages; *it* adjourned till Monday." Had the passage in question been thus constructed, "to behold the group that *was* assembled," then no one would have disputed the truth of the remarks of Justus; but as it stands in the text, I believe I shall be supported by the most eminent authorities in denouncing it as ungrammatical.

Respecting the third error, Justus appears to triumph in a false quotation; but as I have not my MS. by me, I cannot say whether the fault is to be ascribed to the printer or myself. At all events the emendation of Justus is liable to the same objection, as if the passage stood in the manner in

which I am supposed to have quoted it. A moment's reflection will convince Justus of the incompleteness of the phrase, and I believe he will find it difficult, with all his ability, to metamorphose the superlative of an adjective into a substantive. The passage runs "arts, science, knowledge, polished life, ascend in gradual progress to their *highest*." To their highest what? The reader is left to conjecture. Those are the highest states of improvement, of excellence, of perfection, of beauty, and all the other qualities to which it is possible for those things to attain. Let the passage be altered as follows, and Justus will own that in my condemnation of the passage I was correct: "To observe, that where virtue, truth, and liberty erect their standard, there arts, science, knowledge, polished life attain by gradual progress to *their greatest*." Justus certainly would not defend this mode of expression, and yet one is as equally defensible as the other.

Truth is the aim of Justus, and it is also mine: I believe it falls to the lot of few or none to attain perfection in the science of philology. We ought not therefore to be discomfited when we are detected in an error, nor offended with those who detected it. If Justus has any additional grounds to produce in defence of Nubilia, I am ready to receive them, to refute, or to acknowledge them.

R. H.

Query—Does the author of Nubilia live at St. Albans?

#### AN ILLUSTRATIVE DISSERTATION UPON EPIGRAMS.

SIR,

IT can be no great proof of puerility to criticize what even an unbought genius hath not deemed it puerile to write. I shall not therefore think it necessary to apologise for the want of proficiency in the following pages to you, who know that it is sometimes wise to forget wisdom.

If this frequently appeared to me that our most admired authors have been ignorant of the requisites of an epigram, as we judge from the productions of Swift, Prior, and some

others, we may readily imagine that they supposed an epigram and a trifle to be synonymous. But this is an error. An epigram is indeed a trifle, but a trifle is not necessarily an epigram. To the excellences of the first brevity, poetry and point are requisite. By point I mean that peculiar species of wit which is termed sarcastic.

I will now examine how far the epigrams of our best authors accord with these three rules.

"We fly from Luxury and Wealth  
To hardship's pursuit of Health;  
From generous wines and costly fare,  
And doting in a easy chair,  
Pursue the godless Health in vain  
To find her in a country scene;  
And every where her footsteps trace,  
And see her marks in every fare,  
And still her favourites we meet  
Cramming the roads with nasal feet.  
But oh! so faintly we pursue,  
We ne'er can have her full in view."

SWIFT.

This has but one of the features of an epigram, namely, versification. It is tediously long and quite pointless, nor does it possess Swift's usual felicity of expression. The iteration of the conjunction "and" beginning four lines out of twelve is ungraceful.

"The glass, by lover's nonsense blurr'd,  
Dims and obscures our sight;  
So when our passions Love hath stirr'd,  
It darkens Reason's light."

This is a pleasing simile, because it is new; but no one would imagine it to be an epigram without previous information. The second couplet is obscure.

I will instance one other of Swift's to recompense, in some measure, the perusal of the two former:—

"Peut en croire avec bon sens  
Qu'un lardon le nût en colere,  
Ou que manger un harang  
C'est un secret pour se plaire.  
En sa gloire envelopé  
Songe til bien de nos soupé."

They, though one of the best of sixteen or eighteen, is not excellent; the grammatical words "le," "lui," "son," are without their antecedent nouns, and to whom the epigram is intended to relate. It possesses, however, an odd mixture of gravity and thought, with lightness of expression, which is very pleasing.

Prior is not more successful in his epigrams than the Dean:

"Venus take my votive glass,  
Since I am not what I was;  
What from this day I shall be,  
Venus let me never see."

That a female should become disgusted with her features, and resign her glass in consequence, is rather wonderful than witty. The first line is the best; the rest end feebly. The first couplet conveys all that is intended to be conveyed.

"To John I ow'd great obligation,  
But he unhappily thought fit  
To publish it to all the nation,  
So John and I are more than quit."

This is not only a false but a hackneyed idea, and was hackneyed when Prior wrote. There is nothing pointed either in the conceit or the manner of expression.

The one, beginning "On his death-bed poor Simon lies," is full of humour. The following is likewise laughable but unnatural:

"Cries Pontius, enraged, contradicting his wife,  
'You never yet told me one truth in your life.'  
Vex'd Pontia no way could this thesis allow,  
'You're a cuckold,' says she, 'do I tell you truth now?'"

This is mere prose in rhyme. It reminds one of Swift's humorous burlesque of Alexandrines:—

"Well, if ever I saw such another man  
since my mother bound my head;  
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder  
where you were bred."

The following is an unacknowledged translation from Martial. I forget the author:—

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell,  
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell."

This method of making the first and third line rhyme to the second, though unauthorised, is not unpleasant. It gives it an air of compactness. Martial writes

"Non amo te Sabidi—non possum dicere  
quare  
Hoc possum tantum dicere—non amo te."

The epigram has little merit. The capricious dislike of no man can be worth recording. The translation is better than the original. In the lat-

ter, "hoc possum tantum dicere" (one-fourth of the epigram) is mere verbosity.

The following, by Dr. Donne, the satirist, is clever:—

"I am unable, yonder beggar cries,  
To stand or go,—if he says true he lies."

This is a mere pun, but the artful juxtaposition of the apparently contradictory assertions gives it great spirit.

The "Five Reasons for Drinking" is humorous:—

"Good wine—a friend—or being dry  
—Or lest we should be by and bye,  
—Or—any other reason why."

DR. ALDRICH.

The lines on the famous Anatanaclasis, "Dum vivimus vivamus," written, I think, by Dr. Dodderidge, and so highly extolled by Johnson, are eminently sublime. There is, however, a solemnity in them incompatible with one's ideas of epigram.

Dr. Johnson's trifles are for the most part either panegyrics or parodies, and as such do not come under the denomination of epigrams. His only one is far from excellent:—

"Augustus still survives in Ma o's strain,  
And Spencer's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;  
Great George's acts let tuneful Ciber sing,  
For nature form'd the poet for the king."

*He who imagines that asseveration will be taken for proof, or unmannerly abuse for the ebullitions of fancy, deceives himself.* The first couplet has an air of pedantry. The three first lines, however, possess more melody than is customary in epigrams: the fourth is disgraced by a slovenly repetition; and *he who makes slovenly repetitions, can expect little praise for the elegance of his expression or the propriety of his diction.* His works will soon become obtenebrated by continual neglect, or be remembered for the mere excitation of risible emotions.

Goldsmith has written a variety of trifles, but has termed none of them epigrams. The stanzas on woman are exquisitely beautiful. The first verse of the song on Hope is trite; the second is novel, and happily expressed: the clown's reply is intended for an epigram. To say that one cannot look upon people without thinking

of jackasses, though well enough from a country blockhead in *real life*, betrays neither wit nor shrewdness in Goldsmith.

There is a vivacity in the following idea, very closely approximating to epigrammatic point:—

"Weeping, murmuring, complaining,  
Lost to every gay delight,  
Myra too sincere for feigning,  
Fears th' approaching bridal night."

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,  
Or dim thy beauty with a tear;  
Had Myra followed my direction,  
She long had wanted cause of fear."

The person of the *verse* in this is unnecessarily changed. The first verse is in the third person; the first couplet of the second verse is in the second person; and the last couplet is once more in the third. There is no other trifling deduction from its merit in so far as regards Goldsmith. He stole it:—

"Eglé tremble que dans ce jour,  
L'hymen plus puissant que l'amour,  
N'enlevé ses trésors sans qu'elle ose s'en plaindre."

Elle a négligé son avis  
Si la belle les eût suivis,  
Elle n'aurait plus rien à craindre."

M. DE LA SABLIERE.

From the above examination I think we may conclude that the English are no very excellent epigrammatists. It is, however, some consolation, that they are as happy in these *jeux d'esprit* as the French; this, with your permission, I shall endeavour, in a future letter, to prove.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. BROWN.

Palgrave Place,  
Oct. 6, 1809.

THE CRIMINAL FROM LOST HONOUR.  
By SCHILLER.

[Continued from p. 185.]

THIS second conviction heightened the enormity of his offence. The judges examined the book of laws, but they could not find any case analogous to Wolf's. It was, however, agreed that poaching required a most exemplary punishment; and Wolf was condemned to have the gallows burnt on his back, and to be kept to hard labour for three years in

the fortress. This period elapsed, and he was liberated from the fortress, but a wholly different man than when he entered it. Here a new epoch in his life commences, and I will copy his own words which he spoke before his judges.

"I entered the fortress (he said) as a vagabond: I left it as a villain. I then had something in the world which was dear to me, and my pride writhed under the shame. On my entrance into the fortress I was confined with twenty-three prisoners, two of whom were murderers, and the remainder reputed thieves. When I spoke of God, I was laughed at, and every one was tried to make me blaspheme my Redeemer. Songs of the most indecent nature were sung to me, which even I, a wanton youth, could not hear without disgust and shame; but my modesty was still more offended by the acts which I saw daily committed. Not a day passed over my head, in which some shameful actions were not committed, or in which some criminal design was not formed. At first I shunned these people as I would the pestilence, and withdrew myself as much as possible from their conversation; but my heart longed for a companion, and my jailors had refused me my dog. The work was hard and tyrannical; my body was sickly; I required support, and, I must be candid, I also stood in need of compassion, and this I was obliged to purchase with the last remains of my conscience. Thus I became by degrees accustomed to the most abominable actions, and in the last months of my imprisonment I surpassed my masters.

"I now longed for the day of my freedom; for revenge was now the darling thought of my soul. The collected race of man had offended me; for all were better and happier than I. I looked upon myself as the martyr to natural right, and as a victim to the laws. Gnashing my teeth, I clanked my chains when the sun shone behind the fortress. An extensive prospect is a double hell for a prisoner. The wind, as it whistled through the air holes of my tower, and the swallow, as it twittered on the iron bars of my window, appeared to mock me with their liberty, and

made my imprisonment more hateful to me. Then I swore the most bitter and implacable hatred to every thing which bore the form of man, and I have kept my oath with fidelity.

"The first thought on my liberation was my native town. Although little presented itself there towards my future support, yet I had the prospect of satisfying my hunger for revenge. My heart beat with double violence as, at a distance, I saw the well known steeple rising among the trees. It was no more the secret solemn pleasure which I experienced after my first adventure. The memory of all the hardship and all the persecutions, which I had there formerly suffered, awoke on a sudden as from a state of torpor—all my wounds bled afresh—all my scars burst open. I hastened my steps, for I felt a peculiar gratification in terrifying my enemies by my sudden appearance; and I now thirsted more for fresh humiliation—than in former times I trembled at it. The bells sounded for vespers as I arrived in the market place. The people were hastening to church. I was soon recognised. But every one shunned and turned away from me. I was always partial to little children; and by an almost involuntary motion I gave a penny to a boy who came skipping by me. The boy looked at me for a moment full in the face, and threw my money at me. Had my blood been a little more composed, I should have recollected that my beard, which I retained since my liberation from prison, gave to my features an hideous appearance. Tears, such as I had never shed before, flowed down my cheeks. The boy knows not whom I am, nor whence I came, I repeated loud to myself, and yet he shuns me as a hateful beast. Is there some mark engraven on my forehead, or have I lost the resemblance of man, because I feel that I cannot love a man again. The contempt of this boy pained me more than my three years of imprisonment in the fortress, for I had conferred a kindness on him, nor could accuse him of any personal hatred.

"I seated myself on a bench, opposite to the church. I know not what in that moment I had in view; but I



know that I rose with anger and indignation, as not one of my acquaintance, who passed by me, thought me worthy of their notice. I left the spot in search of an inn. On turning the corner of a street I encountered my Hanna. "Wolf," she exclaimed, and made a motion to embrace me, "returned at last" God be praised that thou art again amongst us." She was a spectacle of hunger and misery, in her face she bore the remains of a loathsome disease her look announced the outcast creature to which she had fallen. I soon imagined what had happened. Some royal dragoons, whom I just then met, led me to suppose that the regiment was quartered in the town. "A soldier's prostitute," I cried, and laughing, turned my back upon her. I felt some consolation, that in the rank of the living there was one creature beneath me. I never loved her.

"My mother was dead. My little property had been disposed of to discharge the claims of my creditors. The world was a wilderness to me, in which nor thing nor being blossomed for me. I was shunned as a poisonous reptile, but I at last taught myself to feel no more the compunctions of shame. Formerly I withdrew myself from the sight and notice of men, because contempt was insupportable to me. Now I pressed myself into society, and I was delighted to see my fellow creatures fly from me with terror. I felt a secret pleasure in it, for I had nothing more to lose, nothing more to care for. I stood in need of no good properties, for nobody supposed I possessed them. The whole world was open before me. In another province I should perhaps have been considered an honourable man, but I had lost the courage even to bear the semblance of it. Despair and shame had at last engrafted this mode of thinking on my mind. It was the last refuge remaining for me, to learn to live without honour, for I could lay claim to none. If my vanity and my pride had survived my humiliation, I must have become a suicide. In regard to the resolves which I now formed, I acknowledge I was ignorant of them, but I have still a gloomy recollection that I was deter-

mined to commit evil. I was resolved to merit my fate. The laws I imagined were for the benefit of the world; therefore I was determined to transgress them. Formerly I sinned from necessity and thoughtlessness, now I delighted and rejoiced in it.

"The first step I took was to continue my poaching. The chase became my ruling passion, and it was necessary I should have some means of procuring for myself a livelihood. But this was not my only motive. I felt a secret pleasure in transgressing the royal edict, and in committing the injury in my power to the lords of the manor. No fear of being taken harboured in my mind; for now I had a ball ready for my discoverer, and I knew that in my gun I seldom failed. I killed all the game which presented itself, little of which, however, I converted into money, the major part I left to rot on the ground. I deprived myself of the necessaries of life to afford a greater waste of powder and ball. The devastations which I committed were at last the universal topic of conversation, but no suspicion fell upon me. My very look argued against it. My name was forgotten. I persevered in this mode of life for several months.

"One morning, according to my custom, I had traversed the wood, to trace the track of a deer. For two hours I had sought in vain, and I began to consider my booty as lost, as on a sudden I discovered my prey within reach of my shot. I placed my gun to my shoulder, and was just going to pull the trigger, but I was suddenly withheld by the sight of a hat, which lay a few paces before me on the ground. I stepped forward with caution, and on a sudden I espied the forrestor, Robert, who, standing behind an oak, was leveling his gun at the same deer, which was my intention to have killed. At the sight of this man a cold shiver ran through all my veins. He was the very man, for whom, amongst all created beings, I bore the most deadly hatred, and this man was now within the range of my ball. At this moment it appeared to me as if the whole world lay in the loading of my gun, and that the hatred of my whole

life had compressed itself into the point of the finger, with which I was to draw the murderous trigger. An invisible terrible hand hovered over me. The hour-hand of my fate pointed irrevocably to this dark minute. My arm trembled as I directed my gun to its unfortunate victim: my teeth chattered as in the frost of death: my breath was almost stifled. One minute the direction of my gun wavered between the man and the beast—another minute—another—and another. Revenge and conscience contended for the victory: but revenge conquered—and the forester was stretched lifeless on the ground. The gun fell from my hand. Murderer! I stammered slowly. The wood was as silent as a tomb. I knew distinctly that I pronounced the word, Murderer. I crept nearer and nearer still—I saw the last struggles of life. Long I stood speechless before the corpse. At last I broke into a loud laugh. “Ah! my good friend,” I exclaimed, “thou wilt tell no more secrets.” I stepped boldly to the corpse, and turned the face of the murdered uppermost. Wide his eyes stood open, ghastly staring. I became serious. Words appeared as if denied to me. I began to feel as I never yet had felt. Hitherto I had committed violence on account of my shame. Now a deed was done for which I had not yet atoned. An hour before, I believe no mortal would have been able to convince me that there was a greater reprobate under heaven than myself. Now I began to conjecture that, an hour before, I was even an object of envy. The judgment of God never occurred to me. But I had a confused, indefinite recollection of a halter and a sword, and the execution of a murderer of a child, which I had witnessed when a boy at school. There was something terrible in the thought to me, that henceforth my life was forfeit: that I wished that my victim still lived. I attempted to recollect all the injury which the deceased had done to me in his life; but strange! my memory was as if annihilated: I could not recall to my mind a single circumstance which a quarter of an hour before had driven me to

the deed. I could not comprehend by what I was induced to the murder. R. H.

[To be continued.]

*THE LITERARY ADVENTURES OF PETER POSITIVE, of GOTHAM, in NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Addressed to the EDITOR of the UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.*

*Mr. Editor,*

ON the 1st of April, 1776, I, Peter Positive, was born; and I have been since informed, that certain signs appeared at my birth, which were explained by the old women, to be certain prognostications of the transcendancy of my genius, and that I should stand the foremost in the list of the wise men of Gotham. My father said the old women were fools, but my mother espoused their cause; and, as is generally the case, when words are to decide the question, my mother gained the victory. Every orchard which I robbed, and every mischievous trick which I performed, were indisputable proofs of the existence of that genius which the old women had prognosticated. There being no school in the parish, which my mother deemed capable of doing justice to my dormant genius, she applied to her sister, resident in Nottingham, to consult with her husband, who was to consult with a friend, which friend was to consult with a man of known ability respecting the academies of that town, and to report whether there was one of sufficient merit to be honoured with the education of Peter Positive. Several were reported, but my father pleaded his inability to sustain the expense. He argued the matter systematically, economically, judicially, and prudentially. My mother argued it as women generally argue, that is, she had no reason to give but her own will. My father, though not versed in the knowledge of man, still knew so much of woman, if not in the abstract, yet of my mother, that to oppose her will he knew was only to rivet her stronger to it; that he, for the sake of peace at home, left my education solely to

my mother, and considering to whom it was left, it was better than nineteen in twenty could rationally have expected.

At the vacations, my mother placed me on a chair, whilst my father was smoking his pipe in the evening, and I spouted my *Propria quæ maritus*, or my *Tityre tu patula*. My father stared: my mother smiled — The neighbours were called in to hear me. "Is he not a clever boy?" asked my mother. "Aye, for sartain he be," answered old Giles, the blacksmith. "Is he not a *genus* already?" asked my mother. "I knows not what that word be," said an old woman; "but lud! how he do but speak gibberish!" "Gibberish!" exclaimed my mother, reddening with anger. "why they tells me, it is one of the dead tongues." "Aye, aye," said old Giles, "I have smoked many a tongue in my time, but such a tongue as this be I never know'd before. I should not know how to set about smoking it." When I had finished my oration,—"What a thing it be," said my mother, "to have a son a *genus*. He will one day or other be a parliament man." "Aie all parliament men *genuses*?" asked old Giles. "Sartain they be," said my mother, "or what business have they there?" "How comes it then," asked old Giles, "that you only hear of most of them at *lection* time, when sartain sure they be all very good and kind? But I might as well be in the parliament house, for all the good—" "Pooh, pooh!" said my mother, interrupting him, "talk about ploughshares, and let the parliament alone: they manage their business very snugly amongst themselves." I do not know how long this conversation would have lasted, had not my father bade my mother replenish his jug of ale, which she rather unwillingly obeyed, for she was in her element in an argument, and never yielded; for, like most females, she considered herself always in the right.

Before I proceed in my adventures I must beg the reader to peruse, with particular attention, what I have already written, or many of the nice touches will escape him, which will elucidate my character more forcibly than if I had written volumes on the

subject. As to the character of my mother, I must leave that to explain itself; but, notwithstanding the hints of many people, I am certain my father did not die of the headache. Of what then, pray? Ask his surgeon.

In the opinion of my mother, my education was completed after three years residence in Nottingham, and I was taken from *Selectæ et profanis*, from Virgil, from Seneca, and from Homer, to handle a dung fork, and stir up *swill*\* for the pigs. But my genius was not to be depressed by such discouraging circumstances, and thanks to the clerk of the parish: he assisted me in the fulfilment of the plans which I had formed for laying the efforts of my genius before the public. I was now arrived at that age, when the mind may be said to have taken its bias for life; and a fortunate bias it has proved, not for myself, but for generations on generations to come. Literature became my darling theme, and I longed to figure in the world as an author. Instead of attending to the concerns of the farm, I was either spouting scenes from a favourite tragedy, or writing scenes for other people to spout.—The bairn was the theatre of my eloquence, and my father once caught me haranguing half a dozen sheaves of corn, which I had placed upright, with all the vehemence of a Cato to the senators of Rome. My mother rejoiced that the prognostications of the old women were verified, and she sounded the fame of my genius over all the country. My father shook his head, smoked his pipe, but, like a wise man, kept a profound silence.

I had just finished a work, in which I have proved, beyond a doubt, that there was no rainbow before the deluge, when, to my unspeakable joy, my cousin, who undoubtedly had heard of my genius, requested my father to allow me to spend a month with him in the metropolis. The request was not refused, and I set off from Nottingham with a light and joyous heart. In your literary course, Mr. Editor, you have undoubtedly met with a certain Parson Adams, who set off on a journey to the me-

\* The Nottinghamshire word for food for pigs.

ropolis, with a view of obtaining a publisher for his sermons, and feasting himself on the road with the emolument and the honour which would be showered upon the author. Now in one point I do not resemble him, which is, that I did not forget my MS. as he did his sermons, but in the second point I am the very type of him. I made an hundred calculations of the manner in which I should expend the enormous sum which, if I might believe my friend the clerk, any publisher would be ready to give me for my MS. I saw the whole host of publishers vying with each other to become the purchaser, and a city knight the most eager of them all. I saw my name blazoned in the newspapers. I saw my work extolled by all the Reviews and Magazines, and especially by the *Edinburgh*, which you know, Mr. Editor, is something uncommon, except the author be a Scotchman. I looked upon my fellow passengers in the stage coach as people beneath me. I was certain there was not an author amongst them, for my penetrating mind soon discovered that their ideas did not extend beyond the cultivation of turnips, the stagnant state of trade, and the depression of the stocks; with the latter of which you know, Mr. Editor, an author would be ashamed to hold any acquaintance; and the only stocks with which they are in general acquainted, and whose acquaintance they condescend to acknowledge, are mostly to be found in the market-places and entrances of towns; I therefore sunk into a pleasing reverie, and cheered myself with all the glories of authorship.—O! what fairy visions danced before me. I was enveloped in a seraph's glow. I felt myself pregnant with the fire of Milton, and I am certain something most extraordinary would have been brought forth, had I not been suddenly roused from my reverie by an uncommon motion of the carriage, which, on looking from the window, I found to proceed from our entering on the stones of London.

We passed the Bank—the Mansion House. I did not bestow a single thought on them, for I was informed that we were drawing near to that seat of liberality and the Muses,

called Paternoster-Row. How my heart beat with rapture as I beheld its academic gloom. I could have rushed from the coach, and have embraced every bookseller, publisher, shopman, and collector, who trod its solemn shades—from Jones to Hamilton. Happy, happy men, thought I, soon I will be amongst you; soon my name shall sound in every shop, and the work of Peter Positive, of Gotham, be louder called for than either *Cælebs* or *Nubilia*. I will not detain you with a description of the friendly manner in which I was received by my cousin, nor of all the inquiries which he made of his relatives of Gotham, nor will I describe to you my great surprise at all the sights of London, but hasten to those points which are particularly connected with my literary adventures.

One day my cousin proposed to me to walk with him to Hyde Park, to view Rotten Row and all those famous places of which I read so often in the newspapers: but I did not see anything in the park, nor about it, which I would exchange for a single look from Nottingham Castle or from the openings in Clifton Grove. I therefore urged my cousin to return; and, in passing down a long street, which I think he called Piccadilly, my attention was attracted by a number of persons flocking into a house, which, on inquiry of my cousin, I found was appropriated to the use of a debating society. My soul caught fire at the words. The moment was come in which I should have an opportunity of displaying my powers of eloquence, and, without consulting my cousin on the subject, I rushed into the forum: but on a sudden I lost all powers of articulation. I was astounded at what I heard: such a vast display of learning—such elegance of language—such depth of reasoning—such profundity of knowledge. I never before appeared so little in my own eyes. Sleep fled from my pillow the whole of the night; and on the following morning, immediately after my breakfast, I requested my cousin to accompany me to the manager, as I wished to propose a subject on which I would deliver a profound and enlightened oration. I will give you ten days,

Mr. Editor, or, if you please, as many Olympiads, to divine the subject. It was on the man in the moon. We found the manager paring some potatoes which were to be placed under the scrag end of a neck of mutton, which stood on the table, only waiting for the potatoes, to be sent to the bake-house. But this very circumstance gave him an additional importance in my eyes, for I had read of a Roman Emperor who was caught in the act of paring turnips. Is it not then praiseworthy in the manager of a British Forum to pare his own potatoes? We were received in the most gracious manner. I stated the subject on which I wished to speak—on the man in the moon! The manager looked like a man who is deceived in his expectations. "Yes, Sir," I exclaimed, without being in the least abashed, "I wish to speak on the man in the moon, one of the most wonderful, most important, and most mysterious subjects which one mortal ever expounded to another." After overcoming some weighty objections of the manager, he granted my request: and in the evening I had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing the man of the moon announced as the subject for the following night, and as it would be opened by a gentleman, whose abilities were conspicuous in the literary world, the manager anticipated a most crowded assembly. The wished-for hour arrived, and I hastened to the forum.

[To be continued.]

MR. BURDON IN VINDICATION OF  
MR. MALTHUS.

SIR,

THE last number of your very useful Magazine contained a letter from a constant and laborious correspondent, who has taken great pains to produce a melioration in the condition of the poor. His object in that letter is to controvert the doctrine of Mr. Malthus on the subject of population, which he, among many others, has either wilfully misrepresented or ignorantly mistaken. He professes himself the friend and advocate of the poor, and therefore he is unwilling to lay any restraint on

their enjoyments. Under the impression of this feeling, he seems to be much offended with Mr. Malthus for having proposed a check for diminishing the tendency of population to increase beyond the means of subsistence, and he seems to suppose that Mr. Malthus knew of no other, and proposed it as the sole means of restraining a redundant population; whereas he has only proposed it as a substitute for those which are already known to exist in the world, and these are vice and misery, which, to a certain extent, are to be found in almost every collection of men. The basis of Mr. Malthus's doctrine remains yet unshaken; but your correspondent seems to forget that the geometrical progression in the increase of men, and even the arithmetical in the increase of provisions, can only take place under the most unlimited circumstances, and Mr. M. is far from affirming that they ever do take place in the ordinary course of human affairs. The whole bent and object of his book is to prove that vice and misery are ever at work to thin the numbers of mankind, and therefore, as a benevolent man and a Christian, he proposes that the exercise of our reason and the restraints of our appetites should be substituted in the room of those terrible correctors of an excessive tendency to population, which now deform the fair face of civilized society. His intention, no doubt, deserves praise, as well as the industry with which he has collected the proofs of his position: but I doubt his philosophy might as well be addressed to the winds as to those for whom it is principally intended. Mankind are and ever have been wicked and miserable, and that they should be so is, I believe, established by a decree of nature, which no human power can ever reverse. They will go on to "increase and multiply," and they will ever be subject to that destiny which has hitherto rendered them and their progeny the children of misery; for though there is much enjoyment in the world, there will ever be much to damp and diminish our pleasures.

The doctrine and the fact being what I have stated, the elaborate ar-

guments of your correspondent are a mere work of supererogation. I will therefore spare myself the trouble, which I at first intended, of confuting them singly. They are all answered in this one word—they do not apply to any thing Mr. Malthus has asserted—and did your correspondent thoroughly understand his doctrine, I have no doubt he would join with him in wishing that, since the tendency to population must be restrained, it could be restrained by means less afflicting than those which operate and have operated since the creation of the world; and I should join with them in the same benevolent, yet marvellous wish, were I not convinced, that Nature will not alter the constitution of things for all the philosophers that ever existed.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON

*Halfpenny near Margate,*  
Oct 7, 1800.

*The following is too long for the poetical department, as it would monopolize the space due to our other friends; and it has too much merit to be omitted—we therefore insert it here.*

*ODE TO JOY. By SCHILLER. A Freemason's Song.*

JOY from source celestial pour'd,  
Immatic of elysian bowers,  
We thy holy temple enter,  
We invoke thy heavenly powers.  
Tyrant customs, harsh distinctions,  
Sink before thy just award,  
Regars are the peer of princes  
Where thy magic voice is heard.

CHORUS

Fellow myriads, far and near,  
Hail! and take the proffer'd hand,  
Sure a power to mortals bland,  
Dwells above yon starry sphere.

He whom happier Fortune favours,  
He who boasts a friend that's true,  
He whom Love's soft transport kindles,  
Let him join the gladsome crew  
With the wretch whose wayward fortunes  
Love and Friendship's boons restrain,  
Let him quit the joyous banquet,  
Let him quit the genial train.

CHORUS

Sacred powers of sympathy!  
All creation owns thy sway;  
To the brighter realms of day  
Thou shalt bid thy votary.

All that breathes thro' varied nature  
Sips the nectar'd cup of joy,  
Good and bad with equal ardour  
Fondly crowd her rostrate way  
Love and wine and Friendship's treasure,  
Joy with lavish hand bestows;  
Joy the abject's pulse gladdens,  
While with joy the seraph glows.

CHORUS

Mortals own the deity,  
Own the power of Nature's Lord;  
Let the rapt'rous loud accord  
Reach the blissful seats on high.

Joy, unceasing source of motion,  
Announces the vernal scene,  
Potent spring of wide creation,  
Joy impels the vernal hume  
Buds to flowers her influence ripens,  
Suns he draws from realms of day,  
Roll the spheres thro' boundless ether  
Far beyond the track's survey.

CHORUS

Jovous as the rolling sphere,  
Wanders thro' ethereal space,  
Let us speed our mortal race,  
Gaily speed our short career.

Smiling sweet in Truth's bright mirror,  
Joy the searcher toil requites  
Joy, the prize of mild endurance,  
Iads to Virtue's steepest heights.  
See in Truth's efulgent mirror,  
High aloft her banners wave  
Joy peopled the choir of angels,  
Joy shall cheer the darks and cave.

CHORUS

Iearn the alk of life to bear,  
Check the tear and still the sigh,  
Heaven rewards the victory  
High above yon spanned sphere.

Nought requit indulgent heaven,  
Let us emulate its care,  
Sons of Poverty and Sorrow  
Haste and find a welcome here  
Fell revenge and bitter rancour  
Shun the social gay retreat,  
Hate be every foe forgiven,  
Pardon every wrong await.

CHORUS

Jars and broil no more be heard,  
Peace her olive wand displays,  
He whose eye the globe surveys  
Soon will judge as we await.

Sparkling high in flowing glasses,  
Fights sublime shall joy inspire  
Cannibals inhale soft merrit,  
Wild despair—heroic die.  
Now the m mling goblet circles,  
Gaily quaff the generous wine,  
Wine the gift of bounteous Nature,  
Praise the Power who gave the vine.

## CHORUS.

He, whose praise the tuneful spheres  
 Chaunt in ceaseless harmony;  
 He who dwells above the sky,  
 Gave the vine to soothe our cares.

Calmly bear the frowns of Fortune,  
 Soothe the heart oppress'd with woe.  
 Sacred keep the plighted promise,  
 True alike to friend and foe.  
 Manly Pride display to princes,  
 Give to modest worth its due,  
 Cherish Truth and all its vot'ries,  
 Deprecate the perjurd crew.

## CHORUS.

Closer knit our holy bonds,  
 Low at Truth's bright altar bow,  
 Swear to keep the plighted vow,  
 Swear by him who all commands.

Wide may sacred Freedom triumph,  
 E'en may pity vice await,  
 Hope attend life's latest glimmer,  
 Mercy ward the felon's fate.  
 Lo! the shrouded dead shall quicken,  
 Mortals list and heaven adore,  
 Every crime shall be forgiven,  
 Death and hell shall be no more.

## CHORUS.

Peace at life's departing scene,  
 Soft repose beneath the tomb,  
 Looks benign and gracious doom,  
 From the awful Judge of men.

## PHILO GERMANICUS.

**THE WHIP CLUB: the DIGNIFIED  
 ASSEMBLY of BRITISH NOBLE-  
 MEN!!**

Oh Shame! where is thy blush?

[Extracted from Nubilia.]

*We have, on many previous occasions, allotted room in our pages to instructive or amusing extracts from contemporary publications: believing, as we do, that it is no objection against what is meritorious that it has been before, though recently, printed. Every reader of a Magazine is not, necessarily the reader of each new or popular work that is published; and under this impression, we now present to our readers an extract from NUBILIA, which deservedly stigmatizes a worthless society.*

**W**HILE we were at Keswick my uncle happened to meet with an intimate London acquaintance, who had resorted thither for the fashionable purpose of seeing the lakes.

His name was Wilson: a man of independent fortune, and eminent among the gay and the dissipated. His exterior was not displeasing, nor were his manners without that superficial amenity which is caught by habitual intercourse with well-bred and refined persons. His discourse was voluble, and it reminded me of the distich of the poet:

Words are like leaves, and where they  
 most abound

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely  
 found.

If he were to be estimated by the facility which he talked upon every topic, he might be considered as a rival to the *amirabile* *Whiston*: to him nothing was difficult. I was, at first, deceived by his fluency, in a belief of his vast acquirements: but, seizing a moment to examine the tenor of his discourse, I was soon convinced that

"Shallow streams run, dimpling, all the  
 way"

In argument, he hoped to overcome every thing by a gracious smile, much gesticulation, and a constant application of *you may depend upon it*,—*I assure you—it's absolutely certain,—it's absurd to think otherwise*, &c. &c. If all these failed, he laughed; and if laughing failed, he strove to shield himself behind a pompous silence, undisturbed but by *aye* or *no*, and which seemed to imply that his opponent was wholly unworthy of serious refutation. It was not indeed often that he was induced to enter upon intricate discussions: his conversation consisted of short flights and sudden interruptions: but when wine had dispossessed prudence of her post, it was then that he exhibited himself in all the impotence of mind. At such moments I rather pitied than despised him.

Mr. Wilson was a member of the associated courtiers. He was one of those degenerate beings who place their renown in the dexterous management of four-in-hand: who prefer turning a sharp corner to any rational act; and who glory in their exaltation to a *dickie*, as much as a wise man would, in his exaltation to wisdom or to virtue. I need not add that his language was too often the

language of the stable, deprived indeed of its grosser qualities, but preserving all its spirit. His dress was so characteristic, so descriptive of the habits of the man, that when he first addressed my uncle, and I perceived them in friendly discourse together, a transient sense of humiliation and debasement crept across me, that a relative of mine should associate so familiarly with what I naturally judged him to be, a coachman. My embarrassment, indeed, was relieved by Sophia, and a mingled sentiment of contempt and indignation succeeded the feelings that were first excited.

It were vain to hope that admonition can reach those who have lost all self-respect. He who can descend to the acquirements of a coachman, will be content with a coachman's importance. He who has chosen the stable for his *palestra*, can have no ambition beyond a groom. The man whose highest wishes centre in the accomplishments of a postilion, will look for his reward among those who can judge of his merits, and grooms, coachmen, and postilions will, therefore, be his *arbitri elegantiarum*. Could we but teach the world to see with our own eyes what great personages we should all be: and could these degenerate beings but transform England into one vast stable, and its inhabitants into jockies, their renown would then be illustrious and permanent: for, in a nation of blind people, a one-eyed man would be king. This, however, cannot be.

Show me then a human creature more despicable than the members of the *Whip Club*. I could almost exclaim, in the indignant language of Shakespeare,

O! heaven, that such companions should'st unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip  
To lash the rascals naked thro' the world,  
Even from the east to the west.

Will it be said that this is intemperate language? No. It cannot. Who are they that constitute this worthless club? The titled and the opulent. And what ought to be their influence and example in society? A corrupt and profligate nobility is a nation's scourge. Private vices respect only the individual; but public ones, (I

mean those that are committed under the public eye) communicate infection; they sap the foundations of the commonweal, and lead, in their train, anarchy, rebellion and bloodshed. Can it be expected that a people should feel reverence for gamblers, jockies and cockers? And if that reverence, which rests upon opinion, be annihilated, what other basis will you find, to support the present distinctions of society? Man, simply considered, is co-ordinate with man, and, in society, he is diversified only by wisdom, by virtue, by power, or by vice. To our superiors in wisdom and in virtue we instinctively submit: but, our superiors in vice alone, we indignantly resist. Here then are the evils which are to be dreaded. The moral distinctions of society are shaking to their centre: they are crumbling into dust: and woe to the land that is purified by fire and blood. In such a crisis, the innocent *may* fall: the guilty *must*: on their devoted heads the first tide of vengeance will flow, and it will sweep them to destruction.

It is lamentable to behold such un-awed depravity. Public opinion has lost its wholesome power over the corrupt, and nothing is thought vile enough to be done in secret. We are taught to consider, (and we must consider) our nobility as the hereditary legislators of the country: and we look up to the opulent as our delegated ones. Where then is our safety, if the senate is exchanged for the stable? If the toils of state are bartered for the sordid honours of a jockey? While such events are taking place, what must be the silent progress of opinion?

I do not address myself to individuals. I should be indifferent to the circumstance of thirty or a hundred men, for whom their forefathers have acquired wealth and titles, ascending the coach-box. It may be their proper place: it certainly is their proper place, for they give proof of its propriety in their choice. I could behold them there, as I have beheld them, with pity and contempt, and I could easily persuade myself that they perform a public good by keeping away from the senate, and by abstaining from all connexion with public



transactions. I could, cheerfully, consign them to the ignoble post they had chosen, and thank heaven that he had gifted so many of his creatures with so perfect a knowledge of themselves and their powers. I should account it a blessing that so much folly and so much meanness had selected so adequate a course. But I look farther. I look to the influence which these things have upon men's opinion. I look to the contagion of example: I look to what must be the condition of a nation when its rulers are sunk in the pursuit of sordid pleasures, and when they have destroyed, by their profligacy, the reverence, and with the reverence, the obedience of the people. History will teach us wisdom, here, by example; and if we unfold its volumes we shall find that empires and states have fallen, and will fall, by the enervating influence of degeneracy, corruption, and luxury; and this degeneracy, this corruption, this luxury, have been generated, not among the people, emphatically so called; but among their rulers: it is there that they have taken root, budded and expanded, and from them they have silently and gradually descended, till the whole commonweal has become rotten. These are truths that cannot be refuted. Let me not, then, be accused of exaggerating dangers, or exciting needless alarm. The evil may be distant, but have we not cause to tremble, if it be begun? If a man were told, and if he knew the prediction to be certain, that his house would one day fall upon him and crush him, by the silent undermining of rats, would he not be vigilant to prevent a single rat from sheltering in its foundation?

Perhaps, what I have written may be stigmatized as the vehemence of folly. If it be folly, it is, at least, in a good cause. If I anticipate, what can never happen: if I imagine corruption that does not exist: if I foresee consequences that cannot ensue, I shall rejoice in a conviction of my error, and thank him that produces it. But, if *these things are*: and if the eternal course of events proclaims what *must* be the result of these things: I shall surely be pardoned, if, from an anxiety that is natural and

honourable to me, I have enlarged the peril, or aggravated the causes. The precision of truth may, sometimes, be laid aside, when its existence is real. If we can alarm men from their vices by magnifying their danger, who shall condemn the process?

To Mr. J. Brown, in Defence of  
A. B.

Sir,

AS you have been pleased to inform us of the generous principle which induced you to publish your remark on A. B.'s criticism, permit me to pay my tribute of respect to that scrupulous honesty which prompted you "to pluck the borrowed laurels from his brow." I applaud the diligence with which you have perused your author; and could I view with the same approbation the use which you have made of his authority, I would content myself with simply recording your praises, and leaving you in full possession of the reward of your ingenuity. But when a man thinks proper to intrude in the discussion of a question, not for the purpose of argument, but merely to hold up one of the parties to ridicule and contempt, or to make a vain display of his own acquisitions, it is too bold for him to say that "common honesty" was his only motive.

What you have advanced implies two propositions: that A. B. has borrowed the objection from Lord Kaimes; and that he indulges in a criminal self-complacency on account of the applause which he has received. Now, since it does not follow that an author is a plagiarist, because there happens to be a concurrence of opinion on a given subject betwixt himself and another author, it may not be amiss to enquire, how you came to know that A. B. had borrowed the argument from Lord K., or that he had ever perused his lordship's work. And, as it is no easy matter to penetrate the recesses of the heart, do inform us how you obtained intelligence that he indulged the self-complacency you mention. Truly, Sir, seeing that you wrote your wise letter the very day when you first observed A. B.'s argument, your time has not been ill

employed in making these profound discoveries.

But the detection, it seems, "had the singular power of at once adding to the weight, and deducting from the merit, of A. B.'s argument "in so far as respects himself at least." I do not deny that the authority of Lord K. would add weight to almost any argument. But A. B. Sir, is content to stand on his own ground; and as long as he exercises his ingenuity in discovering errors in celebrated authors, and thereby preventing the diffusion of bad taste, his opinion will carry with it an intrinsic weight, which will receive but little addition even from the authority of Lord K. and suffer no diminution from the attacks of Mr. Brown.

Your's, &c.

VINDEX.

*The ADVENTURES and TRAVELS, in various Parts of the Globe, of HENRY VOGEL. Translated from the German*

[Continued from p. 193.]

**P**OCKELSLOH had been hitherto distinguished throughout the whole country for its prosperity, its size, and the number of its inhabitants. For this, however, it had been indebted not to its situation, nor to the extent or fertility of its fields, but solely to the industry and regular economy of its residents. Fifty years before, Pockelsloh had obtained the unsavable repute of gluttony and ill manners, but since, labour and frugality had become popular. Hence, the place increased so rapidly in size and population, that the number of children at school, had increased during that period, from 80 to 120. As these grew up and assisted their parents, so the latter increased in wealth.

But now the place underwent a sad change from the influence of the newly arrived family. Virtue and purity of morals, and with them also domestic industry, were openly and fearlessly attacked, and in consequence, much discord was sown in families. What, before, had not been heard of for a series of years, namely, the infidelity of a married woman, or

the seduction of a single one, was now become common. The noble gentleman and his servants were so dissolute that it was not easy for a girl to escape their snares. During the remainder of our stay there, we witnessed several melancholy instances of this, and one of the inhabitants lost his life through it. He entertained some suspicion of his wife's fidelity, and he knew well, that among the nobility, there are those who think it no disgrace to have an intrigue with a female of low condition, whom they would be ashamed to sit at the same table with, or even in the same pew at church. When he spoke to his wife upon the subject, she did not attempt to assert her innocence by prayers, tears, and looks, by which a woman can sometimes soften the most obdurate heart; but she seized a large pair of scissors, and, in a violent rage attempted to destroy herself. Her husband, indeed, prevented her, but, unfortunately, there lay also a knife upon the table. This she got hold of, and as he was striving to take it from her by force, the knife, in the scuffle, entered his breast and cut an artery. He lay ill of this wound for six days, and seemed to have some hope of recovery, but on the seventh he expired. The woman vindicated herself upon her trial, in this manner, that his death was to be solely ascribed to the circumstance of his having only six hours before it happened, sought a reconciliation with her, and that the violence of his emotions on that occasion, caused a fresh rupture of the artery, and his death ensued in consequence. As, however, the good man, before he died, had pronounced her free from all intention of killing him, the magistrate declared her innocent.

Another misfortune happened through the children of this noble family, which caused many tears to many worthy parents. At the entrance of the village there was a high hill, and on which the children of the place frequently used to play. One day a number of them revolted further for the purpose of amusing themselves. The sons of the gentlemen were on the hill, and throwing a large stone down it, they killed a most promising youth. The eldest of these

boys ran immediately into the village, and conveyed to the parents the melancholy tidings that his brother had killed their son. The sorrow of the parents was excessive; and every person in the village pitied the unhappy death of the boy, for he was a pious, good youth.

Such and similar accidents had been quite unknown in our village before, and it was not therefore to be wondered at that every one wished this family had never come to *Pockelsloh*. Even our court of justice, in which heretofore strict equity and law were made to go hand in hand with humanity and kindness, was now quite altered; several crimes were committed that well deserved to be carried before higher tribunals. I will mention one or two which happened during our stay there.

A countryman, during harvest time, had half a dozen pewter plates and some other articles, stolen out of his room, the value of which might be about six dollars. Luckily, as the countryman thought, the theft was discovered, for he himself was present, and he forbade his wife and his servants in the strongest manner to take any notice of the loss sustained, for the lord of the manor, if he heard the slightest report of the matter, would perhaps leave him in costs to twice the amount of the things lost, and this to get his own property again! especially as the thieves were not to be found. What happened? About a quarter of a year afterwards, the thieves were taken up for another offence, and they confessed that they had, a little time before, robbed a farmer in *Pockelsloh* of half a dozen plates and some other things. This was reported to the lord of the manor, the farmer was cited to appear, and he was indicted in the fine of twenty-eight dollars for concealing a robbery!

Another circumstance which happened will affect the reader still more. During the greatest severity of winter, there came, in the course of their peregrination, two travelling journeymen to our village. As strangers, they either did not know that the high and noble gentleman had forbid all beggars to enter the place, or they thought that necessity has no law. He received information of their ar-

rival, and ordered them to be put into confinement as if they had committed some enormous crime. It may well be supposed that the prison was not remarkably well provided against the cold, and the man was so brutal, or at least so thoughtless and so careless, that he never thought of setting the poor youths at liberty till the night was over. It occurred to him, the first thing in the morning, that he had two men in confinement, and he sent to have them liberated. But his messenger found them both frozen to death! They had wound their arms fast round each other, and the last agonies, as they had the implored morsel which was so embittered, they shared in fraternal love!

During this same winter we also experienced the following unkind circumstance. A fire happened to break out in a house. The justice hastened to the place, and used his exertions to extinguish it. He himself laboured indefatigably, ventured into the flames, and stimulated the villagers. Meanwhile came the lord with his huntsman (a young man four and twenty years old) to the fire, called the justice to him, seized him by the hair, and struck him with his stick on the head, to such a degree, that the poor man fell from pain.\* The huntsman supported his master during this proceeding, the cause of which was that the justice had neglected the duties of etiquette in not having first informed him that there was a fire in the village, and that he had not given orders to abstain from quenching the flames, till his arrival. Such a man must, notwithstanding his situation, love all that respect which would otherwise have been shewn to him.

As every thing, therefore, became so much altered, my parents resolved to leave *Pockelsloh*, a place in which they had so long lived happily, and select such a place of residence, where they might again have the comfort of associating with good and worthy persons. Their wish was to have remained in that part of the country.

\* What an organized despotism must exist in that country where such a violation of the natural and civil rights of man dared to be committed! —Translator.

but as no eligible opportunity of so doing presented itself, and as my father had neither the ability nor the leisure to instruct us himself, and my mother perceived that she could no longer educate us as boys ought to be, they resolved to remove to the next town.

They bought a house, therefore, set up a trade, sent us to the best masters, and took every precaution which they could for our instruction and finishing. We had been about three weeks in this place, when I had the misfortune to be bitten by a mad dog in several different places. The grief and alarm of my parents may be imagined. They sent immediately for the physician and the surgeon, and until their arrival, continued to wash my wounds with warm white-wine vinegar, and endeavoured to keep them as clean as they could. It was lucky that I fell into the hands of a skillful physician: but for this, I should have become, in a few hours, the most wretched of human beings, for every animal which this infuriate dog had bitten, and even an ox, became mad!

This physician bruised some garlic and rubbed the wounds with it, as long and as much as possible. He then pounded some burdock-roots in a mortar, added some common salt to it, made a sort of plaster of it, and applied it to the wounds. By these means I was soon restored to health, nor did I ever, even when in the hottest countries, experience the least inconvenience from the circumstance in any respect whatsoever. This physician had cured, in the same manner, and with some internal medicines, several persons of the hydrophobia. Even sheep, and other kinds of cattle that had been bitten by mad dogs, might be cured in this manner, if done in time, and if every day for a week, a new plaster was applied. I myself healed many in that manner, in the course of my various travels.

My parents had scarcely lived in this place a few months, when their trade became so much enlarged, that they were obliged to hire a clerk, and as at the same time their wealth increased, they became more anxious that we should learn every thing that could contribute to our happiness,

exclusive of what might be our inheritance. My father was very thankful to our master, and as he had a numerous family to support, with a very scanty stipend, he gave him not only a considerable sum of money for our instruction, but he also promised him, if he lived, to maintain his third son, who was of the same age as myself, at the university.

Such an unusual acknowledgement from a father towards the teacher of his children, could have none but good consequences to myself; and, had schools then been as well conducted as the greater part of them are now, I should have derived still greater benefit from the circumstance. According to the then general custom, about thirty hours in a week were appropriated to public and private instruction; enough, if well employed, too much if ill employed. The fundamental rules of knowledge were entirely omitted; no more time was given to the acquisition of things than what could be subtracted from the acquisition of language without delaying the latter: but it would be better that they should be both conjoined in such a manner, as that they may equally concur to the embellishment of the character, and produce good fruit.

These principles, however, were unknown to the teacher, or rather to the overseer of our school. The two objects were not pursued in common; he did not endeavour that knowledge emphatically so called, and words, should alternately illustrate each other and be mutually acquired. The greater part of the day was spent in Latin and Greek, the authors were read mechanically, without their peculiar beauties being displayed to us. Two hours were given to French; two to theology; an equal number to geography and history; one to philosophy, a little to Hebrew, and one to poetry.

It was lucky for us scholars that our teacher under this schoolmaster, was possessed of adequate knowledge, of a good heart, and of didactic talents. We made, therefore, considerable progress, and were, at least, without the shame, of having let the first half year elapse, unacquainted with the limits of our career, and

unaptly pursuing that career. This reproach did not belong to us.

As I was not, either by nature or by education, neglectful of, or indifferent to my studies, I very early felt a strong desire within me, to increase my knowledge: what had hitherto been aimless and childish pursuit, now began to turn to things of moment and essential activity. I always brought to my studies, health, vigour, a desire of knowledge, a willing memory, and an eager mind. In the public examinations, which were held every year at Michaelmas and Easter, I always earned great praise. In my seventeenth year, I made my first speech in a public trial of oratory: the subject was the happiness of the virtuous in this life. It was heard with pleasure by my father, but it was, alas! the last pleasure I was ever able to bestow upon him!

[To be continued.]

### Upon the DOCTRINE of DEISM.

SIR,

**I** SEND for your use, if you think it worthy, another proof that the doctrine of deism has been that of great and perhaps good men in all ages; and that there is nothing new mingled in either republican or deistical opinions.

The following are a few of the sentiments of a scholar of the university of Glasgow, delivered mostly in, and about, the year 1715.

Who this Glasgow scholar was, and more particulars of him, I cannot now acquaint you, being at a distance from my papers, but I will take an early opportunity to do so.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

CLIO RICKMAN.

THE fifth and last year they teach physics in the magistral class. I had no great inducement to study here, for they taught John Clore's physics, and I was reading Samuel Clore's physics, a much better system. All the students in this class are obliged to make a public oration in the common hall, before the professors and the whole college, every one in his turn. When it came to my turn, I

chose for my subject *De veritate investiganda*; wherein I asserted, that "no rational creature could believe more than what was consistent with and agreeable to his reason, and that it was absolutely impossible for any rational creature to believe what is contradictory to that reason the Author of nature has given him."

Truth may be concealed for want of capacity to discover it, but of itself it is unalterably the same; as for example, I am told that the square of hypotenuse of a rectangular triangle is equal to the squares of the other two sides: this is truth, but I want capacity to discover it. I consult Euclid, who, by laying down plain axioms, obvious to my senses and agreeable to my reason, and going on from one natural consequence to another, equal to my capacity and agreeable to my reason, demonstrates and convinces me that this is truth: it is so, and cannot possibly be otherwise; but if this Mr. Euclid had begun with his axioms, two and three are equal to six; one is three, and three are one, &c. I should have stopped here, and said, —This is contradictory to the reason the Author of nature has given me; for my reason dictates to me, that two and three are equal to five, and one is only one, and three are triple the number.

I likewise asserted in that oration, that "what was more or less beneficial to society was more or less virtuous, and vice versa; what was more or less detrimental to society, was more or less vicious; and that this was the only virtue (good) and vice (bad) in the world." I endeavoured, under this cloak, to conceal and excuse my own vices as much as I could, not being detrimental to society.

These must be the dictates of my own reason; for I do now solemnly declare, at that time they were not borrowed either from men or books. However, our gymnasarcha (principal, as they call him) ordered me to come down from the rostrum, and very angrily took my oration from me, of which I have no copy to insert here, and confined me to my chambers. Next day there was a meeting, (a faculty, as they called it) in order to consult whether or not I should

be extruded the college? as my oration struck at the holy mysteries of our religion, and was for the encouragement of vice.

My professor sent for me that evening, and told me, my Lord Pollock, rector magnificans of the university, and one of the senators of the college of justice, said, "He knew my parents; that they bred up all their children in right principles, and in the fear of the Lord; so he could not think that I meant any thing against our holy religion." And my professor was pleased to say, that "the ingenuity of the oration made some apology for some odd and out-of-the-way expressions and notions." But our Principal insisted, that I should make another oration, by way of recantation. This made a great noise in the university, and was the subject matter of conversation amongst every body that had the least smattering of learning, which gave me an opportunity of improving my thoughts and digesting them into a new model, in which I divided all mankind into two classes. The first and lowest, but by far the greatest and most useful part, are governed by the first and strongest law of nature, self-love and preservation. They answer this end entirely, by the force of labour and industry, so as to provide sufficiently for the preservation of themselves and progeny; and those creatures we call irrational act on the very same dictates of nature, to provide for the preservation of themselves and young ones.

The second and highest are ambitious to excel the rest of their fellow-creatures; and in this class enter the three grand professions, divinity, law, and physick, which they acquire by improving their genius through education, so as to arrive by a superior judgement and knowledge to be able to discover and distinguish truth from falsehood. This is the origin of the superiority of one over another, and the cardinal points on which all politics, both in church and state, move, in order to keep the world in ignorance and awe, so that the last may prey on the first; and so I went on, to investigate truth and detect vulgar errors. In short, I was to new model a world that I then could not pos-

sibly know any thing at all of, and form a religion perfectly new for myself, which I may call natural religion; for I am sure it could not be artificial, because I know of none, but what I read of, amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, and what I heard at Glasgow. I must own I liked neither, which put me upon this new invention, owing to the fertility of my own brain; and lucky it was for me that my recantation never was heard, or else, I dare say, it would have fared worse for me with our Principal than at first; and if my parents ever heard any thing of these embroils, they were so discreet as never to mention them. I concluded with this infallible maxim:

*Magna est veritas et prevalebit;*  
and then added,

*Sed qui vult decipi, decipiat.*

During the whole course of my life-time, I have always had a great aversion and abhorrence to all mysteries in any profession whatever, as a mere imposition on mankind: and I have always opposed, and endeavoured to the utmost of my power, as far as was consistent with my own safety, to expunge them from the professions, and to establish truth in their room, as the only certain rule for rational creatures to govern themselves by.

I remember once Father Burke, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, who was chaplain to the General of the Galleons; one day discoursing about the Reformation in England, it was asserted, that even the clergy were very instrumental in bringing about the Reformation, and that the protestant bishops had made very bold stands for the support of it. "Oh! my faith, then!" (said Father Burke) I am greatly surprised that the clergy should be for the Reformation, for I am sure, where they make a penny of Jesus since the Reformation, they made a pound of him before the Reformation." The holy father spoke great truth. Pope Leo X, says,—*Quantus nobis divitias comparavit vita de Christo fabula?*

I have read Ochinus's History of the Three Impostors, and do not like it at all; but the great mischiefs and direful calamities by dreadful and hor-

rid persecutions, arising from multiplicity of different opinions, and the disputes about them, have cost the world more blood and treasure than all the whole villainies in the world accumulated, which has obliged me to chuse a Creed of my own. During the whole course of my life-time I have always mortally abhorred and hated all priest-craft, king-craft, state-craft, and all craft, but handy-craft. For priests of all religions are the same! and so are statesmen: only differing in proportion to the power and authority they are invested with: witnessed by the testimonies of Cardinal de Rhetz and Father Paul, and strongly exemplified by the practice of our courtiers and patriots: whigs and tories, whilst in and out of place. The only certain distinguishing mark of mankind, by all that I have learnt in this world, is, "He who does the most good offices and fewest bad, whilst he has it in his power, is the best man;" and *vice versa*. The first is an angelical virtue, and the reverse a diabolical vice. And I am fully convinced, from this and innumerable other observations of the same kind, that self-love is the original source and spring of all actions in human life, good as well as bad.

The whole ecclesiastic history, from the rise of Christianity to the present time, wherein we may learn how the church, by their refined policy in contriving their subtle artifices and intrigues, and in carrying on their consummate villainy and executing their designs, laid the foundation for grasping at overgrown power and authority, and universal dominion and slavery, over the minds as well as bodies and estates of mankind; as wide as the earth could not bound them, they extended their power to the kingdom of heaven, nay, above all, that is God. Vested with the plenitude of power, both spiritual and temporal; and, which is remarkable, never one of them lost or parted with an inch gained by their predecessors, constantly acquiring and adding to their power and grandeur, according to their different abilities and capacities, tying the hands of their successors by the irresistible entail of divine right, interlarded with the most horrid

scenes of cruelty, bloodshed, and slaughter in executing their designs, which reflect disgrace on human nature itself, or rather on that religion which had divested human nature of all its humanity, and taught its votaries to thirst after the blood of those who profess any other.

But every man's reason is every man's oracle, and he that follows that guide in the search of truth will have a much better plea to make, when ever or wherever called to account, than he who has resigned himself, either deliberately or inadvertently, to any authority upon earth: for where mystery begins, religion ends; which likewise holds true in all professions where mysteries begin, professions end in imposture and delusion.

"History is, no doubt, the most instructive and useful, as well as the most entertaining and diverting part of literature, more especially when it is not confined within the narrow bounds of any particular time or place, but extends to the transactions of all times and nations. Works of this nature, as Cicero rightly observe, carry our knowledge beyond the vast and devouring space of numberless years, triumph over time, and make us, though living at an immense distance, in a manner eye-witnesses to all the events and revolutions which have occasioned such astonishing changes in the world. By these records it is that we live, as it were, in the very time when the world was created; we behold how it was governed in its infancy, when man and were in their primitive state of infancy and simplicity; we see the necessity people were under to form themselves into societies, with the origin, rise, and progress of civil government; how kings and kingdoms have risen, flourished, and decayed; and by what steps they brought upon themselves their final ruin and destruction. By these means we can penetrate into their actions, and easily distinguish the virtuous from the vicious, by seeing what height of happiness mankind arrive at under a regular good government, and abyss of misery they are plunged into by a wicked bad one. From these and other like events occurring in history, every judicious reader may form pru-

dent and unerring rules for the conduct of his life, both in private and public capacity."

"It is a maxim, founded on truth, and promotive of the happiness of mankind, that whatever is generally useful should be generally known; and therefore he who propagates or promotes the knowledge of the sciences, merits the first rank among the benefactors to society and the republic of letters. And the benefits flowing from literature extend to every individual, from the prince on the throne to the meanest inhabitant of a cottage."

I promised to let you have my creed; now I will give it you.

I believe in the unity of God, the Almighty Author of Nature, creator and sole governor of the whole universe, celestial and terrestrial, and all that is therein; and that there is no certainty in any religion but the religion of Nature. I believe all morality consists in doing as you would be done by, according to the eternal and invariable rule of right and wrong: an inflexible guide for us.—I believe all actions in human life proceed from self-love.

*THE LITERARY LIFE AND TRAVELS OF  
BARON HOLBERG. Written by  
Himself. Extracted from the Latin  
Edition of Leipsick, in 1742.  
By W. HAMILTON REID.*

**B**ARON Holberg, by birth an obscure Dane, will be found to have been one of the most extraordinary characters which the 17th century has produced. By his own exertions he, at length, became, as it were, the Addison of Denmark, one of her best poets, a good historian, and an excellent moralist.

The life is in the form of letters to a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, at whose request also it seems to have been undertaken. After some apology upon the score of diffidence, the Baron proceeds thus:

It is now time to proceed to the thing itself, in order that the preface may not exceed the size of the book. I cannot, my Lord, as many others have done, present you with a long and tedious detail of my ancestors. Indeed this is a task which, if willing,

I could not execute, because my birth-place, Bergen, in Norway, is like Noah's ark, which contained all kind of creatures. People come to Bergen from all parts, and seem to claim it as their common country: here they settle and marry, and at length become one people with the natives. Still I have the advantage over many of my fellow citizens, so far that my grandfather, on my mother's side, was born at Bergen. His name was Louis Munthe, and he was Bishop of the place. He could likewise boast of a noble descent; and heaven also blessed him with so many children, that he might very properly have been placed among the patriarchs of Norway. Respecting my ancestors on my father's side, I must confess I am ignorant. My father, however, rose from a very humble station to the dignity of a colonel in the army. This honour he did not obtain by his birth, but by his merit; and it is also sufficient for me, that he was an upright, brave, and inoffensive man, and was generally beloved for his conduct. In particular, he could boast of the favours of his Excellency Count Ulrich Frederick Guldenlowe, under whom he had served in Norway, and obtained additional reputation.

I lost my father while I was an infant at the breast. He left us a decent patrimony; but we were deprived of nearly the whole of it by an unlucky fire, which broke out at midnight at a neighbour's house. We had nothing left us through this calamity, excepting a few cottages, which my father purchased but a short time before his death. The small revenue they afforded was scarcely sufficient for a family so large as ours: however, frugality and economy repaired this loss in some measure, and ten years after, when my mother died, she left this little inheritance to her children unincumbered and free from debt.

Being now ten years of age, in consequence of the death of my mother, I chose the military life, and was accepted in one of the regiments raised in Upland. The custom was just then introduced into Norway, for allowing pay to the children of commissioned officers; so that it



might be said they were enlisted in their cradles. These officers' children were named corporals; this gave them a little advantage beyond that of private men. When of age these corporals were appointed over parties of ten; and among these I was accepted, upon the condition of its being my future study to make myself acquainted with military affairs. But as my propensity to learning, from my earliest infancy, was not unknown to my superiors in Upland, Otto Munthe, to whom I was related on my mother's side, so far encouraged me to prosecute my study of the belles lettres, as to put me under the tutor to whom the care of his own children had been entrusted.

This tutor, however, seemed to wish to distinguish himself by his severity only. He never appeared to be so happy as when he had some chastisement to inflict upon his pupils. In fact, he was by no means fitted for the office he held; and I afterwards learned that he had taken to some other profession: upon which I could not do otherwise than rejoice, as it appeared to be his intention to disgrace the Latin language by every means in his power. I perfectly recollect one of the embellishments that he intended to add to that tongue. In this it is a rule never to suffer the particle *non* to conclude a sentence; but he, instead of the phrase "*Non possum tibi satis facere*," would have it "*Possum tibi satis facere non*;" from whence the strength of his conceit was manifest beyond contradiction. Had I never fallen into his hands, I believe I might have boasted that I should have gone through all the other schools without any correction.

But to pass over several trifling incidents which occurred in the schools, I was at length sent by my relatives to a Colonel Krog. This gentleman had three sons, the youngest of which slept with a tutor kept in the house. This tutor's name was Erasmus; for tipping no man in the country could exceed him. In his usual way he came home one night, and not being able to undress himself, he threw himself upon the bed with his clothes on. The young lad with whom he slept, being between sleeping and

waking when the tutor came to bed, persuaded himself that he was visited by a ghost, and, without staying to give the matter a thought, sprang out of bed, and came into the chamber where I and two more of the family were sleeping. It seems that creeping to the foot of the bed he had been there about an hour, when by a sudden turn he awakened us, or rather myself, who was the first to spread the alarm that our room was haunted. My companions were in a moment seized with as great a panic as if they had been beset by a legion of devils. The poor lad, perfectly awakened by the alarm we raised, was equally as much frightened as ourselves. In reality he thought himself in so much the more danger as laying at the foot of the bed, and in a manner alone, he would be the first whom the supposed spirit would lay hold of. Under this impression it seems he remained till his fears had so far got the mastery over him, that he was determined at all events to quit the bed's foot and come up to us at the head. All this having passed without a word being spoken on either side, the nearer he approached us the more were our fears increased, till a cold sweat and all the apprehensions attending it became mutual.

To sleep was no longer possible. I am persuaded that all that darkness could administer to fear, was our portion; and that, if it was possible to have collected all the prayers said on that occasion, they would make a tolerable volume. As for my companions, who had not made any progress in theology beyond the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, to make up the deficiency, they continued repeating their graces before and after meat. Some of us would move, and doubtless have alarmed Erasmus, the regular house tutor, but for the apprehension, from his known manner, that his appearance might be as bad to us as that of a ghost. Morning however, arrived at length, when our new bed-fellow jumped out calling for Erasmus with all his might, in which we joined most heartily; and notwithstanding Erasmus had hardly got rid of his over night's debauch, he was not long before he made his appearance, crowning himself

most devoutly. Daylight, notwithstanding, and a little explanation soon cleared up the whole mystery. Consequently, upon this ground, I did for a long time deny the possibility of what are called spirits, and all that belongs to them; but at least I am convinced that numbers of people have been brought from a strong belief in them to no belief at all, by similar circumstances. In the mean while, notwithstanding all that Becker and others have written to persuade us that every thing of this nature is false and fabulous, it will not be an easy matter to effect it, unless these writers can persuade us to reject a very great portion indeed of the credibility of history.

Soon after leaving the house of Colonel Kiog, my mother's brother, Peter Lemm, took me solely under his care, and with him I remained till the unhappy fire at Bergen, in 1702, had so many houses and public buildings in ashes. In the course of this year my pastor, M. Sverin Lantup, sent me to Copenhagen, where I had no sooner passed my examination than the want of the means of maintenance obliged me to return to Bergen. Soon after that the Provost of Vos entrusted me with the education of his children, notwithstanding I was uncommonly young for such a situation. But besides this, which contributed to my rising celebrity, whenever M. Lantup, his superior, was indisposed or absent, I was called upon to preach and officiate in his place. For a whole year also it was a part of my office to correct the school, and to be sent upon the occasion appointed to preach to the peasantry. In reality, I succeeded which being a pleacher than a pedagogue, in consequence of taking so much pains to excite my mistress's vanity, of whom she was passionately fond, so the love of pleasing, his mother, procured my situation, that I was again thrown into the wide world. I took nothing with me indeed, excepting the garments which the peasantry had disposed, as it were, upon my eloquence; for they compared me with the late Minister Peter, who had formerly been the preacher in this diocese, and who had been hooked up

to as a second Chrysostom. In reality, my dismissal gave me very little uneasiness, as my patience was by no means calculated for the office of teaching children, besides, I was so much harassed by the night mare, that I was convinced nothing could tend to my recovery so effectually as a change of place.

I proceeded to Copenhagen without loss of time, and next to the French and Italian languages, I endeavoured to make myself so thoroughly acquainted with divinity, in which I afterwards made such advances in the course of the winter, that I had not the least doubt of passing the public examination, to which divinity students are subjected. I even obtained public commendation for my industry, and had the pleasure of being dressed with the *Laudabulum*. With these praises, but with an empty purse, I returned once more to Bergen, where, alas! the low state of my finances again compelled me to submit to the yoke of a pedagogue, which I had so recently shaken off.

Just at that time M. N. Schmedt, lecturer in theology and vice bishop of Norway was in want of a tutor for his children and I was so fortunate as to obtain the situation, but when I had not held many months, I felt it appeared to me that I had fallen into a fate of the most agreeable slavery. The vice bishop in his young days had travelled for a considerable time upon the continent, and had seen most of the kingdoms of Europe, and with some faint idea of following his example, I availed myself of every opportunity within the intervals of labour afforded me to read his journals, in which he had noted all the remarkable things that came under his observation, till, notwithstanding my want of the means, I was so strongly disposed to follow his example, that, without weighing the numerous obstacles that opposed my design, I gave my employer notice of my intention. He expressed his regret at parting with me, and acknowledged that my pupil had profited under my instructions. But, nothing that he or my relatives could urge to the contrary, could alter my resolution. It was not to be moved by the anxiety of the one, or the regret of the other

My next business was to turn all my property, moveable and immovable, into money: but though I could not, with my utmost exertions, muster more than sixty crowns, I remained firm in my purpose, and set out for Holland without delay. In fact, it was upon my learning, and not upon my money, that I reckoned: and as I conceived that being master of the French and Italian languages, I should at all times be able to recruit an empty treasury, I flattered myself nothing more would be wanting; and besides, I never easily altered any resolution that I had once engaged in.

Steering for Amsterdam we had scarcely made the island of Vliet before we imagined we had met with a pirate, who, though he did not attack us, gave occasion to a very laughable incident. The cook of our vessel, being exceedingly alarmed lest this pirate should deprive him of the little money he possessed, threw the whole of it, closely wrapped up in a dirty leathern purse, into a large kettle of soup then upon the fire; but scarcely was the danger over, and the supposed pirate out of sight, when dinner being called for, the cook brought it up, and was the first to inform us of the expedient he had used to save his money, and seemed to expect approbation for such an instance of his prudence. In this, however, the half-simpleson was not a little disappointed. Some swore, some refused to eat, and very few laughed. At length it was proposed, that the cook should be tried for a misdemeanour; but the whole affair passed off, and we arrived in safety at Amsterdam.

The first fortnight, after I arrived here, was occupied in viewing the public buildings and other curiosities; but I was no sooner satisfied with the sights I had seen, than, beginning to turn my attention to my money concerns, it struck me that my treasury would soon be empty. I knew not where to replenish, and therefore I began to repent of my undertaking. I soon found, from observing the turn and temper of the Hollanders, that they set more value upon a Skipper, than a Salmasius, or even a Grotius. Even in the houses at Amsterdam, used by my own countrymen, instead of finding the company make room

to give place to a person of my profession, as it is the custom in Norway, I have been obliged to stand, and see others all besmeared with pitch and tar welcomed by the whole company.—Danes as well as natives I found, as if they had agreed together, that I was out of my proper place; and the hints and admonitions frequently given me, rendered my situation very unpleasant. I was as unable to proceed as unwilling to return. My whole supply in money I found would not, with the utmost economy, last me more than a few months; and, at length, being attacked by a continual fever, a medical man, Mr. Ivan Brederock, seriously advised me to try the waters at Aix la Chapelle. Much persuasion was not necessary to induce me to take this step; and I was pleased, notwithstanding my circumstances, to have the shadow of a pretext for seeing a strange place.

I set out for Germany under the idea, that even my temerity might possibly tend to bring me out of my embarrassment. But, contrary to my expectation, the journey there cost me so much, that I could not conceive how it would be possible for me to come back again, especially when I found myself obliged to pay at least four florins for a passport at Ruremonde. When I came to Aix la Chapelle, six rix-dollars constituted all that I was worth in the world, another sorry passport excepted, which I could with difficulty read; for to me it appeared more like a satire than any thing else: it read as follows:—

*Laissez passer et repasser, le garçon, Louis d'Holberg, d'Amsterdam;*

"Let the lad, Louis Holberg, of Amsterdam, pass and repass." I must confess that my youthful appearance often exposed me to contempt, and also induced my fellow travellers sometimes to expostulate with me upon the impropriety of leaving my country at so early an age. One time, entering an inn, a peasant took it into his head to make an enquiry of this kind; when becoming me towards him very seriously, he said, loud enough to be heard by all the company, "*Hoor gy well manchen quando, deservist, staba thu?*" As this reproach stung me pretty deeply, I interrupted him with such a volley

of Latin words and phrases, that the poor pastor, not chusing to contend, resigned his office of inquisitor, and, getting hastily up from his seat, he exclaimed,—*Dic heer ist en theolagant; ick gratulere myn heer. viz. "The gentleman is a divine; I congratulate the gentleman."* In respect to my appearance, even two years after this, when I was in England, and used sometimes, as the custom is, to smoke a pipe of tobacco at a bettering kind of public-house, I remember a citizen, who used to sit near me, could seldom refrain from laughing, and once absolutely exclaimed, "Well! this boy, I see, will smook!" Much the same thing happened to me in France, at a period when at home I ranked as *Professor Extraordinarius*. My landlord was talking with one of the bourgeois, and the latter asking my age, the other answered, *C'est un garçon de dix huit ans.*

But to return. I lived at Aix la Chapelle with such frugality that no one could accuse me of imprudence. I however, necessity at length induced me to take a step, which otherwise would never have entered into my head. I privately packed up all I had, and thought to have left the place and my host for the present unpaid; but, to my shame and confusion, I was detected, and compelled instantly to pay the last farthing.—This event likewise, for a long time, made such an impression on my mind, that, sleeping as well as waking, I frequently thought mine host was again in the act of detecting and detaining me in my intended flight.

[*To be continued.*]

*Voyage from Port Jackson to Prince of Wales's Island.—*  
Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.

[*Continued from page 194.*]

At Sea, July 20th, 1803.

Latitude S. 33° 26' 11"

Longitude E. 138° 25' 38"

**O**N Tuesday, the 28th, saw land, being two hummocks; distance about seven leagues; which we supposed were the islands called the Brothers. The wind being very fresh,

we were very soon abreast of them, which proved to be the island of Simboon, in Bougainville's straits. We were uncertain whether they were inhabited till we observed a large canoe coming very fast towards us. We shortened sail to let her come up. There were three men in her, who brought cocoa nuts, bread fruit, and some ornaments made of tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, and wanted hatchets and hammers in return; as we had not any of these to spare, we offered nails, knives, and old iron; with the last they were much pleased. We saw several more canoes, but making more sail we passed them, and made close in shore off the end of Simboon. The land appeared very high, and covered with trees of a lively green. We sailed along the weather side of the island, and, not finding any harbour, anchored with the best bower in sixteen fathoms water within a quarter of a mile of the shore. The ship was immediately surrounded with canoes, with upwards of an hundred natives: we saw but two women amongst them. These people, their canoes, and the country they inhabited, found a striking contrast to those we had so recently left. The greatest beauty our New Caledonian friends possessed, at least in our opinion, was the unsullied whiteness of their teeth, whereas the whole of these people had their teeth, probably from their constant use of the beetle nut, dyed as black as their skins, which were some shades darker than those of the New Caledonians. It was, perhaps, owing to the same cause that their eyes were all much inflamed. Their stature was considerably below the New Caledonian standard, but their limbs had a roundness that gave a great neatness to their persons, which were very clean. Many of them had their hair powdered. This powder was excessively white, and was supposed to be made from lime; it gave many of them a terrible appearance, by their eyebrows being filled with it, and circles being likewise drawn round their eyes and mouths, made them, at a little distance, look like masks. They also wore small shells strung like beads, as bandeaus, necklaces, earrings, and girdles of the same,

with bracelets of pearl round their arms and legs. Their weapons were spears and bows and arrows. With these they must do dreadful execution from their having a long barb of the tail of the sting-ray, which has a sharp point, and is jagged on each side with notches like teeth. The island bore the appearance of a garden in high cultivation. The ascents were steep but covered with cocoa nut, bread fruit, and banana-trees down to the water's edge; and the huts of the natives were just discernible in various places in the midst of the trees. A fine aromatic smell came wafted by the breeze from off the land, which we found very reviving; as the weather had been intensely hot for some days. It was extremely mortifying to be so near to such an inviting spot, without being able to take a ramble on shore; but one interview with the natives convinced us that this would be too hazardous to attempt, unless we had some other object besides mere pleasure in view. The activity of these people surpassed every thing I ever saw, and I doubt whether in any other part of the world they are excelled in dexterity in thieving. They fairly run up the sides of the ship without an effort, and notwithstanding there were several men, a petty officer, and the second lieutenant on the quarter deck, one of them snatched us two bayonets, jumped upon the railing, and thence over the side of the ship into the water, swam to a canoe that lay a little distance off, deposited the bayonets in her, sprang in, and, with two other men in her, paddled off with incredible swiftness. No boat that I ever saw could overtake one of these canoes; they are long, very sharp, with a prow that has a fine curve at each end, and very high. Many of them are ornamented in a neat style with shells and mother-of-pearl; the sides are studded with the latter like stars, or devices of fish; and birds and human faces appear for figure heads. The paddles which are small and delicately formed, are made of a light wood resembling yellow-wood, with coloured rings.

Soon after day-light the next morning, there were sixty canoes off, containing some hundreds of men. A

number of them came on board, and others clung to the sides of the ship. Though the utmost vigilance was observed to prevent any depredation, several things were stolen out of the officer's cabins. One of them having snatched a small spying-glass out of one of the cabins, the window of the port was fixed in, which had six panes of the thickest crown glass; however, they found an opportunity to break one of them, unfasten the window, and snatch a large handsome dirk, with the belt to it, that was hanging up in the cabin. This was so great a prize to make off with, that notice was instantly given to the rest, who all (to the number of two hundred as near as I could compute), sprang at once from various parts of the ship into the water, through which they darted with surprising velocity, and, getting into their canoes, made off.

Amongst the canoes was a war-canoe, with one of their chiefs on a high seat in the centre of the canoe, which had fifty men on board, with several musical instruments made of reeds; and a great quantity of spears and arrows, very few of which they would part with. This canoe, though much larger, was made like the others, and notwithstanding its size, was light and elegant.

I was greatly entertained with the dexterity the natives displayed in the water. They really appeared quite as much at ease in this element as when out of it, and are entitled to the epithet of amphibious. They wrenched some iron work off from one of the boats, pulled a scuttle from its hinge, and in short seemed determined to take whatever they could carry off, even the children they saw; with one of these, a boy of about ten years of age, son to the gunner, one of these fellows would have jumped over-board, had he not been prevented by an officer, who observed him making the attempt. This circumstance prevented me from enjoying a moment's peace of mind during our stay, which was prolonged till the ensuing morning by its blowing a heavy gale of wind.

Previously, however, to making sail the next morning, in heaving the cable, we carried away the messenger, and the anchor having hooked a rock,

after having borne a great strain on the cable, we were obliged to cut away, and of course lost the anchor. Here was a prize for the natives could they have raised it; for no doubt, as they so often dive, they would find it; but as it will be an unattainable object, it will cost them much labour without any profit.

We had light airs, and proceeded very slowly along the islands called the Brothers. These islands with some others that lay contiguous, were called by the natives of Simboon, Bellalla, Ganunga, Peteranna, Sappa, and Java. Several canoes came off, exactly of the same construction as the former, and the people resembled the others in size, colour, and costume, but appeared milder in their dispositions. The next morning we saw Solomon's islands, and shortly after Bougainville's. The whole of them were covered with trees, and presented beautiful outlines. About three o'clock P.M. we were alarmed by the water becoming suddenly shoal over a sandy bottom, which could be perceived over the side of the ship, whilst a reef of rocks appeared at no great distance. By good management, however, we cleared this danger, and were in a few minutes out of soundings. At the moment of alarm, one of the men fell from the mainyard into the chains, and was much bruised; had he fallen overboard, he would, in all probability, have been devoured by five large sharks that were passing on that side of the ship just as he fell.

July 2d. Part of Bougainville's island in sight, towering above the clouds apparently as high again as the island of Palma. The next islands we made were Lord Anson's and Sir Charles Hardy's. We sailed abreast of the latter at a very little distance. It is twelve miles long, of equal height, rather low, and entirely covered with trees.

July 5th. On the 3d, we were off New Ireland, and the islands of Bohorand and Oron. In the evening we observed two canoes coming off: one the largest were nine people, and the smallest three. The small canoe turned back after approaching the ship within half a mile, and the largest turned towards the shore within a quarter of a mile, occasioned,

I suppose, by its beginning to grow dark. These canoes seemed to be hollowed out of trees like those of New Caledonia. On the beach opposite to the ship a number of natives were observed walking along, and as soon as those in the canoes had joined their companions, two large fires were made on the beach. The next day four canoes came off with six natives in two of them, and four in each of the others. They advanced with great caution, and when within a hundred yards of the ship, the two foremost waited for the others to join them, and then proceeded slowly all abreast. After advancing to within half that distance, they made another halt, all of them continuing perfectly silent. We held out whatever we thought would entice them to come on. A silk handkerchief being thrown to them, they ventured near enough to pick it up, loitered a few minutes, and then returned as fast as possible to the shore. They had come merely to gratify their curiosity, without bringing even a cocoa nut. They were large athletic people, of a dark copper colour, and entirely naked. As we proceeded along, some more canoes came off with natives from Antiope of Dampier and Boucege, two islands of New Ireland, who resembled those just described, in size and colour, but free from timidity, and deal with honour and honesty. I am not, however, without some suspicion of their being cannibals, from the circumstance of there being amongst the curiosities I collected from them, two human bones: one of these, a large arm bone, is fixed as a handle to a spear with six rows of human teeth round it.

We had the company of these islanders almost the whole of yesterday, and I could not help observing that every part of these pretty persons was totally neglected, but their precious heads, on which they bestow a world of pains. Their bushy hair is cut in the form of a helmet: the centre part from the neck to the forehead, is loaded with a red powder resembling brick dust; the hair on each side is cut close to the head, and on one side is a thick plaster of a yellow composition, and on the other one of white, with long peaks that

touch the corners of their eyebrows.

We have not seen any place that has a more fertile appearance than New Ireland. It is a thick wood of lofty trees reaching to the summits of the highest hills, and in various places there are patches of some acres, apparently cleared and in cultivation, though I should rather suppose this was done by the hand of nature. In one of the last canoes that came off, there was a native perfectly white, with light woolly hair, but whether he was born so, or that the colour of his skin was changed by any cutaneous disorder, I can not tell: the latter was the general opinion, but the bent of my mind was, that he was born white.

July 8th. We are now off the extreme west point of the coast of New Ireland, where there are numerous islands of various beautiful shapes, and covered with trees, mostly cocoa nuts. None of these islands are laid down in the chart; indeed the plan of the whole of the coast is very inaccurate; but this is easily accounted for, Bougainville having sailed at a considerable distance from it, whilst on the contrary, we coasted the whole length of it within a few miles.

Having thus had the pleasure of conducting you to the end of New Ireland, I shall lay down my pen, with the intention of resuming it when a sufficiency of interesting matter has accumulated in my journal to frame another letter, that I may hope may be acceptable to you.

W.

[To be continued.]

#### ESSAY on the first HUMAN SOCIETY, according to the MOSAIC HISTORY.

**U**NDER the same control of instinct by which the irrational brute is now guided, man was introduced into life by Providence; and as his reason was not yet developed, Providence acted the part of a watchful nurse over him. By hunger and thirst it pointed out to him the necessity of food; and whatever he required to satisfy that necessity, it spread around him in profuse abundance, and taste and smell directed him in the choice of it. A mild and

genial climate atoned for his nudity, and his defenceless life was preserved by an undisturbed and general peace. The propagation of his species was provided for, by the innate desire implanted in him; and thus the molten compound, man, partaking of the vegetable and brute, was completed. His reason now by degrees began to unfold itself, and, as Nature still thought, provided and acted for him; his powers could direct themselves more easy and undisturbed to the tranquil observation of things; and his reason, being emancipated from all care, could employ itself undisturbed on the improvement of the organs of speech, and regulate the yet tender association of ideas. With the eye of a happy being he surveyed the glorious creation which was spread before him; his mind embraced all its phenomena, and treasured them pure and genuine in a faithful memory. Thus the beginning of man was soft and smiling, and it required to be so to strengthen him for the contest which awaited him. It was now to suppose, that at this point Providence stopped, man would have become the most happy and intellectual of all animals; but he never would have escaped from the leading strings of instinct; his actions would never have become free and, consequently, moral; nor would he have risen above the limits of animality. In a blissful tranquillity he would have lived in an eternal childhood, and the circle in which he would have moved would have been the smallest possible from desire to enjoyment, from enjoyment to rest, and from rest again to desire.

But man was destined to a very different state; and the powers which were implanted in him, excited him to happiness of a very different nature. The task which Nature had undertaken to perform for him in his cradled infancy, now in his adolescence devolved upon himself. He was to become the creator of his own happiness, and the degree of this happiness was to be determined by the participation which he had in it. He was excited by his reason to search for the state of innocence which he had lost, and, as a free rational spirit, to return to that point from which he

emerged as a plant and as a creature of instinct. He was to work his way out of a paradise of ignorance and servitude to one of knowledge and freedom; one, in which he would obey the moral laws in his breast with the same fidelity as in the commencement he obeyed the laws of instinct, and as the animals now obey them. What circumstances were therefore inevitable? What events must necessarily happen before he could reach this far distant aim? So soon as his reason had made a trial of its first powers, Nature cast him off, or, to speak with more propriety, he himself, instigated by a particular impulse which he knew not, and ignorant of the great action which he in that moment committed, tore himself from the leading strings of instinct, and with his yet feeble reason plunged into the labyrinth of life, and entered on the dangerous path of moral freedom. If we therefore transmute the voice of God in Eden, which forbade him to eat of the tree of knowledge, to a voice of his own instinct, which made him shun the tree, then his supposed disobedience to that divine commandment is nothing more than a decline of his instinct; consequently, the first display of self-agency, the first exploit of his reason, and the commencement of his moral existence. This decline of the instinct of man, though it produced moral evil in creation, in order to render moral good possible in it, is without contradiction the greatest and most fortunate event in the history of man: from this moment he dates his freedom, and here the foundation stone was laid of his morality. The histo-

rian is wholly in the right, when he treats this circumstance as a fall of the first man: but the philosopher is not less in the right, when he congratulates human nature in the aggregate on this important step towards perfection. The first is in the right to call it a *fall*; for man from an innocent being became a guilty one, from a perfect *élève* of nature an imperfect moral being, and from a happy instrument an unhappy artist.

The philosopher is in the right to call it a gigantic step of human nature, for from a slave of instinct man became thereby a free agent, from an automaton a moral being, and with this step he first entered on the road, which after a lapse of millenaries was to guide him to the dominion of himself. The way which led to enjoyment now became more long and tedious. In the commencement he had only to stretch forth his hand to make function immediately follow desire, but now reflection, industry, and trouble intervened between desire and its enjoyment. Peace was broken between him and the beasts. Necessity now drove them to destroy his plantations, and even to wage war on himself; and he therefore called his reason to his aid, to procure him security, and artfully to obtain that superiority of powers which nature had denied him. He found it necessary to invent arms and weapons, and by strong and well guarded habitations defend himself from his enemies. Nature here indemnified him by joys of the mind, for the common enjoyments of which she had deprived him.

[To be continued.]

## CRITICISM.

"Nulli in verba, nulli differemus justitiam"

Poems, by Sir JOHN CARR. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 226. Price TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

WITH the proudest consciousness of our own merits, we demand the approbation of our readers when we inform them that we have, in spite of yawning, laughing, rubbing our eyes, wriggling in our chair, and stretching, absolutely gone through the present volume. This

is no mean praise. It is a conspicuous proof of our patience and our benevolence, virtues of rare growth in a critic. Of the first of these virtues no subsequent act of our own can rob us; to the last we shall perhaps fortify the claim before we dismiss Sir John Carr from our notice.

It is perfectly fair to remark, that we took up the present volume with strong prejudices against its author.



These prejudices we could no more help than a man can his antipathy to a well known swindler, if he happens to be in his company. The swindler may have some virtues, but we should be slow to believe them; and Sir John Carr may have gleams of sense that occasionally illumine the vast expanse of dullness that dwells upon his mind, but we have never found them. These are things of mere possibility, and too much faith is not to be reposed in what is simply possible. We hope we are not without that candour which would have suffered us to rejoice in a discovery, yet unmade, of Sir John's talents. We did not indeed look for them; for who looks for roses on a rock?

To this volume of poems we have every objection to make that can possibly be made to a book. It is printed with a shameful diffusion of paper and type, in order to enhance its price, and in doing which we commend the knight's policy more than his honesty. "If my volume sells for half a guinea," says he, (we make Sir John the interlocutor, because we really do not think that any bookseller would be simple enough to purchase his copyright) "why then, as I cannot hope for many purchasers, they who do buy shall make up for those who do not." Very well.—Thank heaven, we have not to sigh over the loss of half a guinea, and we pity those who have. It is nothing less than a literary fraud to print a volume as this is printed, many of its pages containing nothing more than what the author facetiously pleases to call an epigram, of two lines! Perhaps our knight hopes to offend the reader's indignation by the display of his own face as a frontispiece. We will honestly confess that his countenance is an accurate index of what the contents of the volume must be.

Our next objection is, of course, to these contents. They are as various in their nature as can be engendered by vanity upon folly: by vanity that thinks itself equal to all, and folly that proves itself unequal to any.—Sir John's muse is like a train of gunpowder: it takes fire at every thing. If a lady wears a muslin veil, he tells her immediately, that "little stars,"

meaning her eyes, were never made to shine through "misty skies," meaning her veil. (p. 64.) It he sees a fool in a corner holding a broom, (we do not mean to say that Sir John writes with a looking-glass before him) his muse tells us that his broom is "his wife, his child, his prize," (p. 33), thus ingeniously connecting, at once, matrimony and the "lucky lottery office," and conveying a delicate intimation that marriage is a prize. If a lady wears a diamond cross upon her bosom, he is so enraptured, that his muse ambles through eight lines without any meaning at all. (p. 29.) Nothing can escape him. No, not even Bedlam, for the sight of its dilapidated walls reminds him of a "cracked head," and at that moment a strange, unaccountable sympathy suggested to him that his own might be prefixed to the present volume. Such and so various are the topics of this volume; and now, albeit scrupulous of polluting our pages with mere insipid dullness, we will exhibit a specimen or two.

How sweetly Sir John warbles his elegiac strains let the following declare:—

With horror dumb, tho' guiltless, stood  
Beside his dying friend,

The hapless wretch who made the blood  
Sad from his side descend!"

"Give me thy hand; lov'd friend, adieu!  
The generous nur'er cried!

"I do forgive and bless thee too;"  
And, having said it, died!!

And Pity, who stood trembling near,  
Knew not for which to shed,

So chain'd by both, her saddest fears  
The living or the dead!

Sir John has a charming facility in writing what he calls epigrams and improprios. Ex. Gr.

PERCIVAL

On the Author and Editor frequently differing  
in Opinion.

To such extremes were I and D. E.  
Perpetually driven,

We quarrell'd every time we met,  
To kiss and be forgiven.

PERCIVAL

Upon seeing the dilapidated state of Bedlam  
Hospital.

Well with the purpose does the place agree,  
For 'tween the very houses is crack'd, you see.

IMPROMPTU,  
In reply to a Lady, who asked the Author  
what Childhood resembled.

How like is childhood to the lucid tide  
That calmly wanders thro' the mossy dell,  
Sweeps o'er the lily by the margin's side.  
And, as it kisses, murmurs out, farewell!

EPIGRAM  
On the Grave of Robespierre.

Nav, passenger, don't mourn his lot;  
If he had liv'd, why you had not.

EPIGRAM,  
On winning a young Lady's Money at Cards.  
How fairly Fortune all her gifts imparts;  
We win your money, Ann, and you our  
hearts.

JEU D'ESPRIT,  
Upon a very pretty Woman asking the Author  
his Opinion of Beauty.

Madam! you ask what marks for beauty  
Require them rather from your looking-  
glass!

Our readers should be informed that each of these epigrams occupies a page to themselves! Whether this be done as illustrative of their own emptiness; or whether, from a high and proud belief on the part of the author, that even his *own* poetry placed in juxtaposition with such bright and dazzling irradiations of wit would but obscure their glory, it is not for us to decide. Certain it is, that they stand alone: and so standing, they reminded us of a pig in a flower garden; more conspicuous in their deformity from their singleness.

At p. 14, there is a story of a certain maiden, called *Rebecca*, who, as was very natural to maidens, and very much like all young maidens, wished to know who her husband was to be. What did she do to find it out?—Why?

Rebecca heard the gossips say,  
"Alone from dusk till midnight stay  
Within the church-porch drear and dark,  
Upon the vigil of St. Mark,  
And, lovely maiden, you shall see  
What youth your husband is to be."

Well, she did so. And what happened? Oh! something very horrible. What was it? Patience, and you shall hear. There was a "roguish scout," ycleped *Paul*, who slyly guessed what she was going to do at "St. Stephen's church;" so, when

poor Rebecca had stood till midnight, and had undergone a reasonable quantity of "wild fears," "cold blood," "fast pulses," and had heard a sufficient number of "screech owls" and "bats," *Mister Paul*, dressed like a ghost, "all so grim," did rise up from a grave

cried, "unlucky knave," and

"Fair maiden, come with me,  
For I your bridegroom am to be."

Of course no maiden would like a ghost for a husband, so she

"Sent forth a hideous shriek, and died!"  
And then comes the moral, which is,  
"Fright not, fond youths, the timid fair;"  
and so ends the story of Paul and Rebecca.

We have often heard, that a poet's visions are very unlike those of common men; and it must be so, for Sir John has seen, *mirabile dictu!* the sea "in a flutter." (p. 50.) How pleasant it is to observe great things compared with small: and what a lively image a cockney must have of the ocean, if he has even seen his own mother in a flutter at the unexpected arrival of a guest to dinner just as the family were sitting down to suet dumplings and sugar sauce. It is this happy art of illustrating the vast which bespeaks the true poet. But Sir John abounds in these felicities of diction. At p. 2, he tries to "rear a feeling" in the mind of a nymph: at p. 5, "every bosom thrills colder than marble:" at p. 6, the moon is converted into a lamplighter, for she "trims up her waning lump:" at p. 101, the nightingale is called a "dark warbling bird;" but whether the author means to say that she warbles in the dark when the moon shines, (for the first line says that this luminary "bespangled the murmuring wave,") or whether he would express a very singular, but no doubt a poetic idea, that she *sings dark*, is really beyond our comprehension. At p. 209, Sir John indulges his philological erudition with the use of "*captivations*."

Thus far we have done due honour to Sir John's language: let us now consider his sentiments. He wanted to picture a lady's modesty and beauty. What did he do? Read and learn:

I look'd the fragrant garden round  
For what I thought would picture best  
Thy beauty and thy modesty;  
Ah! and a rose I found,—  
With kisses on their leaves imprest,  
I found the beauteous pair to thee.

N.B. These occupy a page to themselves!

He saw a fool in a cottage. It was a tempting subject, and down he sat to write as follows:—

LINES

*Written in a Cottage by the Sea-side, (in which the Author had taken Shelter during a violent Storm) upon seeing an idiotic Youth, seated in the Chimney-corner, caressing a fire.*

'Twas on a night of wildest storms,  
When loudly roar'd the raving main,—  
When dark clouds shew'd their shapeless forms,  
And hail beat hard the cottage pane,—

Tom Fool sat by the chimney-side,  
With open mouth and staring eyes;  
A batter'd broom was all his pride,—  
It was his wife, his child, his prize!

Alike to him if tempests howl,  
Or summer beam its sweetest day;  
For still is pleas'd the silly soul,  
And still he laughs the hours away.

Alas! I could not stop the sigh,  
To see him thus so wildly stare,—  
To mark, in ruins, Reason lie,  
Callous alike to joy and care.

God bless thee, thoughtless soul! I cried;  
Yet are thy wants but very few.  
The world's hard scenes thou ne'er hast tried;

Its cares and crimes to thee are new.

The hoary hag,\* who cross'd thee so,  
Did not unkindly vex thy brain;  
Indeed she could not be thy foe,  
To snatch thee thus from grief and pain.

Deceit shall never wring thy heart,  
And baffled hope awake no sighs;  
And true love, harshly forc'd to part,  
Shall never swell with tears thine eyes.

Then long enjoy thy batter'd broom,  
Poor merry fool! and laugh away,  
'Till Fate shall bid thy reason bloom  
In blissful scenes of brighter day.

After all, here was a subject which a mind possessing true genius might have made something of. It is Sir John's praise, that he can make nothing of any thing.

\* It is generally believed by the peasants of Devonshire, that idiocy is produced by the influence of a witch.

Some encomiastic lines to a young lady begin thus:

Oh fann'd to prompt the smile or tear,  
At once so sweet and so severe! p. 212.

But the following is in Sir John's happiest vein of humour:—

LINES,

*Written en badinage, after visiting a Paper-Mill near Tunbridge Wells, in consequence of the lovely Miss W——, who excels in Drawing, requesting the Author to describe the Process of making Paper, in Verse.*

Reader! I do not wish to brag;  
But, to display Eliza's skill,  
I'd proudly be the vilest rag  
That ever went to paper-mill.

Content in pieces to be cut;  
Tho' sultry were the summer-skies,  
Pleas'd between flannel I'd be put,  
And after bath'd in jellied size.

Tho' to be squeez'd and hang'd I hate,  
For thee, sweet girl! upon my word,  
When the stout press had forc'd me flat,  
I'd be suspended on a cord.

And then, when dried and fit for use,  
Eliza! I would pray to thee,  
It with thy pen thou would'st amuse,  
That thou would'st deign to write on me.

God's bud! how pleasant it would prove  
Her pretty chit-chat to convey,  
Perhaps be the record of her love,  
Told in some coy enchanting way.

Or, if her pencil she would try,  
On me, oh! may she still imprint  
Those forms that fix th'admir'ing eye,  
Each graceful line, each glowing tint.

Then shall I reason have to brag,  
For thus, to high importance grown,  
The world will see a simple rag  
Become a treasure rarely known.

There is more than jest in this; and our knight has had proofs of being "cut up," both in literary and other courts. At p. 94, he presents us with a translation of a German song, from which we easily gather that he does not know the language. The following lines,

Und wüsten wir, wo jemand traurig läge,  
Wir gäben ihm den wein.\*

he translates, with spirited elegance, which deserves admiration, thus,

If any one is mournful found,  
One sip shall make him dance!!! p. 94.

\* The literal meaning of these lines is,—

"And knew we where one sorrowing lay,  
To him we'd give some wine."

We have three reasons for believing that Sir John will consider us as having unfairly treated him: and heaven defend us from an action at law! These reasons are, first, his vanity, secondly, the epigraph to his volume, and, thirdly, his preface.—For his vanity, all who have read him are acquainted with that; for his epigraph, it is as follows:

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,  
Quam quæ severis ludicra iungue  
Novit, fatigataque nugis  
Utilibus recreare mentem.

And for his preface, it plainly shews, that he thinks the present volume something very good. It is written with rank affectation of timidity: but the cloven foot is perceptible. We, however, have done what we felt to be our duty; and we have expressed our real and unbiassed opinion of the author and his book.

THE SONS, OR FAMILY FEUDS. A  
Tragic Play. In Five Acts. By  
T. JONES. 1809.

**T**HERE is nothing which surprises us more in the course of our literary function than that perpetually recurring phenomenon, an author pertinaciously writing without one qualification for composition. A man who knows nothing of painting, never attempts to present a picture to the public; nor does he, who is ignorant of the gamut, presume to compose an air: but an author is restrained by none of these delicacies of mind. They who can, and they who cannot write, all strive

and do their best  
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

Mr. Jones, who has heard, we presume, of a certain Shakspeare, thought he could write a play. It was a most unlucky thought for himself, and for us too. That it was unlucky for himself we have little doubt he will confess when he gets in his printer's bill: and that it was unlucky for us, need not be told, for we have read his book. One specimen will suffice for a display of Mr. Jones's powers of writing tragedy. A lady, called *Almira*, has an inclination to poison herself; so in she comes with a cup of poison in one

hand and a taper in the other, necessary, we imagine, to light the cup to her mouth. But Madam *Almira* is far from greedy, and she is very anxious to share this delicious coffee-cup of arsenic with a friend of hers called *Olivia*, who however has no partiality to such dainties, and therefore is not to be found. It was very allowable, therefore, in *Almira* to drink it all herself, since she could find no friend to drink with her.—Who would not do the same? Before she swallows this delightful dose, she talks a little to herself; our author herein shewing his deep knowledge of human nature, by making a woman talk even at the point of death. Thus she bursts forth:

"Ha! my soul would burst its  
Very confines!—gone!—*Olivia*!—Oh!!  
*Almira* is and me.—Two brothers lost  
MAYHAP!" p. 90.

Mayhap as how it may be so: but then you should have waited to see, and not be in such a hurry. Well. After she drinks, she exclaims,

"I yield, my heart is *dog'd*:  
'Tis over now."

Faith, and its time we think: but it was not all over, for she goes on, (a woman will talk to the last, if it is to nobody but herself,

"I faint; my head *rings* round,\*  
My eyes grow dim, and every object far  
Now may the demon of destruction I  
pu-ur"  
Oh—" (Dies.)

And when the demon catches *Oh*, we shall be glad to meet with Mr. Jones again. Success to the race.

SOLOMON: a Sacred Drama. Translated from the German of Klopstock. By ROBERT HURST. 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.

**T**HE writings of Klopstock are less known in this country than they deserve to be. In Germany he is regarded with great veneration, and he is justly considered, among them, as the father of their epic poetry.

What an amusing thing it must be to see the lady's head describing a circle, and the lady herself running after it!

His Messiah is a great, though an unequal poem, and this is what may be said of every human production. Perhaps, indeed, it is what ought to be said, for it is only by inequality that we can derive pleasure from the productions of genius. Inequality does not necessarily suppose defect. We should rejoice to see an able translation of the Messiah in the English language. A translation which should retain not simply the meaning (for that is an humble merit) but the spirit, the energy, the very rhythm of the original. Such a translation should be undertaken with the same noble consciousness as animated a Dryden and a Pope, when they sat down to transmute the thoughts and manner of Homer and Virgil into their native tongues. He who undertook it must labour slowly: he must not translate it as a thing of the moment: he must fill himself with the feelings and conceptions of his author, and write, as he would imagine Klopstock himself would have written had he been an Englishman.

With regard to the present volume, we scarcely think that Mr. Huish has selected the most interesting of Klopstock's sacred dramas: but this objection has the less force as the translator has announced his intention of presenting the public with the sacred dramas of the *Death of Adam*, the *Death of Abel*, and *David*, in the course of the ensuing month. Perhaps it would be better, if in his future labours, he were a little more attentive to the quantity of his lines; and to the punctuation, which, in the present volume is so very defective, as often to obscure the sense.

In the preface to the book we noticed one or two errors of construction, and at p. xii. there is the following unaccountable one. "M. de Tournil in his preface to his translation of the two harangues of Demosthenes and *D'Eschines*, says, &c." Surely Mr. Huish does not suppose *Eschines* to have been a Frenchman! The following errors in the translation may also be rectified in a future edition.

"Art thou alone, O Seer, the friend of him,  
Who in the lap of bliss, its comforts tastes?

And not of him, whom constant mis'ry  
sting  
And thence our pity, and our pardon  
claim p. 19.

It should be *claims*, the nominative being *who*.

"And were it not in me a madlike thought." p. 226.

This is a compound epithet unauthorised by any classical English writer.

The following specimen will exhibit the translator's skill:—

#### SIXTH SCENE.

SOLOMON—DARDA.

SOLOMON.

Thou art alone! of all my friends now left  
The only one, in whom I trust can place  
Were not all joy now banish'd from my  
soul,  
And every source of bliss exhausted,  
Were not the light within me chang'd  
night,  
I should rejoice to meet thee here alone,  
But then —

DARDA.

I would speak, yet must be silent,  
Now do thou direct me.

SOLOMON.

Be not silent,  
I come to ask thee to pronounce a word.

DARDA.

Speak it Solomon—

SOLOMON.

Death!—O wish me dead,  
Thou wilt not!—speak it with the solemn tone  
Of one with God's authority invested;  
O wish me dead,—thee, perhaps fate will hear,  
But to my prayers a deafen'd ear is turn'd,  
And I am sickn'd with continual toil,  
Weary of groping in the maze of thought,  
And still no outlet gain. For thee, there's truth,  
For me there's none, or 'tis hidden from me;  
But to convince thee of my trust in thee,  
And that thou now my wretchedness may know,  
So hear the dismal doubt, which racks my mind,  
And like a stormy cloud pursues my steps,  
Leaving me gasping in the throes of death.  
Yet thou shalt not hear it, for how could I,  
Of hope bereft, of thee assistance ask?  
And in my sufferings involve my friend?

DARDA.

When thou art silent, I do suffer more,  
Than when thou speakest, and if my pity  
Thee no aid can grant, 'tis yet consoling.

SOLOMON.

Hear it then, my friend, and all ye spirits,  
Who with melancholy my heart oppress,  
Which once with joy and purest gladness  
beat:

Ye gods around me hover, and behold  
Me your victim, by you in mis'ry plung'd.  
That God, whom Abraham and Moses  
own'd,

And all our people, He is the wisest,  
And the mightiest, and the best of Gods;  
He is the father of all other gods,  
But he is far too great, and too exalted,  
To take concern of such a world as this,  
And be the Lord of man.

DARDA.

O cease, my friend,  
A chilling horror creeps o'er all my frame.

SOLOMON.

O wish me dead, but do not curse thy friend.  
For what I now have said may not be true,  
But truth it seems. For after weary nights  
Of contemplation deep, and racking thought,  
I nought discover'd which that truth denies,  
When I beheld the virtuous suffer,  
And the wicked flourish.

DARDA.

O God of gods!

Do thou forgive me, if I unworthy,  
Of thy wisdom speak. Is there not a state  
In future promis'd, where, in endless bliss,  
The good shall live, and all the ungodly,  
In the dread torments of a hell be plung'd?  
Is not this life then, but the spring of life,  
That the soul in future may for ever live?  
And has not He, the best, and mightiest,  
And the first and the wisest of all gods,  
He who is the father of all other gods,  
Has he not call'd himself the Lord of man?  
And is not that with certain truth combin'd,  
Which of himself the God of gods reveals?

SOLOMON.

Thou mak'st me fear, and ah! if I have  
err'd,

'Tis an abyss most deep and horrible,  
In which I've fallen. But hear me, Darda,  
Nor curse thy friend; by whom hast thou  
been taught,  
That there's another, and eternal life?  
When this, which thou hast call'd the  
spring of life,  
Has run its time? Did Moses teach it thee?  
Nor do I deny, our fathers ever  
The belief enjoyed, that the Creator  
From the high state of heav'n's king de-  
scended,

To be the Lord of this most abject world,  
And chose our people as his favor'd race;

But say, who this doctrine to our fathers  
taught?

DARDA.

Who but the Lord, the great Creator's self.

SOLOMON.

Then let him also teach it unto me.  
How could he ever teach it unto him,  
Who doubts its truth?

DARDA.

Was David then not good,  
Because he once did err?—

SOLOMON.

Thou convinc'st me not.

DARDA.

Were all our friends now here together  
met,  
Would they be able to convince you more?

SOLOMON.

To thee would I now only full expose  
All that my heart devises, then be silent—

DARDA.

A number sooner can direct a man,  
Than he direct a number.

SOLOMON.

Thou should'st say  
Mistlead him more,—do thou thy speech  
restrain,  
And sacred be to thee the trust of friend-  
ship.

DARDA.

Great was my joy, that thou at last again,  
Thy bosom open'd to thy faithful friend,  
Nor more conceal'd, what'er thy soul  
confus'd,

But now my joy to painful grief is turn'd.

SOLOMON.

Joy did'st thou feel? O tell me what it is,  
To feel that joy within your bosom dwells.

DARDA.

Thou now wilt feel it, for thy early friend,  
This day from distant Ophir is return'd,  
Thy faithful friend, thy Sarja.

SOLOMON.

Sarja return'd?

From Ophir did'st thou say?—knowest  
thou him?

I ever held him number'd with the dead,  
From Ophir's golden streams, he comes  
not now,

But from the vale of death to me return-  
From that deep night, impenetrably dark,  
From which no soul has ever yet return'd,  
From which my Darda will not to me  
return,

Nor to my friend shall I. Where is Sarja?

DARDA.

He now with Chalkol to his father's goes.

## SOLOMON.

The joy already from my breast is flown,  
Caused by my friend's return,—short was  
the joy,

And like the sun beam on the desert plain,  
Shone but to make the after gloom more  
deep;

This was the only joy my heart has felt,  
For heavy have my days with grief been  
weighed,

But now 'tis flown, for he will Nathan hear,  
And from him learn, who on the Olive  
Mount

This day prepares the solemn sacrifice;  
Go, bring Nathan here, and Sarja too.

## SEVENTH SCENE.

## SOLOMON.

Is now my Sarja from the grave return'd?  
And to the grave must now my Heman go?  
Soon will the youngest of the queens ap-  
pear,

Leading the children to the altar's flames,  
They before Heman go!—and shall they  
die?

God hears me not, nor yet my death I seek.

The expression "*by God I pray you*," p. 94, is ludicrous if not irre-  
verent. It is a German idiom.

The work is dedicated to Hannah  
More in a most exuberant address.

*The TRAVELS of Captains LEWIS and CLARKE, from St. Louis, by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the Pacific Ocean; performed in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, by order of the Government of the United States. Containing Descriptions of the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Indians, compiled from various authentic Sources, and original Documents, and a Summary of the statistical View of the Indian Nations, from the official Communication of MERIWETHER LEWIS. 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.*

**T**HE public expectation has been long excited respecting this work; and now that it has made its appearance, we do not think that expectation will be disappointed. Captains Lewis and Clarke have collected much curious information, both with regard to the manners and customs of the American Indians, and the commercial advantages that may be derived from a closer intercourse with them. By the way, we cannot too highly commend the moderate price,

(nine shillings) and unassuming form of this volume. Had it fallen into the hands of a certain bookseller, it would have made its appearance in quarto, *illustrated* with tawdry plates, printed upon hot pressed paper, and published for *two guineas* at the least.

From a work like the present, we cannot but persuade ourselves that we shall perform a more acceptable service to our readers by presenting them with some interesting extracts, than if we were to gratify our *own* pleasure by inditing our *own* thoughts. When a book is barren, there is some excuse for neglecting its contents: but when it is valuable and instructive, it is the peculiar office of a reviewer to pay more attention to it than to himself.

The introduction contains some useful commercial details:—

"The benefits that arise from the discoveries of unknown regions, are too numerous to be here mentioned.

"From the knowledge of geography are derived many intrinsic advantages. It not only feeds the imagination with the amusement of novel descriptions; but is the life of commerce, whence the arts and sciences receive succour, and a reciprocal benefit.

"It cannot fail of giving pleasure to the philanthropic mind, to behold implements of agriculture put in the hands of the uncivilized barbarian, to provide and protect him from the precarious reliance on the chase for a scanty sustenance. The time is not far distant, in all moral probability, when the uncultivated wilds of the interior part of the Continent, which is now only inhabited by the tawney sons of the forest, and the howling beasts of prey, will be converted into the residence of the hardy votaries of agriculture, who will turn those sterile wildernesses into rich, cultivated, and verdant fields.

"It may be suggested, that the sufferings of the Aborigines, from the importation of foreign diseases, and the more baneful influence of spirituous liquors, more than counterbalance the benefits they receive from civilization. These objections, it must be frankly confessed, are very powerful. But it is hoped, that vigilant measures will be pursued, by

government professed to be founded on the principles of humanity and wisdom, to prohibit the introduction of spirituous liquors among them.—The small-pox has raged, when little or no communication was held with them. Provisions are already made to introduce vaccine inoculation among them, which will prevent those horrid ravages that are mentioned in the course of the work.

“It may be thought matter of surprise, that regions, upwards of three thousand miles in length, bordering on a country inhabited by an inquisitive and enterprising people, who could avail themselves of the benefit of a lucrative fur trade, should remain so long unexplored. Many impediments have retarded the tour, that has laid open to view a country hitherto hidden from the knowledge of the civilized American.

“Attempts have been made by the great discoverer, Capt. Cook, to find a communication by water in the northern regions between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Whether the two great oceans are joined together in those regions remains an uncertainty; but the rigours of a frigid zone evinced that, though they joined, it was impracticable to navigate from one to the other.

“To travel among the Indians, is but too often thought the road that inevitably leads the unfortunate adventurer to an untimely death. The barbarity of the Indians in war is proverbial; but, in time of peace, hospitality and humanity are traits justly due to their character. It is a judi-

cious saying of an eminent traveller among them, that ‘in time of peace no greater friends, in time of war no greater enemies.’

“Before the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States, the jealous disposition of the Spaniards debarred all adventures for discoveries from that quarter.

“These impediments would compel the discoveries of the western part of the continent, to be made by a voyage by the way of Cape Horn, which would be too long, arduous, and expensive to entice the enterprize.

“In the year 1789, the celebrated traveller, Alexander Mackenzie, embarked from Fort Chepewyan, in latitude 58 deg. N. longitude 110 deg. W. from Greenwich, and with the greatest fortitude, under embarrassing and perilous circumstances, he explored with assiduity the northern region to nearly the 70th degree of north latitude, where obstruction by ice compelled him to return to Fort Chepewyan. Thence he ascended the Peace River to its source, and and thence to the Pacific Ocean; making many discoveries, which he judiciously narrated in his journal.

“The following statement of the commerce of the Missouri is made by a gentleman, which will sufficiently shew the advantages that arise from it.

“The products which are drawn from the Missouri are obtained from the Indians and hunters in exchange for merchandise. They may be classed according to the subjoined table.

			d.	c.	dols.	cts.
Castor	- - -	12281 lbs.	at 1	20	14737	20
Otters	- - -	1267 skins	4	—	5668	—
Foxes						
Pouma Foxes	}	802 skins	0	50	401	—
Tiger Cats						
Raccoons	- - -	4248 skins	0	25	1062	—
Bears, black, grey, and yellow	- - -	2541 skins	2	—	5082	—
Puces	- - -	2541 skins	2	—	5082	—
Buffaloes	- - -	1714 skins	3	—	5142	—
Dressed cow hides	- - -	189 skins	1	50	283	50
Shorn deer skins	- - -	96926 lbs.	0	50	38770	40
Deer skins, with hair	- - -	6381 skins	0	50	3190	50
Tallow and fat	- - -	8313 lbs.	0	20	1662	60
Bears' oil	- - -	2310 galls.	1	28	2472	—
Muskrats	- - -	—	—	—	—	—
Martens	- - -	—	—	—	—	—

S. 77971 20



"The calculation in this table, drawn from the most correct accounts of the produces of the Missouri, during fifteen years, makes the average of a common year 77,971 dollars.

"On calculating, in the same proportion, the amount of merchandise entering the Missouri, and given in exchange for peltries, it is found that it amounts to 61,250 dollars, including expenses, equal to one-fourth of the value of the merchandise.

"The result is, that this commerce gives an annual profit of 16,721 dollars, or about 27 per cent.

"If the commerce of the Missouri, without encouragement, and badly regulated, gives annually so great a profit, may we not rest assured that it will be greatly augmented, should government direct its attention to it. It is also necessary to observe, that the price of peltry fixed by this table is the current price in the Illinois: if it were regulated by the prices of London, deducting the expenses of transportation, the profit, according to our calculation, would be much more considerable.

"If the Missouri, abandoned to savages, and presenting but one branch of commerce, yields such great advantages, in proportion to the capital employed in it, what might we not hope, if some merchants or companies with large capital, and aided by a population extended along the borders of the river, should turn their attention to other branches of the trade, which they might undertake (I dare say) with a certainty of success, when we consider the riches buried in its banks, and of which I have endeavoured in these notes to give an idea."

*"An estimate of the produce of the several Mines."*

"Mine a Burton . 550,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ , is 336,666 $\frac{2}{3}$  lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is . . . . . 18,333 33  
To which add 20 dollars, (on 120,000 lbs. manufactured) to each thousand, is . . . . . 3,600 —

21,933 33

"Old Mines . 200,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ , is 133,333 $\frac{2}{3}$  lbs. lead at 5 dollars, per cwt. is . . . . . 6,666 67  
"Mine a la Motte . 200,000 lbs. lead, at 5 per dollars cwt. is . . . . . 10,000 —  
"Suppose at all the other mines 20,000 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is . . . . . 1,500 00  
18,166 67

Total amount is . . . Dollars 40,20

"When the manufacture of white and red lead is put into operation, the export valuation will be considerably augmented on the quality of lead."

Our travellers embarked on the 14th of May, 1804, from St. Louis, on the expedition, "providing themselves with every thing requisite for the prosecution of the voyage, particularly with large quantities of ammunition and fire arms, for the purpose of protecting them from the hostile attacks of the natives, and for procuring food." They also took a large quantity of medals, trinkets, &c. for the purposes of barter and conciliation. The party consisted of forty-three, and it was generally divided into two companies; the one for hunting, who travelled by land; the other to remain in the water conveyance, which consisted only of two small perogues and a batteau. Larger vessels would have obstructed them in ascending the Missouri near its source.

The following account of the Missouri and the inhabitants on its banks is interesting:—

"The Missouri is already ranked among the greatest rivers. It is an object of astonishment to the whole world. The uninformed man admires its rapidity, its lengthy course, and the salubrity of its waters, and is amazed at its colour; while the reflecting mind admires the innumerable riches scattered on its banks, and, foreseeing the future, beholds already this rival of the Nile flowing through countries as fertile, as populous, and as extensive as those of Egypt.

"The Missouri joins the Mississippi five leagues above the town of

St. Louis, about the 49th deg. of north lat. It is necessary to observe, that after uniting with the Mississippi, it flows through a space of 1,200 miles before it empties itself into the Gulf of Mexico. As this part of its course is well known, I shall speak of the Missouri only.

"I ascended about 600 leagues, without perceiving a diminution either in its width or rapidity.—The principal rivers which empty into the Missouri are, as you ascend, the Gasconade, the river of the Osages, the two Charaturns, the Great river, the river Des Canips, Nichincin, Batoney, the Great and Little Niimaha, the river Plate, the river De Sioux, the L'Eau Qui Court.

"As far as twenty-five leagues above its junction with the Mississippi, are to be found different settlements of American families, viz. at Bonhomme, and Femme Osage, &c.; beyond this, its banks are inhabited only by savage nations—the Great and Little Osages, settled one hundred and twenty leagues on the river of that name: the Canips, the Ottos, the Panis, the Loupes, or Panis Mahas, the Mahas, the Poukas, the Ricaras, the Mandances, the Sioux: the last nation is not fixed on the banks of the Missouri, but habitually goes there to hunt.

"The banks of the Missouri are alternately woods and prairies: it is remarked, that the higher you ascend this river, the more common are these prairies; and they seem to increase every year by the fires which are kindled every autumn by the savages, or white hunters, either by chance, or with the design of facilitating their hunting.

"The waters of the Missouri are muddy, and contain throughout its course a sediment of very fine sand, which soon precipitates; but this circumstance, which renders them disagreeable to the sight, takes nothing from their salubrity.

"Experience has proved, that the waters of the Missouri are more wholesome than those of the Ohio and the upper Mississippi. The rivers and streams, which empty into the Missouri, below the river Plate, are clear and limpid; above this river, they are as muddy as the Missouri itself. This

is occasioned by beds of sand, or hills of a very fine white earth, through which they take their course.

"The bed of the Missouri is obstructed with banks, sometimes of sand, and sometimes of gravel, which frequently change their place, and consequently render the navigation always uncertain. Its course is generally west by north-west.

"To give a precise idea of the incalculable riches scattered on the banks of the Missouri, would require unbounded knowledge.

"The flats are covered with huge trees; the *Liard*, or poplar. The sycamore, out of one piece of which are made canoes, which carry nearly 18,000 cwt. The maple, which affords the inhabitants an agreeable and wholesome sugar. The wild cherry tree, and the red and black *walnut*, so useful in joiners' work. The red and white *elm*, necessary to cartwrights. The *Tradantikos*, which, when well trimmed, forms impenetrable hedges. The water-willow, the white and red mulberry tree, &c. &c.

"On the shores are found in abundance the white and black oak, proper for every kind of shipwrights' and carpenters' work; the pine, so easily worked; and, on the stony mountains, the durable cedar.

"It would be impossible to detail all the species of trees, even those unknown in other countries, and the use that can be made of them, of which we are still ignorant.

"The plants are still more numerous. I will pass lightly over this article, for the want of sufficient botanical knowledge. The Indians are well acquainted with the virtues of many of them; they make use of them to heal their wounds, and to poison their arrows; they also use various kinds of *Savoyannes*, to dye different colours; they have one which is a certain and prompt cure for the venereal disease.

"The lands on the borders of the Missouri are excellent, and when cultivated are capable of yielding abundantly all the productions of the temperate, and even some of the warm climates; wheat, maize, and every species of grain, Irish potatoes, and excellent sweet potatoes. Hemp seems here to be an indigenous plant: even

cotton succeeds, though not so well as in more southerly countries. Its culture, however, yields a real advantage to the inhabitants settled on the banks of the Missouri, who find in the crop of a field of about two acres sufficient for the wants of their families.

"The natural prairies are a great resource, being of themselves excellent pasturages, and facilitating the labours of the man who is just settled, who can thus enjoy, with little labour, from the first year a considerable crop. Clay, fit for making bricks, is very common. There is also *Fayette clay*, and another species of clay, which, in the opinion of intelligent persons, is the real kaolin to which the porcelain of China owes the whole of its reputation.

"There are found on the borders of the Missouri many springs of salt water of every kind, which will yield more than sufficient salt for the consumption of the country, when it shall become inhabited.

"Salt petre is found here in great abundance, in numberless caves, which are met with along the banks of the river.

"The stones are generally calcareous and gages. There is found one also, which I believe to be peculiar to the banks of the Missouri. It is of a blood red colour, compact, soft under the chisel, and hardens in the air, and is susceptible of a most beautiful polish. The Indians use it for their calumets; but from the extent of its layers, it might be easily employed in more important works. They have also quarries of marble, of which we only know the colour; they are streaked with red. One quarry is well known, and easily worked, namely, a species of plaster, which we are assured is of the same nature as that of Paris, and of which the United States make a great use: we also found volcanic stones, which demonstrate the ancient existence of unknown volcanoes.

"We were confirmed in the belief, that there were volcanoes in some of their mountains, by the intelligence that we received from the Indians, who informed us, that the *Evil Spirit* was mad at the Red People, and caused the mountains to vomit fire, sand, gravel, and large stones, to terrify and destroy them; but the *Good*

*Spirit* had compassion on them, and put out the fire, chased the *Evil Spirit* out of the mountains, and left them unhurt; but when they returned to their wickedness, the *Great Spirit* had permitted the *Evil Spirit* to return to the mountains again, and vomit up fire; but on their becoming good, and making sacrifices, the *Great Spirit* chased away the *Evil Spirit* from disturbing them, and for forty snows\* he had not permitted him to return."

"The short stay we have generally made among the savage nations, has prevented us from making those researches which would have supplied us with more extensive information, respecting the various mines found on the borders of the Missouri. We know, with certainty, only of those of iron, lead, and coal; there is, however, no doubt, but that there are some of tin, of copper, of silver, and even of gold, according to the account of the Indians, who have found some particles or dust of these metals either on the surface of the earth, or on the banks of small torrents.

"I consider it a duty at the same time to give an idea of the salt mines and the salines, which are found in the same latitude on the branches of the river Arkansas. At about 300 miles from the village of the Great Osages, in a westerly direction, after having passed several branches of the river Arkansas, we find a flat, of about fifteen leagues in diameter, surrounded by hills of an immense extent: the soil is a black sand, very fine, and so hard that the horses hardly leave a trace. During a warm and dry season, there exhales from this flat, vapours, which, after being condensed, fall on this black sand, and cover it with an incrustation of salt, very white and fine, and about half an inch thick; the rain destroys this phenomenon.

"At about eighteen miles from this flat, are found mines of genuine salt near the surface of the earth. The Indians, who are well acquainted with them, are obliged to use levers to break and raise it.

"At a distance of about fifteen leagues from the flat, of which we have just spoken, and in a southerly

\* Forty years.

direction, there is a second mine of genuine salt, of the same nature as the other. These two mines differ only in colour: the first borders on a blue, the second approaches a red.— Much further south, and still on the branches of the Arkansas, is a saline, which may be considered as one of the most interesting phenomena in nature.

“ On the declivity of a small hill there are five holes, about a foot and half in diameter, and two in depth, always full of salt water, without ever overflowing. If a person were to draw any of this water, the hole would immediately fill itself; and about ten feet lower, there flows, from this same hill a large stream of pure and sweet water.

“ If this country were peopled, the working of these genuine salt mines would be very easy, by means of the river Arkansas. This species of salt is found, by experience, to be far preferable to any other for salting provisions.

“ Should these notes, imperfect and without order as they are, but in every respect founded on truth, and observations made by myself, excite the curiosity of men of intelligence, capable of investigating the objects which they have barely suggested; I do not doubt, but that incalculable advantages would result to the United States, and especially to the district of Louisiana.

“ It is impossible to give an exact account of the peltries which are brought down the Mississippi, as they are all immediately transported to Canada, without passing any port of this country: we can obtain a true statement only from the settlements on the lakes. It is but a short time since the Red River has been explored.

“ After leaving the river Des Moines, the fur trade from the Upper Missouri is carried on entirely by British houses, and almost the whole of the fur which is obtained from the other Indian traders is also sent to Canada, where it commands much higher prices than at New Orleans; where, in fact, there is no demand. It is also necessary to observe, that the further north we go, the greater is the value of the peltries. It is but a few years since peltries have been exported from America by way of the

Ohio. It is to be desired, that the eastern part of America should encourage this exportation, by raising the prices of peltries to nearly those of Canada.

“ The countries at the head of the Missouri and of the Columbia rivers bear a great similarity; being cold and very sterile, except in pasturage only. At the foot of the mountain, at the head of the Missouri, lives a tribe of Indians called *Serpentine* or *Snake Indians*; who are the most abject and miserable of the human race, having little besides the features of human beings.

“ They live in a most wretched state of poverty, subsisting on berries and fish; the former they manufacture into a kind of bread, which is very palatable, but possesses little nutritious quality. Horses form the only article of value which they possess: in these the country abounds; and in very severe winters they are compelled to subsist on them, for the want of a better substitute for food. They are a very harmless inoffensive people. When we first made our appearance among them they were filled with terror; many of them fled, while the others who remained were in tears, but were soon pacified by tokens of friendship, and by presents of beads, &c. which soon convinced them of our friendly disposition.

“ The Snake Indians are in their stature crooked, which is a peculiarity, as it does not characterise any other tribe of Indians that came within the compass of our observation. To add to this deformity, they have high cheek bones, large light coloured eyes, and are very meagre, which gives them a frightful aspect.

“ For an axe we could purchase of them a good horse. We purchased twenty-seven from them, that did not cost more than one hundred dollars; which will be a favourable circumstance for transporting fur over to the Columbia river.

“ At the head of the Columbia river resides a tribe by the name of *Flat-topallors*, or *Flatheads*. The latter name they derive from an operation that renders the top of the head flat, which is performed while they are infants, when the bones of the cranium are soft and elastic, and are

easily brought to the desired deformity. The operation is performed by tying boards, hewn to a proper shape for the purpose, which they compress on the head. In performing this eccentric operation, many infants, I think without doubt, lose their lives. The more they get the head misshapen, the greater do they consider its beauty.

"They are a very kind and hospitable people. We left in charge with them, when we descended the Columbia river, our horses, which they kept safe. They likewise found where we had concealed our ammunition in the earth; and had they not been an honest people, and preserved it safe, our lives must have been inevitably lost; they delivered up the whole, without wishing to reserve any, or to receive for it a compensation.

"They, like the Snake Indians, abound in horses, which subsist in the winter season on a shrub they call *ever green*, which bears a large leaf, that is tolerably nutritious; they likewise feed upon the side of hills out of which gush small springs of water that melt the snow and affords pasture. In this manner our horses subsisted while going over the rocky mountains.

"The country inhabited by the Snake and Flat-headed Indians produces but very little game."

Our travellers thus describe the reception they met with from the natives:—

"The treatment we received from the Indians, during nearly three years that we were with them was very kind and hospitable; except the ill treatment we received from the Sioux tribe, who several times made attempts to stop us; and we should have been massacred, had we not terrified them from their murderous intention, by threatening them with the small-pox, in such a manner as would kill the whole tribe. Nothing could be more horrible to them, than the bare mention of this fatal disease. It was first communicated to them by the Americans, and it spread from tribe to tribe with an unabated pace, until it extended itself across the continent.

"This fatal infection, spread around with a baneful rapidity, which

no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect that nothing could resist. It destroyed with its pestilential breath, whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented to those who had the melancholy and affecting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead and dying, and such as to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence. The habits and lives of those devoted people, who provide not to-day for the wants of to-morrow, must have heightened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. Nothing was left them, but to submit in agony and despair. To aggravate the picture, if aggravation were possible, may be added the sight of the helpless child, beholding the putrid carcase of its beloved parents dragged from their huts by the wolves (who were invited hither by the stench), and satiated their hunger on the mangled corpse. Or, in the same manner, serve the dog with food, from the body of his once beloved master. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had just reached, to call his family around him, to represent their sufferings and cruel fate from the influence of some *evil spirit*, who was preparing to extirpate their race; and to invite them to baffle death with all its horrors, with their own weapons; and, at the same time, if their hearts failed in this necessary act, he was himself ready to perform the deed of mercy with his own hand, as the last act of his affection, and instantly follow them to the chambers of death." The Indians being destitute of physicians, living on *animal food*, and plunging themselves into *cold water*, on the first discovery of the disease, rendered it generally mortal.

"While we were at Fort Mandan the Sioux robbed several of our parties when they were returning to the fort with the fruits of an excursion after game, and murdered several of the Mandan tribe in cold blood, without provocation, while reposing on the bosom of friendship. On returning

\* A western traveller.

this massacre, Captain Clark and the greater part of us volunteered to avenge the murder; but were deterred by not receiving succour from the Mandan warriors, who declined to avenge the outrage committed on them. The probable reason of their not enlisting was, that they were too much afraid of the superior number of the Sioux to venture an engagement.

Soon after this massacre, we received authentic intelligence, that the Sioux were in contemplation (if their threats were true) to murder us in the spring; but we were prevented from making the attack, by our threatening to spread the small pox, with all its horrors among them. Knowing that it first originated among the white people, and having heard of inoculation, and the mode of keeping the infection in phials, which they had but an imperfect idea of, a bare threat filled them with horror, and was sufficient to deter them from their resolute and bloody purpose. This stratagem may appear insignificant to the reader, but was of the greatest consequence to us; for to it alone we owed not only the fate of the expedition, but our lives.

"Most of the tribes of Indians, that we became acquainted with (except the Sioux), after being introduced by our interpreter; and having found that our intentions were friendly towards them; never failed of greeting us with many tokens of their friendly disposition. Soon after our interview, we were invited to smoke the calumet of peace, and to partake freely of their venison. The women and children in particular, were not wanting in shewing tokens of friendship, by endeavouring to make our stay agreeable. On our first meeting, they generally held a council, as they term it, when their chief declares a 'talk,' in which they give their sentiments respecting their new friends, which were filled with professions of friendship, and often were very eloquent, and abounded with sublime and figurative language.

"When we departed, after making leave, they would often put up a prayer, of which the following is a sample, which was put up for us by a Mandan. — That the great spirit would favour us with smooth water,

with a clear sky by day, and a bright star-light by night; that we might not be presented with the red hatchet of war; but that the great pipe of peace might ever shine upon us, as the sun shines in an unclouded day, and that we might be overshadowed by the smoke thereof; that we might have sound sleep, and that the bird of peace might whisper in our ears pleasant dreams; that the deer might be taken by us in plenty; and that the great spirit would take us home in safety to our women and children.' These prayers were generally made with great fervency, often smiting with great vehemence their hands upon their breast, their eyes fixed in adoration towards heaven. In this manner they would continue their prayers until we were out of sight."

There are some curious traits of the Indian character in the subsequent extract.

"They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies, which is rooted in every Indian's breast, and never can be eradicated. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms, as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him, that he has been informed, that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going, which might probably do him mischief. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution, as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

"This apathy often shews itself, on occasions that would call forth the favour of a susceptible heart. If an Indian has been absent from his family for several months, either on a war or hunting party, and his wife and children meet him at some distance from his habitation, instead of the affectionate sensations that naturally arise in the breast of more re-

finest beings, and give rise to mutual congratulations, he continues his course without looking to the right or left; without paying the least attention to those around him, till he arrives at his house: he there sits down, and with as much unconcern as if he had not been absent a day, smokes his pipe; those of his friends who followed him, do the same; perhaps it is several hours before he relates to them the incidents that have befallen him during his absence, though perhaps he has left a father, a brother, or a son dead on the field, (whose loss he ought to have lamented) or has been successful in the undertaking that called him from his home.

"If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, or any other laborious expedition, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to shew the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease; he does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

"If you tell an Indian, that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is, 'they have done well,' and makes but very little enquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints, he only replies, 'it is unfortunate,' and, for some time, asks no questions about how it happened.

"This seeming indifference, however, does not proceed from a suppression of the natural affections; for, notwithstanding they are esteemed savages, I never saw among any other people greater proofs of filial tenderness; and although they meet their

wives after a long absence with the stoical indifference just mentioned, they are not, in general, void of conjugal affection.

"Another peculiarity is observable in the manner of paying their visits. If an Indian goes to visit a particular person in a family, he mentions to whom his visit is intended, and the rest of the family immediately retire to the other end of the hut or tent, and are careful not to come near enough to interrupt their discourse, or whole conversation. The same method is pursued when a young man goes to pay his addresses to a young woman; but then he must be careful not to let love be the subject of his discourse, whilst the day-light remains.

"They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquite with the greatest readiness any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections, to which Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping during the whole of that space in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy.

"With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty a flying enemy escapes discovery.

"They are indebted for these talents, not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual faculties, which can only be acquired by an unremitting attention, and by long experience.

"They are in general very happy in a retentive memory. They can recollect every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes, for ages back, to which

they will appeal and refer, with as much perspicuity and readiness, as Europeans can to their written records.

"Every nation pays great respect to old age. The advice of a father will never receive any extraordinary attention from the young Indians, probably they receive it with only a bare assent, but they will tremble before a grandfather, and submit to his injunctions with the utmost alacrity. The words of the ancient part of their community are esteemed by the young as oracles. If they take, during the hunting parties, any game that is reckoned by them uncommonly delicious, it is immediately presented to the eldest of their relations.

"They never suffer themselves to be overburdened with care, but live in a state of perfect tranquillity and contentment, being naturally indolent. If provisions, just sufficient for their subsistence, can be procured with little trouble, and near at hand, they will do so far, or take any extraordinary pain for it, though by so doing they might acquire greater plenty, and of a more estimable kind.

"Having much leisure time, they indulge this indolence to which they are so prone, by sleeping and imbibing about an hour of the night. But when necessity obliges them to take the field, either to oppose an enemy, or to procure food, they are alert and indefatigable. Many instances of their activity on these occasions, will be given when we treat of their wars.

"The greatest blemish in their character, is that savage disposition, which impels them to treat their enemies with a severity, that every other nation huddles at. But if they are thus barbarous to those with whom they are at war, they are friendly, hospitable, and humane in peace. It may with truth be said of them, that they are the worst enemies, and the best friends, of any people in the world.

"They are, in general, strangers

to the passion of jealousy, and brand a man with folly that is distrustful of his wife. Among some tribes the very idea is not known; as the most abandoned of their young men very rarely attempt the virtue of married women, nor do these put themselves in the way of solicitations. Yet, the Indian women, in general, are of an amorous disposition, and, before they are married, are not the less esteemed for the indulgence of their passions.

"The Indians, in their common state, are strangers to all distinction of property, except in the articles of domestic use, which every one could regard as his own, and increase as circumstances admit. They are extremely liberal to each other, and supply the deficiency of their friends with any superfluity of their own.

"In danger they readily give assistance to those of their band who stand in need of it, without any expectation of reward except those put forward that are always conferred by the Indians on merit. Governed by the plain and unvaried laws of nature, every one is rewarded according to his desert, and there is equality of condition, manners, and privileges, with that constant and sensible familiarity which prevails for a short every Indian nation, unites them with a pure and just sentiment that all are the general good of the society to which they belong.

"If any of the more libinous are bereaved, by the loss of their wives, of their children, or of any necessary part of the number of their senses, who cannot live, they, by the decision of the council, are adopted by them, and treated in every respect as if they really were an extension of the person to whom they are presented.

We cannot conclude without strongly expressing the degree of satisfaction and instruction which we have received from the perusal of the present volume.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### REVERSON

As thro' the grove I took my careless way,  
Along the skies a sudden meteor pass'd  
The silent moon withheld her silver ray,  
The stars grew faint and early eoa d the blast

Yet, ere I could the signs of the void,  
With plume and sword the hollow cavern  
ring  
Coming and meave es, died upon the  
floor,  
And thus some spirit quitly sung —



" Her blessed lips in silence clos'd,  
No more shall glow with numbers sweet;  
Upon this bank she oft repos'd,  
Or round'd at eve yon green retreat;  
There oft I saw her musing wild,  
Immortal Fancy's blooming child:  
'Twas there her coral harp she strung,  
And to its tones sublimely sung:  
There have I seen her wrapp'd in thought,  
Fast in the arms of Genius caught;  
Or, wand'ring down beside the stream,  
At midnight watch the meteors gleam!

" But, ah! no more shall I behold  
Her eyes serene with pity flowing;  
Nor hear her magic lyre unfold  
Its music nervous-wild and glowing.

" On yonder mountain's hoary height,  
That mocks the circumambient sky,  
Amid the shadowy forms of night,  
She watch'd the rolling orbs on high:  
Hence much I ween she lov'd to shroud  
Remote from Mammon's selfish crowd;  
And with her harp's seraphic sound,  
To wake the slumbering world around!

" One night I view'd her when the clouds  
Ingulph'd the moon's unwarming ray,  
Rock'd on a vessel's swelling shrouds,  
Of whirlwinds and of waves the prey!

" But, ah! no more shall I behold  
Her eyes serene with pity flowing,  
Nor hear her magic lyre unfold  
Its music nervous-wild and glowing!"

Charm'd with the strain the spirit sung,  
Nature resign'd her sullen gloom,  
The lamps of heav'n sublimely flung  
Then beamings where the cow-lips sprung.  
Urania blight  
Burst on my sight,  
And pointed to her favorite's tomb!

It stood beside as pure a stream  
As Genius ever lov'd to view;  
As ever nurs'd a poet's dream,  
Or rapt imagination drew:  
The modest stone this line supplies,  
" Here, stranger! Anna Seward lies!"  
*Grafton-street, Aug. 1809.* J. G.

*Epitaph on the INVASION of WALCHEREN. By CLIO RICKMAN.*

FIRE the guns,—illumine the streets,  
Ring the bells,—the bonfires raise;  
Sing of Chatham's glorious feats,  
Roar around the land his praise.  
Immense the train he took to sea,  
Wond'rous heroes, wond'rous men!  
Immortal must these armies be,  
They have taken Walcheren!

Let the tales of other times  
Never more be sung or said;  
Higher subjects meet our rhimes,  
Than e'er knew the mighty dead.

Flushing, town of *glia* and *shuk*,  
Far renown'd for *fog* and *fen*,  
The cou'ring hosts of England crush,  
And take—O wond'rous! Walcheren!

Bonaparte's rush light see,  
Castlereagh will sure blow out;  
And the land of Zuyder Zee,  
He'll be taking by the snout.  
Ministers beyond all praise,  
Senders forth of valiant men,  
Who their monuments shall raise,  
Conquerors of Walcheren!

Every good to Britain now  
Must extend from side to side,  
And surrounding nations vow,  
She's of the universe the pride.  
Immortal Chatham! great's the deed,  
Greater never told the pen,  
For every blessing must succeed  
Now thou hast taken Walcheren!

Sleep not now the deed is done,  
Invaders bold of *bags* and *sand*;  
With open eyes each mother's son,  
Guard the captur'd, valued land.  
So of *mud*, and *slugs*, and *Scheld*,  
You'll be call'd the conquering men;  
And to future times upheld,  
Your wond'rous works at Walcheren!

*Downs, August 1809.*

STANZAS from the German of FRIEDRICH  
WILHELM GÖTTER.

I ONCE was free from Cupid's might,  
Nor could the cheeks and sparkling eyes  
Of Daphnis take me by surprise,  
Ah! then thro' each revolving night,  
I own'd a tranquil soul!

But Daphnis, with *fictitious* scorn,  
Said, " Follow not my devious feet  
Along the garden's dark retreat!"  
I follow'd;—and the light of morn  
Illumin'd all my soul!

As late she 'neath the roses lay,  
I ventur'd to disturb her reign;  
I kiss'd her lips, she kiss'd again!  
Ah! then it was meridian day  
In my enchanted soul!  
*Grafton Street, 1809.* J. G.

LOVE LETTERS to my WIFE. By  
JAMES WOODHOUSE.  
LETTER X.  
[Continued from p. 226.]

SHOULD then Apollo's uninvited ray  
Thro' refectory pour the vulgar day,  
Fashion forbids his loath'd obtrusive light,  
While vanity centres a novel night;  
That no such common, clownish, stupid  
stare,  
Should interrupt the rites performing there.

Wealth, pomp, and pride, his friendly of-  
ferings flung,  
And partly shut his proffer'd bounty-out;  
While, that he may not peep within the  
place,

They push the shutters in his gawker face;  
And lest his eye thro' crack or channy blink,  
Each curtain's dropp'd to close up every  
chink.

Tho' long he waits, and still peace is his  
claim, [shame,

They seem to think it neither sin nor  
But a whim wonder o'er the hills and plains,  
As only fit to visit airy spirits and swans,

Who seldom deem he's too much fire or  
ph. gm.

Starts a stop, too soon or late, for them  
At such vagaries, such gross di. gr. e,  
With blushing cheeks and fish-blower's face,  
Down to the goal, chagrin'd, has rac. he  
runs, [suns,

While mid'rous waxen lights, like nume-  
rised brilliant lights o'er the tavern room,  
Not giving scantest glare, but pour re-  
fined [place

Redoubled bright from haps of p. sh'd  
On tanks p'd'd as roots of nightly stars!

Tur. and co. c. w. u. e. s. and j. u. s.  
And mid' the more, like plantain star,

While g. m. d. o. l. e. s. and l. a. s. s. y. g. l. i. t. t. e. r. i. n. g  
plem, [be an,

Scatter around ten thousand park's,  
And moony mirrors irragatively gliz,

Half a. s. s. fondly all their bon. w. d. b. l. e.  
Mid' not, s. glori. and s. gay a sight

Yield cat. w. a. t. i. o. n. h. i. g. h. i. d. u. d. e. l. i. g. h. t,  
While s. c. a. t. e. d. o. n. l. e. s. s. u. f. f. i. c. i. e. n. t. t. h. r. o. n. e,

And not ex. p. o. s. d. s. u. c. r. i. m. i. n. o. u. s. t. o. p. e. n.  
While loo. g. r. o. u. n. d. o. n. a. l. l. t. h. e. s. h. e. w. and  
sh. u. e,

Fancy must foud exclaim "the glory's  
mine,"

Or m. d. l. e. s. of Ch. l. d. e. r. n. m. o. n. a. r. c. h. 's. g. u. i. t,  
If this w. e. i. g. h. t. B. a. b. y. l. o. n. t. h. a. t. I. h. a. v. e. b. u. r. t!

And in w. h. e. the God, with anger en-  
s. n. d. o. e. r,

Withd. w. s. his r. e. d. i. m. t. i. o. n. f. r. o. m. o. u. r. s. h. a. m. e. l. e. s. t.  
s. h. o. r. e,

He s. t. r. e. a. d. s. i. t. o. e. r. t. h. e. w. o. r. t. o. n. c. u. s. t. o. m. e. d.  
s. h. o. h. a. d. h. i. s. m. i. s. e. r. e. s. w. i. t. h. f. o. r. d. i. a. t. u. b. e,

And h. i. g. h. w. i. t. h. h. i. s. w. a. r. m. s. and s. u. i. l. l. a. n. c. e,  
h. i.

He withholds his rays and w. i. k. e. s. t. o. r. e. s. t.  
s. h. e. d, m. y. H. a. m. a. h, h. e. r. e. a. n. e. m. b. l. e. m.

h. i. g. h. t, [n. i. g. h. t.  
s. h. o. m. o. r. a. l. s. h. a. t. t. h. e. d. a. v. a. n. t. l. o. v. e. t. h. e.

h. e. r. o. w. n. o. w. a. n. t. e. l. p. e. r. i. t. s. and d. e. p. r. e. s. s.  
s. h. e. d. l. e. s. s. h. e. a. r. t. s. s. c. a. t. e. r. d. f. r. o. m. t. h. e.

h. i. g. h. t. s. s. a. c. r. e. d. s. u. n. of R. i. g. h. t. e. o. u. s. n. e. s. s.,  
s. h. e. d. s. e. l. f. l. i. g. h. t. s. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r. s. o. u. l. s. w. i. l. l.

h. i. g. h. t. s. s. e. l. f. l. i. g. h. t. s. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r. s. o. u. l. s. w. i. l. l.  
h. i. g. h. t. s. s. e. l. f. l. i. g. h. t. s. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r. s. o. u. l. s. w. i. l. l.

h. i. g. h. t. s. s. e. l. f. l. i. g. h. t. s. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r. s. o. u. l. s. w. i. l. l.  
h. i. g. h. t. s. s. e. l. f. l. i. g. h. t. s. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r. s. o. u. l. s. w. i. l. l.

Tho' all their image-matter, I g. h. t. o. d. i. e,  
Th. e. r. e. o. o. d. y. 's. h. e. a. r. y. s. a. n. t. i. s. t. i. m. d. h. e.  
F. a. c. h. h. u. m. i. s. h. s. u. b. s. t. a. n. c. e. a. n. d. u. u.

h. i. m. e,  
'T. h. a. t. g. l. i. m. e. a. n. d. g. l. i. t. t. e. r. t. o. t. h. e. i. r. s. o. u. l. s.

s. h. a. m. e.  
A. r. e. a. l. l. d. e. s. t. r. o. y. d. f. r. o. m. H. i. m. — h. i. m. b. e.

t. w. i. l.  
T. o. c. o. n. t. i. n. u. e. i. n. t. h. i. s. a. l. t. e. r. i. a. l. o. f. f.,  
I. s. c. e. n. e. s. t. h. e. n. o. u. t. l. e. t. t. y. s. t. r. o. y.

I. n. r. e. s. i. g. n. a. t. i. o. n. a. g. i. t. a. t. i. o. n. o. f. f.,  
N. o. t. t. o. b. e. s. e. e. i. n. a. v. i. s. t. o. f. s. p. i. r. i. t. w. h. e. n,

B. u. t. h. e. l. p. i. n. g. s. w. i. t. s. w. o. u. l. d. h. o. n. o. u. r.  
i. n. g. H. i. m!

I. h. y. f. r. i. e. n. d. h. e. a. v. e. n. 's. v. o. t. a. g. 'l. r. i. d. i. c. u. l. 'd  
a. n. d. p. o. s. s.

O. f. f. s. e. w. t. h. s. a. n. d. h. e. b. e. e. n. g. a. t. l. e. r. d. o. u. r.  
B. e. l. i. e. d. h. i. g. h. t. d. h. e. p. o. s. s. o. u. l. d. g. r. a. d. e.

A. n. d. a. l. l. h. i. s. w. o. n. d. e. r. o. u. s. b. o. u. n. t. y. b. u. r. n. t. i. n.  
w. a. s. e. —

W. h. i. l. e. w. i. t. h. a. t. e. v. e. r. g. e. n. e. r. a. t. i. o. n. p. r. o. p. h. e. t. i. c. a. l. o. f. f.,  
T. h. e. w. o. n. k. i. n. g. s. c. u. s. t. o. m. a. n. d. t. h. e. c. h. i. l. d. r. e. n.

h. o. m. a. n. s. h. i. s. o. b. e. d. i. e. n. c. e. w. o. u. l. d. s. o. o. n. b. e  
s. a. u. g. h. t.

A. n. d. h. i. t. t. h. e. h. e. a. v. e. n. b. e. d. e. n. t. b. y. t. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r.  
w. i. t. t. h. e. c. r. i. m. i. n. a. t. i. o. n. t. h. a. t. i. s. t. h. e. i. r. g. r. a. d. e.

A. n. d. a. l. l. t. h. e. i. r. t. h. e. a. v. e. n. b. e. d. e. n. t. b. y. t. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r.  
h. i. g. h. t. s. —

"A. l. l. r. e. s. i. d. e. n. t. u. n. n. o. u. n. c. e. d. a. d. i. z. i. n. g  
t. h. e. i. r. s. o. u. l. s."

I. n. s. o. l. a. t. i. o. n. s. t. h. e. n. s. l. o. w. l. y. s. w. e. e. t. a. l. o. n. g. —  
N. o. t. o. p. e. n. t. i. n. g. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. b. e. e. r.

O. n. s. u. h. o. u. s. i. o. n. s. n. o. w. a. b. s. o. l. u. t. i. o. n. m. o. r. e. f.  
B. u. t. n. o. t. s. p. e. c. t. i. c. a. t. i. o. n. s. a. n. d. s. o. u. l. s. t. h. e. i. r.

s. t. a. t. e. s.  
I. g. n. o. r. a. n. c. e. a. n. d. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. s. k. n. o. w. e. d. e. s. —

T. o. c. o. n. t. i. n. u. e. i. n. t. h. i. s. a. l. t. e. r. i. a. l. o. f. f.,  
A. n. d. p. i. e. c. e. s. t. h. e. a. v. e. n. b. e. d. e. n. t. b. y. t. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r.

h. i. g. h. t. s. —  
B. e. s. i. d. e. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. s. k. n. o. w. e. d. e. s. —

I. n. s. o. l. a. t. i. o. n. s. t. h. e. n. s. l. o. w. l. y. s. w. e. e. t. a. l. o. n. g. —  
N. o. t. o. p. e. n. t. i. n. g. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. b. e. e. r.

O. n. s. u. h. o. u. s. i. o. n. s. n. o. w. a. b. s. o. l. u. t. i. o. n. m. o. r. e. f.  
B. u. t. n. o. t. s. p. e. c. t. i. c. a. t. i. o. n. s. a. n. d. s. o. u. l. s. t. h. e. i. r.

s. t. a. t. e. s.  
I. g. n. o. r. a. n. c. e. a. n. d. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. s. k. n. o. w. e. d. e. s. —

T. o. c. o. n. t. i. n. u. e. i. n. t. h. i. s. a. l. t. e. r. i. a. l. o. f. f.,  
A. n. d. p. i. e. c. e. s. t. h. e. a. v. e. n. b. e. d. e. n. t. b. y. t. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r.

h. i. g. h. t. s. —  
B. e. s. i. d. e. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. s. k. n. o. w. e. d. e. s. —

I. n. s. o. l. a. t. i. o. n. s. t. h. e. n. s. l. o. w. l. y. s. w. e. e. t. a. l. o. n. g. —  
N. o. t. o. p. e. n. t. i. n. g. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. b. e. e. r.

O. n. s. u. h. o. u. s. i. o. n. s. n. o. w. a. b. s. o. l. u. t. i. o. n. m. o. r. e. f.  
B. u. t. n. o. t. s. p. e. c. t. i. c. a. t. i. o. n. s. a. n. d. s. o. u. l. s. t. h. e. i. r.

s. t. a. t. e. s.  
I. g. n. o. r. a. n. c. e. a. n. d. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. s. k. n. o. w. e. d. e. s. —

T. o. c. o. n. t. i. n. u. e. i. n. t. h. i. s. a. l. t. e. r. i. a. l. o. f. f.,  
A. n. d. p. i. e. c. e. s. t. h. e. a. v. e. n. b. e. d. e. n. t. b. y. t. h. i. s. t. h. e. i. r.

h. i. g. h. t. s. —  
B. e. s. i. d. e. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. s. k. n. o. w. e. d. e. s. —

I. n. s. o. l. a. t. i. o. n. s. t. h. e. n. s. l. o. w. l. y. s. w. e. e. t. a. l. o. n. g. —  
N. o. t. o. p. e. n. t. i. n. g. t. h. e. s. t. a. t. e. b. e. e. r.

[To be continued]

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE 5th of October was fixed upon for celebrating the event of finishing a spacious and well-adapted building for the reception of the numerous orphans on the society's bounty, and for returning thanks to the Almighty, and by inviting the subscribers and friends to dine together on the occasion.

Previous to the dinner, a discourse, adapted to the event, was delivered in the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, (in which parish the institution began in 1792) by the Rev S. Crowther, Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate-street, when a handsome collection was made. In the afternoon, upward of 300 gentlemen dined at the City of London tavern, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor in the chair—After the cloth was removed, *Non Nobis Domine* was sung; the King, Queen and Family were afterwards seated, and the Lord Mayor gave "Success to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb."

Nearly seventy children, male and female, now pupils in the new Asylum, were afterwards introduced and conducted round the room, showing specimens of their progress in writing, arithmetic, and knowledge of language, written and articulate. Some of them also stood upon the table and pronounced, to the best of their ability, the following lines—

I'll can a tongue, so lately mute,  
Express the joy we feel;  
Yet, bless'd with utterance, though slow,  
We can't our joy conceal.  
The Deaf and Dumb afar and near  
Would hail this happy day,  
If we to then depending wait.  
The tidings could convey—

That, now, a new Asylum's rais'd,  
Where all may find relief—  
'T would stem the stream of many tears,  
Ease many a parent's grief!

Then how could we our lips refrain  
To utter thanks to you,  
Whose bounty has bestow'd the boon?  
Unbounded thanks are due!

But here we're taught to look above  
And own "the great First Cause,"  
From whom man holds his life and breath,  
And every comfort draws!

A sum, between six and seven hundred pounds, it is understood, was collected on the occasion. That its royal patron, his Highness the Duke of Gloucester, was not present at this meeting, was mentioned as the only subject of regret.

## EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN SCOTLAND.

SINCE the recent close of the second exhibition, it has transpired that, during the short period of six weeks, while the rooms were open to the public, nearly 500 guineas were collected. It is now in agitation, among the society, to build apartments for the express purpose of exhibiting their works in future. An institution of this kind, in this part of Great Britain, will afford a powerful stimulus to young artists to exert themselves to the utmost in obtaining a knowledge of their art, by showing that merit and distinction will be constantly united, and that the most obscure individual will have an equal chance of public notice with the most distinguished. This, in times past, had been too little the case in Scotland, and many a young artist of promising talents had his efforts cramped, and "the genial current of his soul frozen, by the languor and despondency which arose from disappointed prospects, and ineffectual exertions. That this new exhibition, if properly conducted, may remedy this evil is obvious; and we hope, before another year is ended, its good effects will appear from the vigour and spirit with which the artists will prosecute their studies.

## NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF HORTICULTURE, LAND.

*Improvement of Nurseries and Fruit-Gardens.*

M. VAN MONS, a member of this body, has undertaken, under the patronage of this Institute, and that of France, to complete the publication of a "Theoretical and Practical System of Fruiterie, or Instructions for the work of the Nursery and Fruit-Garden in the Order

of the Months." The extensive correspondence of the author, having made him acquainted with all the most recent improvements in this branch of science, by a great number of persons distinguished for their education and talents, who had withdrawn themselves from the fatigues of war, or the toils of politics, or who, grieving at public or private calamities, had retired to forget their sorrows in the quiet enjoyment of their gardens, he conceived he should be rendering a service to many, by mak-

ing these discoveries more generally known. The work, which commenced in January last, will finish with December next. It is conducted on the convenient principles of a gardener's calendar, and will include every thing relating to the culture of fruit. It will give in detail, among many other particulars, the whole management of fruit-trees in the nursery and in the garden—not from books, but from the author's own experience, and the communications of his friends.

## VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

MR. NICHOLAS CARLISLE has made such progress in his Topographical Researches in Ireland, that his Description of that part of the United Kingdom will be ready for the press about Christmas.

Mr. Cromek (the proprietor of the cabinet picture representing The Canterbury Pilgrimage) will shortly publish a whole length historical portrait of Mr. Walter Scott, from the admired picture, painted by Raeburn for Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, which appeared at the last exhibition of Scottish paintings. The print will be 20 inches by 14.

Quærinus is preparing for publication the second volume of The Pulpit, or a Biographical and Literary Account of Eminent Popular Preachers, interspersed with occasional Clerical Criticism.

An Account of the Ferros Islands, translated from the Danish, will shortly be published in one volume 8vo.

Miss Stockdale is preparing for the press a considerable number of Poems, to be published as early as possible in the ensuing year.

The Letters of the late Miss Anna Ward are announced as in the press. They will be published in five vols. 8vo, with portraits and other ornaments.

The Rev. James Parsons has undertaken to publish the remaining Volumes of the Septuagint, prepared by Dr. Holmes.

The fourth part of Hints to the People and the Legislature, on the

Nature and Effects of Evangelical preaching, by a Barrister, will be published in February.

A gentleman of Bristol is printing a Selection of Poems, from the Hesperides of Robert Herrick, in one volume, with an engraving of the poet.

A Selection from the Works of George Withler is also printing at Bristol, to consist of pieces from his Juvenilia; his first and second Remembrances; the Hymns and Songs of the Church; and a manuscript copy of his version of the Psalms, supposed to have never been printed, though he had a patent granted for them from King James.

Tales of Other Countries, is in the press. These tales are founded on circumstances relating to the author, in his travels through some of the continental states.

A History of the County of Cardigan, by Mr. Merrick, is in considerable forwardness.

Dr. Carpenter's Reply to Mr. Veysie's Preservative against Unitarianism, entitled "Unitarianism the Doctrine of the Gospel," is in the press. These letters contain an examination of all the passages of the New Testament which are generally thought to oppose the Unitarian Opinion respecting the Person of Christ; and the chief of those respecting the ends of his death.

The Rev. T. Stone, late Rector of Cold Norton, whose Visitation Sermon has attracted so much notice, has

in the new "Mentors of his Fall," which is speedily to be published.

M. L. L. of Wallingford, has prepared under the sanction of Mr. Valpy, and other distinguished prescient, a series of Grammatical Questions, adapted to English Murmur, with copious Notes and illustrations. The idea was suggested by Morgan's very useful book, the Grammatical Questions.

Dr. May is about to produce a Series of Catechisms on popular Subjects.—The Mother's Catechism, a Catechism of Health, and another of general Knowledge, will be followed in succession by others on English History, Universal History, Geography, Animated Nature, Botany, the Laws and Constitution of England, the Bible, &c. They are intended to tell separately, or to form, when collected, two very neat pocket volumes.

#### ARTS, SCIENCE, &c.

It may not be improper to inform the curious insects, *owls*, &c. that all seed and to the foreign plants, and other objects of natural history, may be imported, if regularly entered and landed at the custom-house, and the duties paid upon them, no prohibition, by law, existing on the above articles.

The valuable application of being whole uses of the timber to the production of young trees for exportation, by M. Wm. Curtis, of the Botanic Garden, is simple, and is done by encasing out part of the moisture from the moss, and forming a course of about three inches thick, interposed with other courses of the tree (shortened in their branches and roots), standing above standing till the box is filled, when the whole must be trampled down, and the lid properly secured. The trees will want no further care during a voyage of six, seven, or twelve months, as the moss is wonderfully retentive of moisture, and it is a dispersive quality in events of imbibition or putrefaction. In fact, it taken proceeds even in the confined state, and blanched and tender shoots are formed, which must be gradually issued to the external light and air. This white moss is very common in most parts of Europe and America, which renders the applica-

tion more easy, and the discovery more important.

A fig palm tree has recently been found above the strata of plaster at Brindley, near Pula. It was deposited in the earth strata, about twelve or fifteen feet above the first stratum of plaster. A tree of the same species was discovered a few years since at Menmaire, in a similar situation.

The following is a new method of preserving grapes.—Take a calico or linen, inaccessible to the external air, and put it into a layer of bran dried in an oven, or of ashes well dried, sifted. Upon this place a layer of bunches of grapes well cleaned, and gathered in the afternoon of a dry day, before they are perfectly ripe. Proceed thus with alternate layers of bran and grapes, till the barrel is full, taking care that the grapes do not touch each other, and to let the last layer be of bran, in a close barrel, so that the air may not be able to penetrate, which is an essential point. Grapes, thus packed, will keep nine or even twelve months. To restore them to their fresh state, cut the end of the stalk of each bunch and put that of white grapes into white wine, and that of black grape into red wine, as you would put flowers into the water to revive or keep them fresh.

In America, the acetic or sugar of lead has lately been found particularly efficacious in several diseases, particularly in profuse hæmorrhage, and in cases of diarrhoea. The author of the discovery is also of opinion that it is worthy of trial in dysentery, at least after symptoms have been used.

#### France.

M. Cuvier has published a brief description of a bird produced by a snake and a goose. She laid nine eggs and began to hatch them, but only one living bird was obtained. On cutting the shell, the young one discovered very little firm a gosling. It was covered with a yellowish down, with dark olive tint on the back, neck, and head. Excepting the point, the upper mandible of the bill was white, and the lower one was orange-colored. The feet were also of the latter colour, and beyond all proportion large.

of the iris was brown, and the eye-lids yellow. It has since grown much larger than the mother, and continues to bear a greater resemblance to her than the swan.

M. Fournier has invented an apparatus for determining, with precision, the quantity of spirit contained in any liquid, which he calls an *alcoholometer*. It is composed of a glass tube, six or seven inches long, and placed vertically upon a cap of copper, having a graduated bar of the same metal attached to its centre. At the place where the bar enters the tube, adapted to its base, there is a screw, by which it is hermetically sealed, which prevents the liquor which is to be analyzed from spilling. At the foot of the apparatus is a lamp with spirit of wine, placed under the copper cap, directly beneath the bar, to heat it quickly. On one of the legs is a moveable ferrule with a dagger to moderate the heat of the flame at pleasure, and thus also prevent the liquor in the tube from running over.

M. Parmentier has made public a new method of preparing the extract of opium, far superior to any other hitherto known. It takes from the substance the smell by which it is distinguished, and which is always in proportion to its malignant qualities. The manner of preparing 34 ounces of opium is as follows:—Macerate in rain water for five days; then boil for a quarter of an hour with two pounds of pulverised charcoal; strain and clarify with white of egg, and by a suitable evaporation you will obtain twelve ounces of extract.

*Potatoes converted into Truffles.*—M. Lavier, having remarked that black truffles are principally met with near oak and chestnut trees, besides observing this species in soils that were formed almost entirely of the fragments of these astringent vegetables, was induced to try the experiment of planting potatoes in trenches prepared with tan and earth, disposed in alternate strata of about two inches each. These potatoes, when dug up, were black, and tasted very much like truffles. He imagines that, in this manner, the quality of these roots might in two or three years be so far changed as to give them the exact form and appearance of truffles.

Mr. Denon, the well-known writer of "*Travels through Egypt*," has lately been entrusted by Bonaparte with a considerable sum of money, to be equally divided among the authors of twelve paintings of large dimensions on the following given subjects:—1st, Bonaparte addressing the Bavarians before the battle of Abensberg; 2d, The attack of the bridge at Ratibon; 3d, The capture of Ratibon; 4th, The attack of the bridge at Landshut; 5th, The bombardment of Vienna; 6th, The attack of the bridge at Ebersburg; 7th, The battle of Wagram; 8th, The French Emperor's bivouac on the field of Wagram during the night of the 5th and 6th of July; 9th, A view of the Island Napoleon (under Lobau) at the time when his Imperial Majesty re-entered it after the battle of Essling; 10th, A second view of the same island, when Napoleon embraces Marshal Lasnes mortally wounded in that battle; 11th, A view of Eberdorf, and the bridges over the Danube; 12th, A view of the gardens of the Palace of Schoenbrunn. A small number of marble busts, and, among others, one of Marshal Lasnes will also be executed by skilful French sculptors.

In the *Champs Elysées*, near the ancient chapel of St. Bardolph, several fragments of large earthen urns have been lately found, with some smaller, and two beautiful lachrymatories; a fine sepulchral lamp of earth in good preservation, upon which is a winged genius; a priapus of bronze with a ring, to which it was suspended; a small bracelet for a child, in bronze, to which is fastened a medal of the colony of Nîmes, the impression much effaced; twelve glass beads upon wire; two of red glass joined together, &c. &c. with a small drum, a larger bracelet, and a head of Medusa of blue glass, thick, and in relief.

#### Germany.

M. Bozzini has announced in several journals, the invention of a machine intended to throw light into the interior of the animal body. It is composed of a recipient containing the light; of tubes which direct its rays to the cavities which it is wished to enlighten; and of reflecting tubes which transmit the luminous rays to the eye of the observer.

M. Hierik has invented a new kind of bellows, in which the current of air may be directed or diminished as required, without interfering its action.

Buen Grimm, the Sector of Diplomatics, who lately died at Warsaw, is said to have had among his voluminous correspondence several letters in the hand-writing of the Empress Catherine II. A secretary of the Russian embassy was extremely anxious to get this correspondence into his possession, but the whole of the late Baron's papers have been sent to Petersburg.

The Archduke Palatine has published the plan of the intended National Museum, of various kinds. It will be composed of a library, a cabinet of medals, of antiquities and curiosities, a collection of ancient and modern, a cabinet of natural history, and a pintheque, containing busts and portraits of the most celebrated Hungarians, and, lastly, a place destined for the exhibition of the products of national industry. Pest is the place intended for this establishment.

A German author has lately published a work, in which he states a very curious fact.—"A person," says he, "having an artificial magnet suspended from the wall of his study, with a piece of iron adhering to it, remained, for several years, that the iron in the room, though they frequently placed them in various positions, he observed on the artificial magnet, and even that if any of the elements approached it, they in a moment again returned from it to some distance."—"It is worth the trouble," says Ponce de Voigt, who reports the circumstance in his Journal, "to make farther observations on this phenomenon, and, were it confirmed, might find room for its employment to preserve it from being disturbed by fire. Perhaps it might be employed also for other purposes."

#### Italy.

The celebrated Canova, who is to receive 100,000 crowns for a colossal statue of the Emperor Napoleon in bronze, has engaged the assistance of the German artists at Vienna who cast the statue of Joseph II. under the direction of the celebrated Prokofor Zauner.

The celebrated *Last Supper* of Leonardo da Vinci, at Milan, has been so much damaged by damp and other circumstances, that it cannot sustain much longer. Rossi is taking a copy of it, from which it is afterwards to be executed in mosaic.

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A new translation of the Bible from the Hebrew into the Low Dutch, has lately been authorized by a royal decree, published at Amsterdam, to supersede all others hitherto used in schools, &c. It is thought some of the learned Hebrews who distinguished themselves in the New Sanhedrin, which assembled at Paris by order of the French Legislature, in May 1807, will be employed upon this work.

Dr Vah Muram has discovered a very simple method, proved by repeated experiment, of preserving the pure in large halls, theatres, hospitals, &c.—The apparatus for this purpose is nothing but a common lamp, made according to Arago's construction, suspended from the roof of the hall, and kept burning under a funnel, the tube of which rises above the roof without, and is furnished with a ventilator. For his first experiment he filled his large laboratory with the smoke of oak charcoal. In a few minutes after he lighted his lamp the whole smoke disappeared, and the air was perfectly purified.

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swollen all over and could not move his left hand. When the mercury had fallen to 8.5. (about six miles and a quarter) the balloon burst with a loud explosion, and began to descend rapidly with such a noise as awakened M. Brioschi. It fell about twelve miles from Padua, without any injury to the aeronauts.

The subterraneous passage by which the Roman Emperors went privately from the palace of the Cæsars on Mount Celius at Rome, to the Flavian Amphitheatre, has lately been discovered, besides a number of architectural fragments, capitals, cornices, &c. &c. the remains of its splendid decorations. Some fine torsos have also been found, and a head of Mercury, which appears to have belonged to the statue in the garden of the Pope, and now in the Chigi-fairmont Museum. Several pipes and gutters for carrying off water were also discovered, and

twenty rooms of very small dimensions, lighted only from the top.—These are presumed to have been the *formice*, frequently alluded to by Martial, Seneca, and Juvenal.

#### *Sweden.*

M. Aurivillius has published a complete account of the Greek and Latin manuscripts in the library of Upsal. Out of 10 Greek manuscripts, nine are copies of the New Testament and of the Alexandrian translation of the Old. The ten first books of Livy and a complete Horace are among the Latin M.S. Among the Catalogues of Books, &c. given to the library are those by the High Chancellor, Lagardie; that of the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish M.S. given in 1705 by J. G. Sparrenfeld; and, lastly, that of ninety three Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean, and Arabic M.S. sent to the library by J. J. Kienastel, 1785.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

### THE MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

THE late revolutions upon the continent, having in a great measure stripped off the little remaining dignity of the old race of Kings, and exposed their secrets and the lives of their favourites, the French Biographers in particular, are unusually interesting. From this source we have been before us some of the strange practices of the philosophers of *Sous Louis*; still with that vanity which it has been said is peculiar to a Frenchman, the late Marquis D'Argens wrote the *Memoirs of his own Life*, which contain very pointed facts, and an easy narrative. But though he enters on his subject without acquainting us with the place of his birth, or the condition of his parents, information collected since supplies that deficiency. He was born at Aix in Provence, in 1704. His father M. Boyer, Marquis D'Argens, was Procureur General of the Parliament of that province, and young D'Argens preferring the profession of arms when he was twenty, successively served first in the gendarmes, and then in the regiment of Mecklen, after having been received as a Knight of Malta. About this time his connections with the lady

he calls the handsome Sylvia commenced.

His petulance and impetuosity of his youth were subjects of much discontent and unhappiness to his father, who, in the end disinherited him; but Mons. D'Eugilles, his younger brother, President of the Parliament of Aix, annulled the deed of inheritance, by making an equal division of the property, and by adopting a natural daughter of the Marquis, and restoring her to the name and rights she derived from her father. At first he would by no means consent to this arrangement, fearful of doing what might displease the family; but the reasons and the principles of justice which the Magistrate advanced soon found their way to his heart, and Mademoiselle Mina became Marchioness D'Argens.

On his return from a journey to Spain, where he left his mistress Sylvia, he became reconciled to his family; but he soon left France, and departed for Constantinople along with Mons. D'Andreelle, ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, of whom he speaks in his memoirs. A judgment may be formed of his character and of his extravagant conduct in that



city, by the following anecdote, which M. Thénard found in his *Re-collection*, and which might have been wrought up to advantage in a theatrical representation.

On his arrival at the Capital of the Turkish Empire, he conceived the design of witnessing the ceremonies used in the mosques. Nothing could dissuade him from undertaking this dangerous enterprise, in which, if he had been discovered or betrayed, he would only have escaped the scaffold of the guillotine, by assuming the turban, or, in other words, becoming a Mussulman: he applied to the Turk who kept the keys of the mosque of Santa Sophia, and by dint of bribery succeeded in gaining him to his purpose. It was agreed between them at the next great day of public worship, the infidel should introduce the Christian in great secrecy by night, and that he should conceal him behind a painting which was placed, a long time back, at the bottom of a tribune, which was in front of the gate. The Marquis would be the safer in this place as it was seldom opened; and, besides, it was situated at the west end of the mosque, and the Mahometans always in their prayers face to Mecca, which lies east of Constantinople, and never turn their heads without giving cause for scandal; a point on which they are scrupulous; that they never turn when they quit the mosques, but always go backward to the gate.

The Marquis D'Arons, seated at his ease, beheld the whole of the ceremonies of the Turkish religion; yet he gave frequent cause of alarm to his guide—almost every minute he quitted his hiding place, and advanced to the middle of the tribune, in order that he might have a better view of what was passing in the mosque. Then the poor Turk, who knew he ran no less a risk than that of being impaled alive, intreated him, by the most expressive signs and gestures, to retire quickly behind his picture. The terror of the man was a subject of the highest amusement to the Knight of Malta, who played the more upon his fears.

But they were a hundred fold, if possible, increased, when he saw a flask of wine and a piece of ham from

his pocket, and offered him share of both. The disciple of Mahomet was in absolute despair; but what could he do?—he must bear all in order to conceal his guilt, and save himself from punishment. The Marquis threatened him; and the Turk was compelled to drink of the wine, and eat of the ham, and thus profane himself, in religion, and the mosque. The miserable man was for some instants like one petrified: he thought he beheld the avenging arm of the prophet raised above his head; by degrees, however, he became more calm: he even began to be familiar with his guilt, when the devotees had all left the mosque; and he saw himself alone with the Christian dog; they finished their breakfast with a good grace, laughed at the danger they had run, and parted most excellent friends.

The Marquis D'Arons, in his *Memoirs*, exports with great ardour the adventures of his journey, and the motive which induced him to return to France. His father anxiously wished him to study the law, but the ardent character of the young man could not be persuaded by his sage adviser. He again re-entered the service, and in 1733 he was appointed to the cavalry: he was at the siege of Belit, where he was slightly wounded. In 1734, after the siege of Philipbourg, he got a fall from his horse, which so disabled him, that he was never able to mount afterwards, and he was obliged in consequence to resign the service.

It appears, that it was at the time of his refusal to embrace the profession his father wished him, when he returned from Constantinople, that his father disapproved him, not being able, owing to the weakness of his fortune, to sustain with credit the expensive life he led.

He was compelled, when he retired from the service, to go to Holland, to seek resources from his pen. The liberty of the press, which then existed in that country, allowed him to make choice of any subject his fancy suggested. He published successively the "*Jewish, Chinese, and Canadian Letters*." They were admired, and brought him some money; most of them turning on subjects of morality, politics, manners, religious customs,

and ceremonies, and the events of his mind is at a stand, he will never relax. The lively manner in which they were written, the boldness of some of the ideas, and the singularity of the style, caused them to be much read, and generally approved.

Immediately after the death of old Frederick the Second, he repaired to Berlin.—Matters were then so much changed that the new Monarch wrote thus to the young Marquis, whose Jewish Letters he so highly esteemed. “No longer, my dear Marquis, be afraid of the battalions of cards—come, and brave them even in the parade at Potsdam.”

When he received this letter, he was at Stuttgart, in the service of the Duchess Dowager of Wirtemberg: she had a wish to visit Berlin, and see Frederick. The opportunity being favourable, they set out together.

The King received him in the most flattering manner; he invited him to dinner every day; their conversation was lively and agreeable; nothing in appearance was more flattering, or more likely to satisfy the wishes, and flatter the ambition, of a philosopher: but weeks rolled on, and no mention was made of fulfilling the promises which had led the new guest from a situation less brilliant, but sufficient for his wants.

The Marquis having vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of this neglect, and having waited six weeks, lost all patience; and, on returning home one day immediately after dinner, he sent a note to the King, couched in the following terms:—

“Sire! For six weeks that I have had the honour to be near your Majesty, my purse has suffered so rigorous a blockade, that if you gain so many battles, take so many forcresses, and do not speedily come to my assistance, I shall be obliged to capitulate, and re-cross the Rhine within a week.” The King had his friend Jordan with him when the note was brought to him.—“See here,” said he, “what that fool D’Argens has written; his wishes to leave us.” Jordan answered the Marquis, and for that reason said to his master, after having read the note.—“I know the Provencal; all these impatience; but I particularly know the Marquis; and his peculiar torments him, and he does not know his place.” “Sire,”

he said, “he will never relax, and after having threatened to take his departure within eight days, he will be off in two or three days at the earliest.” The King was alarmed lest Jordan should have prophesied too truly, and he returned these few words in answer to his note.—“Be satisfied, my dear Marquis, your fate shall be decided to-morrow by dinner-time.” and, in fact, the next morning, the Marquis, on his arrival at the palace, received the key of office as chamberlain, with a salary of six thousand francs, and was also appointed director of the class of belles-lettres of the Royal Academy, which gave him an additional annual increase of eight hundred francs.

This generosity on the part of Frederick soon changed the resolution of the Marquis. He settled at Berlin: he cultivated literature and the friendship of the Great Prince, who so well knew how to reward those who made it their occupation. He was constantly one of the King’s social and private parties.

At first, Algarotti, Voltaire, and Maupertuis, were the principal favourites of Frederick.

It was chiefly at the supper parties of Frederick, that he assembled these literary characters, and where those scenes of gaiety and wit passed, which, for near thirty years were the objects of the attention, and sometimes the satire, of the rest of Europe. They bore no resemblance to the orgies of the Regent of France. There was more real wit, a varied conversation, and obscenity and impiety were particularly banished; but the freedom of discourse was sometimes carried too far, as at the suppers of the Duke of Orleans, so much so as to become displeasing to the master.

In one of these supper parties, (said M. Thiebault,) which even till the Seven Years War were often prolonged to a very late hour, Frederick asked each of his companions, How he would govern if he were a King? There was a lively argument between them, in order for each to establish their different maxims. The Marquis, however, listened, and said nothing; the King at last observed his silence, and asked him, What would he do were he in his place? “Sire,”

answered the Marquis, "I would immediately sell my kingdom, and purchase a good estate in France." This pleasantry, by means of which he escaped the ridicule of advancing and supporting any misplaced doctrine, obtained the King's approbation, and put an end to the discussion. It was after some disputes of a similar nature, that Frederick, in a moment of spleen or ill nature, wrote, that if he wanted to punish a province, he would send philosophers to govern it.

During the Seven Years' War, that is, from 1756 to 1763, when Frederick beheld his dominions invaded, and taken from him, by the Russians, the Austrians, and the French, and that no hopes of safety remained, it was to the Marquis D'Argens that he imparted the design he had formed of putting an end to his existence.

It was on this occasion that he addressed a long epistle in verse to the Marquis D'Argens on this subject, the misfortunes of his life, and the principles of stoicism: however trifling this resolution may appear, and however singular the manner which Frederick made use of, to disclose it to one of his courtiers, it results however from it, that the Marquis D'Argens held a most distinguished place in the esteem of the Prince, since it was to him that he addressed himself in the agony of his soul.

The happy events which so quickly succeeded, drew Frederick out of his embarrassment, and the necessity of putting his resolution into practice, by compelling his enemies to enter into conditions of peace, which secured to him his dominions.

The Marquis at length marrying Mademoiselle Cochois, an Opera dancer, with whom he had cohabited before, it gave the King great offence.

Mademoiselle Cochois had made a present to the Marquis of a very fine morning tooe dressing-gown or wrapper—this was before their marriage. Delighted with this present, he put it on immediately, and found it so much to his taste, that he did not put it off the whole evening. The King, however, sent to let him know he expected him to supper. The same answer was returned, that he was ill.

The Monarch, in order to disturb the felicity of the Marquis's little

party, took it into his head to send him word, that having heard of his ill state of health, fearful of the fatal consequences of so dangerous a disorder, as that with which he was attacked, and anxious he should die like a good Christian, he had commanded two catholic priests to administer the sacrament of extreme unction to him, and that they would visit him that very evening to fulfil this pious duty.—The Marquis knew not what to think of this intimation. He well knew the King was capable of giving similar orders to the catholic priests; but he doubted much, whether he would dare to be guilty of such a scandal within the walls of his own palace. The most essential thing for him was, to make it appear as if he were really ill. He, therefore, wrapped up his head, and counterfeited the appearance of a man quite unwell.

The King covered himself with a surplice and a stole, put two or three persons who were in his confidence, into black cloaks, and the whole party descended in a solemn procession, as if they were bearing extreme unction to the Marquis, whose apartments were below the King's. The person who went first carried a small bell, which was heard in all the apartments, as soon as they got upon the staircase. No one had any doubt, but that it was the sacrament going to a person dangerously ill. La Pierre, the Marquis's servant, went to see the procession, and soon saw what it was. In order not to be found out, and consequently pass for a liar, the pretended sick man hastened to get into bed without undressing, or even taking off his fine dressing-gown with gold flowers. The procession immediately after entered the chamber, in a slow and solemn manner, and ranged themselves in order before the bed. The King, who closed the procession, placed himself in the middle of the circle, and addressed the Marquis, telling him, that the church, always a tender mother, and full of anxiety for her children, had sent him that assistance the most proper to fortify him in this critical situation, in which he was placed. He exhorted him strenuously to resign himself; and then raising the countenance of the bed, he poured a whole flood of

sweet oil over the fine dressing-gown, telling his young brother, that this emblem of grace would infallibly give him faith and courage, necessary to pass in a proper manner from this world to the next. After which the procession retired in the same grave and solemn manner as it entered.

At length the *profligate* giving place to the *penitent*, D'Argens passed much of his time in reading ancient books and authors, particularly the Holy Fathers, from which he made several extracts, which he applied to the subjects he treated of, either in his writings or conversation.

The King of course was fond of contradicting him on his taste for this species of erudition—he used frequently to say to him, “Don’t talk to me of your Fathers: they are bodics without souls.”—When he allotted him apartments in the new palace of Sans Souci, he himself conducted the Marquis and his Lady, and pointed out to them their agreeable situation and their convenience: he had given orders to have a handsome book-case, wherein folios handsomely bound appeared in large letters—“The Works of the Holy Fathers.”—“Here Marquis,” said the King, as they entered the room, “you will find here your good friends in all their glory.” When they got to the bed-chamber—“It would be wrong,” said he “to stay here long; we must not disturb the Marquis, but leave him to his ease and his night-cap”—so saying he withdrew.

The King had no sooner retired, than the Marquis, in eager haste, ran to the book-case to examine the books with which it was filled—he quickly opened one of the volumes of the Holy Fathers. But in place of the homilies of St. Chrysostom, he found nothing but blank paper; and the same was the case with all the

one evening that he was at supper with Frederick, that Prince said to the Marquis I have made a purchase for you near this, of a very neat house and garden—here is the deed; you may take possession of it when you please.” The Marquis was not sensible to this mark of favour; he remained home full of impatience, and impatiently wished the night were

over, that he might go and take a view of this new acquisition. Next morning, notwithstanding his laziness, he rose very early, and was driven to his new mansion—he ran over the garden, examined the apartments, found every thing charming, and in the neatest taste; he went into the saloon, which was a very handsome room, and full of pictures; but what was his astonishment, when, on looking at them, instead of landscapes, battle, or sea-pieces, he beheld the most humorous scenes, and most comic anecdotes of his life.

Here, the Marquis, as an officer, found himself drawn at the siege of Philipshourg, and expressing strong symptoms of fear—there he was on his knees to his handsome comedian—a little further, his father disinherited him—another painting represented him at Constantinople—in another, a surgeon was seen performing an operation, which his adventures of gallantry had rendered necessary—again, nuns were seen pulling him up by night in a basket through the window of their convent. In all these pictures the Marquis, who was easily recognized, was represented in the most ludicrous and comic attitudes.

This unexpected spectacle put him into the most violent rage—he examined them all, and then sent for a house-painter, and made him efface them.

The King informed of this scene, was highly delighted with it, and related it to every one who would have patience to hear it.

In spite, however, of the species of warfare which the Monarch carried on, and the sarcastic jokes he passed upon his lazy habits, and his imaginary illness, still he loved him not the less. He one day wished to give him a fresh proof by augmenting the pension he had settled on him; but D'Argens answered him in presence of several persons, “Sire, I have enough: your Majesty has many poor but deserving officers; let it be given to them.”—The King, charmed with this honourable and disinterested reply, esteemed him the more, without however ceasing from time to time to joke with and play tricks on him.

But his own weakness and folly particularly in respect to fear of poison,

and his superstition rendered him *an* loss of time. Scarcely had he arrived at Dijon, when he wrote him a very bold letter, such as *an* one who had

for permission to leave Berlin, and ever any disagreement with Frederick imagining that the King might not, would have ventured to address to him, perhaps, like him to take away the original letters which that Prince had written to him, he sent them to him, in order to excuse himself for this freedom, he said, "It is not now to the King that I write, but to the Philosopher, and in the name of Philosophy"—a distinction which the Monarch himself had given the example of in their suppers at St. Nouch, where they freely conversed in the absence of the King, although at the same table with him. And concluded his keen, yet guarded reproaches, with that inimitable of the "Town and Country Mouse."

"Since I have kept till this moment a precious pledge of the confidence with which your Majesty honoured me. I give them into your hands; because I do not think it right to take them with me into a strange country. My continued ill health, and a complication of disorders, put it out of my power any longer to be useful to your Majesty; and I am convinced that, under a milder climate, my infirmities might be borne. I therefore entreat your Majesty to grant me my dismissal, assuring you, at the same time, that my heart shall be eternally devoted to you."

The Marquis obtained permission to pass six months in Provence, and set off in 1769, on the express condition of returning at the appointed time; at the same time he received the packet of original letters, which the King returned to him, assuring him that he possessed his entire confidence, and that consequently he neither could nor would keep the letters. The Marquis, however, would not take them with him, but left them in the charge of one of his most particular friends.

It appears, that the King was much displeased at his departure, and that he even refused to see the Marquis. In vain several persons endeavoured to persuade him, that the Marquis would return; he would not believe them. He was indignant that a man whom he had loaded with his benefits, should quit him for such trifling causes, and which in no way diminished the proofs of his attachment and esteem; but the Marquis had very good reasons to give, on his side likewise—to pass the remainder of his days under a milder climate, and near a brother, to whom he was attached by strong ties of affection.

He had, however, other motives for discontent; which he was anxious that the King should know without

Yet, notwithstanding this appearance of resentment, the Marquis D'Argens resolved to return to Frederick at the expiration of the stated period; but it cost him a severe struggle to determine on leaving Aix, to return to Berlin—it was to expose the remainder of his days to new scenes of vexation and disappointment, and shorten their duration. The agitated state of his mind, which this situation involved him in, produced the very effect he wished to have avoided, and he died without being able to fulfil his promise.

"In the midst of all these sufferings," says M. Thienbault, "he was detained at Bourges-en-Bresse by a long and very dangerous illness. The Marchioness, whose whole soul was devoted to him, never thought of writing to the King, though the time of his leave of absence had expired. Frederick expected him of wishing to desert him. He sent to the Marchioness's sister, and to all the members of the Academy, with whom he was connected as the Director, to know if they had not heard from him; and was informed, that no person had received any news of him, and that several months had passed without a letter either from the husband or wife, the King's doubts were changed to certainty. His anger and his indignation were extreme, he dispatched orders that very day to the different officers, which the officers of the Marquis were paid strictly injoining them to erase his name out of the public books, and

forbidding them to pay him any thing for the future. — *Swizer*, who received this order at the Académie, thought it his duty to acquaint *D'Argens* and in consequence of this determination, he privately gave a letter to a person who was going that way, and who promised to inquire for the Marquis, and give him the letter if he should chance to meet him; if not, to address it under cover to the President *D'Éruller*. The traveller found him at *Four-eh-Bresse*, in a state of convalescence and preparing to set off for Berlin. The letter produced an effect which might be expected. The old Courtier was more irritated than afflicted. He wrote another, which was never made public, but its contents may easily be guessed at, and immediately returned to his beloved retreat, from which he seldom went, except to make some few slight journales through parts of Provence. It was in one of these excursions that he died at Toulouse, of an indigestion, on the 11th of January, 1771.

## THEATRICAL RECORDER.

### LYCEUM, STRAND.

ON Saturday evening, Oct. 7, Mr. Cumberland's Comedy of *The West Indian*, was brought forward for the immediate purpose of introducing Mr. Wrench, to the notice of a London audience.

Mr. Wrench is well made, and of a genteel deportment. He was gay and agile, as he should be, in the personification of a volatile young gentleman like *Belmour*; and frequently exhibited instances of feeling and judgment, which lead us to hope that he may become a valuable appendage to a metropolitan theatre. Yet he, like most actors from the country, has something to unlearn; he was too apt to walk up to the lamps, and be declaiming with his face towards the audience, evidently seemed to make them a party in the scene. This procedure (though too common), we must take the freedom of saying, is highly absurd, and altogether destroys the required effect of the drama, which should be a course of action calculated either to delight or amend us, but in which we had no participation whatever, excepting what resulted from the agency of the senses, and even that agency should undergo a revision from the judgment, to make its operation morally healthful.

In *Belmour's* interviews with *Miss Dudley*, we did not think him sufficiently delicate or respectful; for it must not be supposed that a gentleman, even on occasions like those, can forget the tenderness that is uniformly due to the sex; and without which no success can be obtained,

except among the lower and coarser classes of life. In the acting of *Miss Boyce*, who played the character of *Louisa Dudley*, Mr. Wrench could find nothing that was tinged with vulgarity or insensibility; and her address to him, on their reconciliation in the fifth act, embracing an expectation, that when, in future, he might pursue other objects of passion, not similarly protected to herself, was delivered with a pathos, that touched the heart.

Saturday, the 14th, presented at this Theatre two performers, for the first time, to a London audience, with the most prosperous debut, in the sprightly comedy of *The Soldier's Daughter*; viz. *Mrs. Edwin*, from the Theatre Royal Dublin, in the character of the *Widow Cheerly*; and *Mr. Knight*, from the theatre Royal York, in that of *Timothy Quabitt*. Their entrance was hailed in the most encouraging manner, and the applause increased as they proceeded in the parts they so well sustained. *Mrs. Edwin's* person is agreeable, and her manner easy and engaging, as well as that her voice is clear and captivating. Her countenance, at once animated and expressive, is, nevertheless, so much under the direction of her judgment, that she gave a character and expression to one of the scenes in this play quite novel and delightful. We have scarcely ever witnessed a more successful and flattering essay by any performer. In the part where she says from the author, "This is my first visit to London," she was greeted with thundering plaudits and

bravos for minutes together; as also when she added, "I purpose to stay the winter." An occasional conclusion was given to the play, which had a most appropriate and happy effect.

Mr. Knibb possesses great advantage as a performer in the cast of characters he has adopted. His features are distinct and prominent, giving great interest to his countenance. His voice is clear, strong, and articulate, but he certainly pitched it too high for so small a theatre. In the character of *Robin Rideshead*, in *For Love or Money*, which he performed to admiration, the key was more natural. To be brief, and not enter into the details of the excellence of the several parts of those and the other performers, it was, on the whole, a *gem* which deserved to be set, as it was by the fulcrum of the house, in a *cluster of diamonds*.

Mrs. Latham has since performed *Finian's* in *Mrs. Centurion's House*, and is generally allowed to be a most charming Actress.—*But*—it is thought, will be one of her next characteristics.

#### COVENT GARDEN NEW THEATRE

On Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 1 this house had been shut up a week by the Managers, in order that John Bull might come to his own natural termination, it opened again with the *Big Game*, when the party in town and out of town on the management met in a most interesting and public manner. Mr. Kemble had been in motion for a committee of motion men, to make his plans appear very moderate. Then the whistles, and his horse commenced, and played with "John Kemble, let your men play cease." No private boxes in intrigues, &c. were exhibited as before. In fact, that populace that could not be brought to bow to "the honours of a Prince" have decidedly shown that they held that of a *Player*, lower still for ceasing to threaten them with the decisions of the Attorney General, it was in vain that Mr. K. adopting the more civil epithets of "Ladies and Gentlemen" and also, "I throw myself upon the candour of the metropolis in the world. I cannot afford to lose three fourths percent, by this concern."

The house afterwards adjourning till Friday, the 6th, the play of *John Bull*, though calculated to soothe the popular prejudices, was brought forward like another scene of the Bear Garden. The whole time seemed to be divided between hissing and hooting, rattling, howling, bawling, and speech tying.—One orator very pointedly observed, with respect to the *John Boves*, that "The Society for the suppression of Vice," ought to present a petition to the Parish of St. Paul's Covent Garden, as a public nuisance.

But neither the subsequent introduction of Jews and Pundits of the lowest description, for the purposes of beating and terrifying the audience, nor even the vast numbers of orders issued on the part of the managers, have yet been able to obtain for the performers, a patient hearing of any one piece brought on for nearly a fortnight past. On the contrary, placard have been exhibited, and every species of diatribe shown on the part of the audience who pay. We have no room, for a fourth of the wit and humour, produced on this occasion. The following, however, are among the most prominent examples—

#### Last Night of Performance at the NEW PRICES

#### NEW THEATRE, COVENT GARDEN.

This evening will be presented for the first time, an Operatic Farce, in One Act, called

#### IMPOSITION

Avance,	Mr. Kemble
Pride,	Mr. Kemble
Affection,	Mr. Kemble
Insolence,	Mr. Kemble

Banished last appearance before the Public.  
Foot Hussy, Mr. Kemble  
Noodle, Doodle, &c. The other Proprietors.  
Oath-Taker, Jeweller Box Office  
Informers, Long Girdlers, Coward Saps, of  
Castle street, the Blind Boy, the Battersea fields Plunder, &c. &c.  
New Prices, as Old Prices, (with the Song of "Marry a true word is spoken in jest")  
Bully Rag, moud

#### Between the Scenery.

*Slight of Hand and Topsy-turvy Tricks,*  
By the Proprietors.

After which, as an Interlude.

RAISING THE WIND, or, THE RAIN-  
ING, THE DRY-  
Or, DIDDLE DIDDLE

Including the Billing-Scene between  
Diddler and Sam.

**Diddler, Mr. KEMBLE.**—"You haven't got  
such a thing as Eighteen Pence about you,  
have you?"

**Sam, JOHN BULL.**—"Yes; and I mean to  
keep it about me, do you see!"

In the course of the Interlude, Mr.  
KEMBLE will recite, as on a former equally  
favourable occasion, when it was received  
with unbounded approbation and applause,  
his highly gratified audience, his cele-  
brated Address of

**"WHAT DO YOU WANT!"**

Immediately following the Interlude,  
presented, for the Benefit of the  
Artists, the last Scene of the Farce of  
**THE CONFEDERATES.**

Being a Capital Deception by the following  
favourite Performers, hired for the oc-  
casion—Le Chevalier ap Rice, Le-Sieur  
Thomas Le Pluie, Gallows Black  
Jack, of the Old Bailey, M. Witless,  
from Threadneedle-street; and My-nest  
Pharisee Ankerstiff, the well-known  
publick subscription Actor.

The former scenes of the Confederates are  
acted, in conjunction with the Proprie-  
tors, in private, behind the Curtain, for  
the Benefit of the Publick.

Afterwards will be performed for the last  
time, the first Act of a Grand unfinished  
Tragic Ballet of Action, called

**JOHN OX: OR,**

**The cruel Attempt to despoil John Bull  
of his Noble Parts.**

The whole being arranged under the  
Management of Mr. JEW KEMBLE.

The representation will take place in the  
Audience Part of the House, the follow-  
ing most numerous Corps de Ballet  
being distributed in the Boxes, Pit, and  
Galleries for that purpose.

**Drorer, DANIEL MARGOLLA,** at the  
head of 180 fighting Jews and hired  
Gentlemen, as Constables.

**Drorer, BRICK SCALES,** with his  
Band of House-breakers, and Pick-  
pockets, as keepers of the Peace.

**Drorer, THE FIGHTING WATERMAN,**  
with a Band of Desperadoes and Ruf-  
fians in the Dresses of Bow-street Offi-  
cers.

**Band of Drorers** by all the Thieves,  
Rogues, and Blackguards of the Me-  
tropolis, that can be prevailed on by the  
"Manager's Orders" to perform.

**Drorer-men, PARSON AYRS, Mr. Ede, Mr.  
M'BURNEY, &c. &c.**

**Drorer, Mr. GRAYMAN,** burst  
out from the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane,  
the Proprietors, after cautious and unsuc-  
cessful attempts, not giving it in their  
power to comply with the above striking re-  
presentation, agreeable to their wishes, it  
will be withdrawn.

We have only to add a few original  
remarks on the new theatre in gene-  
ral, extracted from "*The Jubilee, or  
John Bull in his Dotage. A grand  
National Pantomime; as it was to have  
been acted by his Majesty's Subjects, on  
the 25th of Oct. 1809.*"—"The author,  
whose strong talents as a satirist have  
long been acknowledged by the pub-  
lick, has thrown the part we allude to  
into the form of a dialogue between  
*Asmodeus and Commis.*

**Asmodeus.**—That is the mussy pile  
which the inhabitants of London have  
been taught to call magnificent.

**Commis.**—You surely mistake in  
calling it a theatre; it must be some  
solemn temple dedicated to the gods.

**Asmodeus.**—Your supposition is  
fully justified, as the principal front  
is borrowed from an Athenian Tem-  
ple, and bears no more analogy to the  
other side, than the portico of St. Mar-  
tin's Church does to the heavy walls  
of Bedlam!

One basso relievo is presumed to  
be illustrative of the ancient drama.  
Aristophanes and Menander are auxi-  
ously looking toward the entrance, to  
implore some counsellor, who under-  
stands Greek, to favour them with a  
*Habeas Corpus* that they may be car-  
ried back to Lacedemon without de-  
lay. The other is an attempt to il-  
lustrate the modern drama. That is  
the imitable Shakespeare, who had  
the singular privilege from Jove, to  
unlock the human bosom, and ex-  
amine its tenantry.

Now we will enter the *vestibule*!  
This is the grand stair case (as they  
phrase it) flanked and gloomily lighted  
with antique lamps, as if we were  
ascending the tombs of the Scipios,  
on a Roman council at midnight, and  
not the mart of publick pleasure.

We are now in the auditory, and  
the *coup d'œil* is not unexceptionable.  
The drop scene yonder, is supremely  
whimsical. There are Mæchylus,  
Plantus, Lopez de Vega, and other  
poets, looking glumly at each other,  
like strangers suddenly flanking a  
*Table d'Hôte*; while the Bay of Avon  
in the centre, looks as if he had be-  
come so spleenetic at the abomina-  
tions practised upon his genius, by ino-  
dèrn arrogance, that he was retiring  
and fading into oblivion, like the arial  
puppet of a phantasmagoria!

The private boxes are not only as



encroachment upon *popular right*, but so constructed that the subscribers may even economise in the prosecution of voluptuousness, with an adequate security against the danger and impertinence of witnesses. The dome is too sacerdotal in its character, and the isolated instrument in the middle, which the painter intended for a lyre, looks at a distance, like a Cremona fiddle in purgatory.

That gallery which is so elevated, that it strains the optic nerve to perceive it, is the appropriated reception for the *et devant* gods. But they are no longer of the true Olympian breed, they have been metamorphosed into *pigeons*, who are allowed to peep from their holes in small battalions, as volunteers fire: and their power of *thundering* is abridged for ever.

That gloomy recess, yonder, where the human visages appear as through the medium of a mist, is called the *basket*; but it is so abominably contrived, that it looks like a continuity of *Bail Docks*, where the vile and the vicious are huddled together, to await trial for their misdemeanors, and spit and foam, stew and melt, in adverse contact like *Antipathies*, dissolving in a crucible.

The access to them is frightfully intricate, and remind me of the catacombs near Naples. I am impressed on passing them with the chilling idea of entering the damp and horrible dungeon of an Inquisition, or the vaults of a cemetery, to mingle with the dust of martyrs, and be locked up in silent seclusion from the light of the blessed sun.

The keen-sighted author also ensures the lion and unicorn supporting the king's arms, *coustard*, if they were fatigued, or sick of supporting the royal emblems, rather than as *nigilant, in-mettle, and proud* guardians of the rights and honours of the House of Hanover.

It seems however, that this satirical poet has not made any observations upon the scenes of all this sombrel magnificence being apparently converted into a perpetual *beer garden*. We hope for the credit of those who have occasioned the tumultuous proceedings, that at least by the Christmas Holidays, the boarding school misses and their delicate attendants may be effectually secured from the ride alarms, and interruptions of an enraged multitude, and the clamour of the contending parties.

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE last month is one of the most extraordinary that has occurred in this country. Events on the continent, important as they are, excited scarcely any curiosity. All were occupied on domestick occurrences; and the theatre divided with a pair of duellists nearly the whole of the public attention. The length of the present king's reign gave rise to another scene; and the jubilee, which would have been celebrated with universal satisfaction if proper preparations had been made for it, was so long in being managed, that individuals were at a loss to know whether a public demonstration of joy or private acts of beneficence, were the most acceptable.

But of all the great features of the month the theatre of Covent Garden claims the pre-eminence. In our last tumults were noticed; but little was it thought that, in a civilized country, a contest of such a nature

could have been carried on at all, much less with those asperities which seem to indicate a determination to brutalise the mind, and to make those who ought to be, and to know themselves to be, the servants of the public, alike indifferent to public opinion or applause. The theatre of Covent Garden, it is well known, was burnt last year; and, if it had not been burnt down, it would, there is no doubt, have been taken down. The managers lost no time in erecting a new and a very elegant building on the site of the old one. The opening of the new house was attended with a very impolitic and an adverse in the price of admission; and, instead of enjoying the beauties of the new building, the public were put to the expense of all the decorations and

appearances of novelty were entirely lost. Had the managers opened the house at the old prices, it would have been crowded every night with multitudes, gratified with the very pleasing sight afforded to them; and after a time, after they had had full opportunity of examining and judging of the expence, the managers might have intimated the intention of raising the price next year, and their plan would then probably have met with no opposition. At any rate, they would have received the profits of numerous full houses; and the beauty of the building would have raised a considerable fund to pay for its erection.

When the audience, after paying the increased prices, had begun to vent its spleen on the imposition; another circumstance was laid hold of, which added, and with just cause, to the popular resentment. A tier of boxes was appropriated to the use of private persons: and thus an odious distinction was introduced into the house. The impropriety of these boxes it is not necessary to dwell upon: but they gave occasion to allusions of a very indecent nature, and it was hinted that they had conveniences which ought not in an English theatre to be suspected. We disapprove of these boxes, even when there is not the slightest ground for these insinuations; much more should we abominate them if they have any tendency to afford privacy where nothing ought to be permitted unworthy of the public eye. At any rate, after the remarks that have been made upon them, a lady must have more courage than modesty to be seen in them, unless she is surrounded with a number of her sex to keep her in countenance.

The campaign opened under these suspicious circumstances to the managers, who were by no means ready to acquiesce in the first symptoms of popular resentment. After very considerable riots, the house was shut up, in order that its affairs might be laid before a committee; and this committee, after a short interval, delivered their report, from which the managers thought themselves justified in their measures, and expected public approbation. The report was printed.

ed in the play-bills of the day, which announced the opening of the theatre at the new prices. But the public was by no means to be so deluded.— Their resistance was stronger than before, and the voice of the actors was completely drowned in their clamours.

The theatre now presented a new appearance.—On the stage, actors to whom no one attended; and before the stage, an audience turning its back upon those actors, and indulging in every species of tumult. If the raising of the prices produced clamour without end, the mode attempted to quell it increased it beyond measure. A number of Jews and boxers was sent into the pit to support the new prices, and the Bow-street runners were on the alert to seize the advocates for the old prices. The measure was ill judged: for a few nights the Jews seemed to triumph; but the exasperated public, both within and without doors, put an end to this atrocious insult on the nation. At last affairs came into a regular plan. Scarcely any persons went to the former part of the play, but those who had orders or tickets of free admission; but at half-price the house was completely filled, and from that moment nothing on the stage was to be heard, and the sounds of the orchestra were drowned in the overpowering efforts of the human voice.

The managers, however, persisted, and these nightly tumults became regular, producing, on the one hand, a very degrading situation to the unfortunate actors, and, on the other, exposing a number of individuals to confinement in prison. Nothing could be so painful to the feeling mind as to see the performers go through their parts of the play just as if no audience was before them, and thus accustoming themselves to look no longer for any reward in public applause for their labours. What can these poor wretches hereafter think of public approbation or disapprobation! If they could stand the brunt of such a mortifying scene, if they could go through their parts merely as a task which they were hired to perform, they must lose all sense of that dignity which we would wish to be preserved in every profession.

But the feelings of the public are trifling compared with what was experienced by the public, on the indignities offered to various persons for the expression or supposed expression of their sentiments in the theatre. Scarcely a night passed, but some were seized, and carried to Bow-street, where the police magistrates were sitting to receive information, and many were committed to prison, who, from the hour of the night, and the distance of their abodes, were unable to procure the abundant bail demanded of them. Notorious was the insult exacted by the Jews and boxers on the part of the managers; it does not appear that one was ever seized and carried to Bow-street, though the manager of that place would hurry to prison a poor fellow for springing, in a chafky temper, and follow to a distant corner of a man, who, instead of treating a tumult in the house, really needed a remedy from the noise by the crying which he delivered. This did not however avail him before the Bow-street magistrates, whose conduct upon this and other occasions of the like kind, we sincerely hope and trust will become a matter of serious discussion in parliament. The nature of the best regulation, and of the magistrates interference in so partial a manner, are questions of great importance. If, upon these tumults, they had called upon the Lord Chamberlain to put a stop to the performance of plays, still order could be restored, every one must have applauded their conduct, but they seem to have forgotten that there was a much risk in favouring in the theatre of the managers.

The two duellists occupied a great share of the public attention, on their contemptible conduct, against either themselves or the public. A vulgar proverb tells us, that there is honour among thieves; and on this ground the question was, whether Mr. Canuing could in any way be justified. Lord Castlereagh, in his charge to him with respect to the public conduct, was fought; but it was a long time before any thing came out on the part of Mr. Canuing to rebut the charge. At last a statement appeared, by which the main points in Lord Castlereagh's

charge were fully settled. It was shown that Mr. Canuing had intrigued against Lord Castlereagh, and played a part well known to some foreign courts, but totally contrary to the old principles of English honour. In short, we cannot but say, that, at present, Mr. Canuing does assuredly appear to have acted, as we say in plain English, like a paltry fellow; and, unless he vindicates himself clearly, he is unworthy any thing but to be admitted into gentlemen's company. This vindication we may expect at the meeting of parliament, when all that led to the impudent and audacious insult offered by these two ministers of his majesty's councils to their king and country, will undergo public investigation.

It was expected, that the king would himself, at the first meeting of the privy council, have struck out of the list these two members, and thus afforded a striking example that such disgraceful conduct could not pass unnoticed. But no such event took place, though, it is said, that the king expressed in very strong terms his disapprobation of the men who could give such occasion, in these difficult times, of triumph to the enemy. Whilst Housepicks's efforts were at their post, anxious in promoting his measures, these two men were in the field, not warring against enemies, but firing against each other; they were proclaiming to the world how ill they must have killed, for some time previously, their respective departments. But both have ceased to be ministers of the crown; and the nomination of a new ministry has been another object of great curiosity, as well as of public amusement.

The Duke of Portland's illness compelled him to resign. The two duellists resigned on account of the insult which they then king and country; they had stamped their names on the ground, and the proof that they could not fight it in the same manner. The whole management of the affairs rested then with the members, Mr. Perceval and Lord Castlereagh. The one was a man of common sense, the other was a man of subtilty. The one was a man of the law, the other was a man of letters. The one was a man of the law, the other was a man of letters.



to an anomalous dinner made by subscription, at three guineas a head, of several persons engaged in trade in the city.—The king proclaimed a pardon on this day to all deserters from army and navy; and this is the first only of the good acts which will immortalise the year.

France, it is well anticipated, our illuminations. Previous reports had reached the country of a peace being made between France and Austria; and as such an event was naturally to be expected, the further rumour that illuminations in France had been seen, and reports of cannon heard at Dover, established the opinion. But nothing decisive has at this time of writing appeared, though probably the treaty will soon arrive in England. Conjectures state very harsh terms to Austria; and some assert that instead of a peace, it is only to be a truce for twenty years, during which time each party is to retain what it has got. This would serve from Austria the best part of its territories; and, in fact, whether peace or truce be the result of the late negotiation, the power of Austria is forever broken, and it is reduced to the rank of a secondary kingdom.

The French papers accuse themselves and their readers with their accounts of the expedition to Walcheren, and the battle of Talavera, and the subsequent flight of the new-made lord from the latter place. On the former subject, they lay the blame rather on the planners of the expedition than on those appointed to execute it; but it is to be observed, that Bonaparte has instituted a military inquiry into the conduct of the commander of Flushing. However flattering the French accounts may be to Lord Chatham, we cannot say that any thing has reached us from our own army that agrees with these commendations. The French make great parade of the preparations they had made to receive us; our accounts state only most unaccountable delay on the part of the assailants, at the time when the utmost vigour was wanting. It is sufficient to observe, that had one of Bonaparte's generals been noted in the same manner, long before this time there would have been an inquiry into his conduct.

On the battle of Talavera the French papers give the British troops due encomiums on their bravery; but their eulogiums on the general are evidently written by men well versed in military affairs. They accuse, and apparently with great reason, our commander of the want of all the qualities which constitute a great general. He is, in their eyes, a mere dasher; fit only to lead a body of disciplined Europeans against Mahrattas or Lascars, but totally unqualified to cope with those who have been brought up in the school of Bonaparte. They laugh at his complaints of want of provision for so small an army, when the whole country of Portugal was open to his rear, with the ocean at his command; and heroism might have been brought from the shops in three days to him. Whilst the English were in such distress, plenty reigned in the French army, simply because they are so attentive to the care of their soldiers before and after, as they are eager to strain them for the day of battle.

They despise our general also for his total want of foresight and information. Who, say they, would think of advancing into a country, without informing himself with what troops he might expect to cope? Who would not have made previous inquiries of the enemy likely to fall on his rear, as well as those he was to meet in his front? They praise him to be totally unacquainted with the nature of the warfare, and to have fallen into disgrace from his own ignorance, incapacity, and tergiversation. But melancholy as it is to read these triumphs of the enemy over us, it is some subject of consolation, that the slain and wounded, left at their mercy, have been treated with the utmost kindness and humanity; so that those who remained on the field of battle, have, in the end, been better off than those who fled with Lord Wellington from Talavera.

Of Spain we now little more than that Lord Talavera still hovers on the confines of Portugal. That frequent contests take place between the French and Spaniards, but the whole country is now so the power of the French main armies, that the country is still subject to the ravages of the

But, alas! of this Junta at Seville we can augur little good. At this time it is said that it is to be superseded; and its powers are to be vested in a regent, the Prince Archbishop of Toledo. From him we cannot form great expectations; and, in fact, the whole of their plans shew the want of decision and commanding mind to direct the energies of the country with success. A perfect contrast is soon at hand. There the sovereign is in full action, making laws that are beneficial to the country, suppressing convents, and restraining the power of the priests. Religious toleration is proclaimed in its fullest extent, and the censorship of books, which formerly belonged to the inquisition, is abolished. This effect of the French arms we may observe every where. — At Vienna they had a number of trifling laws on the subject of books; and the works of the best authors of this country were prohibited. The whole is now changed, and the only restraint is on political writings, as far as they relate to the present state of the country, in which the conqueror maintains his rights, and will not suffer his title to be invaded.

The war between Sweden and Russia is certainly at an end, and the articles of peace have been published. The former now rues the days that gave her up to the obdurate king, to that king, whose follies found so many advocates in this country, who achieved not a single action worthy of a soldier or a sovereign, and whose conduct has so ruined his best territories. —

And is now the property of Russia, and the territory of Sweden is contained within the limits formed by the northern side of the Gulph of Bothnia, the Baltic, the eastern borders of Norway, and the frozen regions of the north. Of the ocean king we know nothing. A liberal allowance is made to him: and the present king is endeavoring to repair the mischief committed by his predecessor.

Spain speaks vauntlings of its new conquests and the glory of its arms, and is indeed, a valuable acquisition, and its gains may mollify the natives who are sent to govern them. But the Spaniards will here learn some lessons, both in religion and in politics, from the progress of the

war may be elevated above its present sphere. What part Russia took in the peace with Austria is not known. Peace without doubt is established also between these powers; and the war, which has been carried on with languor against Turkey, will be more brisk, and the tottering throne of the Ottoman will be again shaken to its centre.

Our ambassador is landed in America, and been received with due honors by the sovereign, but with some not very civil speeches from the public. A negotiation is begun which may be of long duration. An awkward circumstance has, however, arisen. Part of a boat's crew of one of our ships deserted, and a demand was made by our consul to the magistrates, that they might be seized and delivered up to the ship. The sailors were, in consequence, seized, and the consul was called upon to shew his claim. The case was argued by counsel on both sides; and the result was, that the magistrates having no fault to find with the men, and no breach of the peace being alleged against them, did not feel themselves authorized to hold them in custody. They were of course liberated, and carried away in triumph by the people. This is a difficulty which must frequently occur, unless altered by positive law: and a question arises, whether, if an American leaves his vessel in the Thames and loiters about, stopping the master of the vessel can call upon a justice of the peace to issue a writ for him, and send him afterwards in custody of the constable aboard his ship? Here the master might complain of a breach of contract; but if, in the case of the British seaman, there was no contract, they were pressed men; that plea is lost; and the Americans must be satisfied that it is the law of our country to interfere with ships' crews before they make any change in their own laws.

In the south of America a doubtful government exists. Buenos Ayres knows scarcely whom to obey, and it is said to have asserted its independence. To this probably it will soon be brought, and we can be sorry for it; and if the Peruvians follow the same example, it will be better for the world. Of the Brazilians we cannot

say that they are improved by an education which participate but in a European court setting amongst small degree in his vigour and energy, them. An edict has been issued on they may be preserved from that vote the liberty of the press, worthy of the of ignorance and superstition which times of the deepest ignorance. A man the Portuguese the most de- Brazilian has, however, spoken freely graduation in Europe. M  
his sentiments on the decrees, and if

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